



THE J. F. C.
HARRISON
COLLECTION OF
NINETEENTH CENTURY
BRITISH SOCIAL HISTORY

BR
45
.C677
vol. 27

BRIGHAM YOUNG UNIVERSITY



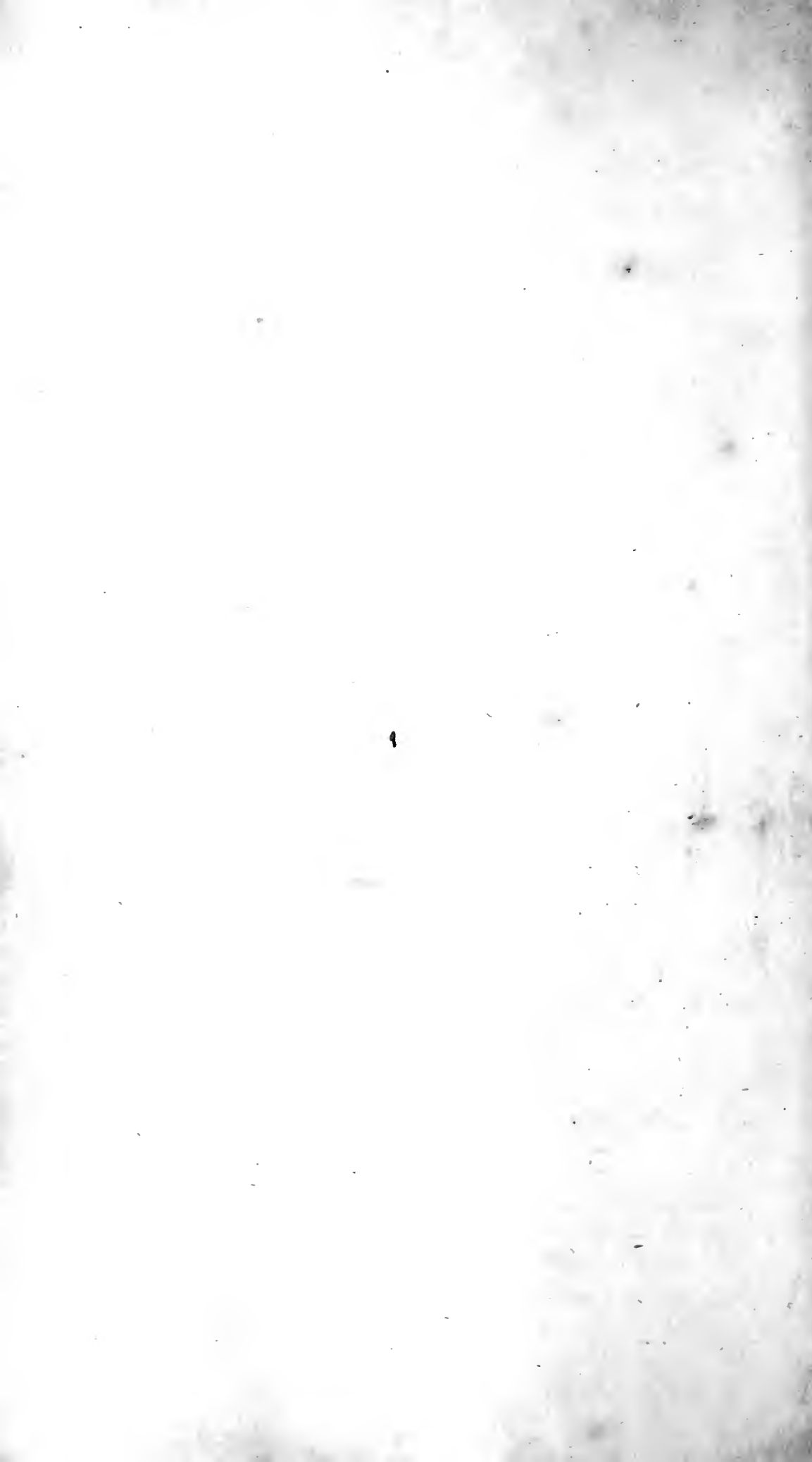
3 1197 22103 1500

LIBRARY
BRIGHAM YOUNG UNIVERSITY

97c.1 Harris m.

Elizabeth Christopherson





Elizabeth Montgomery

THE
COTTAGE MAGAZINE;

OR,
PLAIN CHRISTIAN'S LIBRARY:

FOR 1838.

VOLUME THE TWENTY-SEVENTH.

"THE COMMON PEOPLE HEARD HIM GLADLY."—MARK XII. 37.

LONDON:

PUBLISHED BY SHERWOOD, GILBERT & PIPER, PATERNOSTER-ROW;
TO WHOM COMMUNICATIONS MAY BE ADDRESSED; OR TO THE
EDITORS, OR PRINTER OF THE COTTAGE MAGAZINE.

THIS WORK MAY BE PROCURED OF ANY BOOKSELLER OR NEWSMAN
IN THE KINGDOM.

COURT

IN THE

10

OF THE

THE

TO

THE

PREFACE.

HAVING, by the good Providence of God, been brought to the close of another year of our Editorial labours, we address ourselves to the pleasing task which annually devolves on us of saying a few words to our Readers and Subscribers; and we would not allow the present opportunity to pass of sincerely thanking them for their kind patronage and support. We also feel greatly indebted to our obliging Correspondents for their numerous favours, and we trust to their kindness for future contributions. It will be our anxious study, in dependence on the Divine Blessing, during the forth-coming year, to devote our best exertions to render *The Cottage Magazine* in every way worthy of increased circulation.

In fulfilling our duty throughout a year of the peculiar interest which has characterized the last, we have endeavoured to select such articles, and to provide such subjects, as, in our best judgment, we have deemed most suitable for the edification and interest of our Readers; especially bearing in mind that the perilous times in which we live, render it necessary, in the highest degree, for every one who values sound Christian principles, to cry aloud, and spare not the sins of the times.

When the Church of Christ is assailed by open enemies without, and false friends within, and the vile plea of expediency has taken the place of sound views of right and wrong—under such painful circumstances, we have, indeed, deemed it our duty to fortify the minds of our Readers with pure scriptural principles, and to exhibit in their naked deformity, the hideousness of popery and infidelity, both of which are making such inroads on the public mind. By the Divine Blessing, we shall continually strive to shew the evil and degrading tendency of these soul-destroying principles, which are daily lowering our religious and moral standard, and bringing about that state of national feeling which has caused other countries to be the constant scene of anarchy and strife. We would especially endeavour to correct the ill effects of the vile publications of the day, and shew our Readers, in simple style, the doctrine and practice of those who take the Bible for their guide.

To Him, therefore, who is able, by the weakest instrument, to work out the gracious purposes of his sovereign will, we would humbly commend our little work; beseeching Him to grant us his blessing, and such a measure of success, as may be in his infinite wisdom most fitting; and to his Name be all the glory. Amen.

THE
COTTAGE MAGAZINE ;

[1st] OR,

Plain Christian's Library.

No. I.] JANUARY, 1838. [Vol. XXVII.

THE NEW YEAR.

ANOTHER year has passed away.—Not a single moment can be recalled.—Its misspent days and weeks have fled for ever, to arraign and condemn the sinner in the presence of God.—Every evil thought, every impure desire, every idle word, every sinful deed, all—all stand recorded in His book, noted down by the unerring hand of Omniscience.—Solemn thought! Who can tell the vast amount of guilt contracted by each individual soul during the past year; a fearful and accumulated load, added to the already overwhelming burthen, sinking the soul of the poor sinner still lower and lower into the depths of hell. How many who commenced the past year in the full vigour of health now lie in their silent graves, their immortal spirits having passed into eternity? To how many who have entered on the present year will it prove their last?—by the mercy of a long-suffering God they have been hitherto spared; but how has that mercy been slighted? Nay, has it not been most shamefully abused and made the very ground of presumption, that God will not avenge?—O, remember those awful words spoken by Jehovah—“I will mock when their fear cometh.”

The present season is eminently calculated to produce the most serious reflections; but how is

the great mass of mankind affected by the solemn import of thoughts suggested by death—eternity—heaven—hell?—Alas! view *the worldly-minded man of business*; his whole soul absorbed by the gains and losses connected with his commercial speculations for the past year, he has not a single thought to bestow on the eternal interests of his never-dying soul. In examining his business transactions for the by-gone year, he marks well where he erred in his calculations of profit; and in planning schemes for future operations during the coming year, he resolves to be more careful, and to strain every nerve, either to repair the losses he may have sustained, or to add to his already accumulated wealth:—but not one consideration of how the grand, the important account stands between God and his immortal soul. The awful question, am I prepared to meet my God? has never crossed his mind; or, if it has intruded itself in the midst of his worldly engagements, it has been instantly dismissed, with some such idle expression, as, “Time enough to think about these things when I shall have more leisure!” Has this man made a league with death? Remember how the rich man in the Gospel was addressed—“Thou fool! this night thy soul shall be required of thee: then whose shall those things be, which thou has provided?”

Regard *the sensualist*, the man whose every thought is given up to the gratification of his bodily appetites. His mere animal propensities are indulged; his senses are captivated by intoxicating draughts of soul-destroying excitement; the sea of his passions is agitated;—this world is his heaven. He knows not the value of the precious time he is so wantonly squandering; he reflects not that God in his infinite mercy has spared him to see the beginning of another year; he considers not that the more he indulges his

sinful appetites the more difficult he will find it to appease their craving solicitations ; and that all these vile associations only tend to harden his heart, and render him still less susceptible of serious impressions :—that the devil is still gaining a higher and a higher ascendancy over his soul ; that by every repetition of his besetting sin he is yielding a more perfect obedience to the great enemy of souls ; until, having filled up the awful measure of his iniquity, the Almighty gives the inscrutable fiat, “Cut him down, why cumbereth he the ground ?” and “In hell he lifts up his eyes, being in torments.”

Contemplate *the formalist* ; the man who, wise in his own conceit, plumes himself on the fancied merit of his own doings and deservings,—“going about to establish a righteousness of his own,”—saying, in effect,—Christ will save me, if I do the best I can ; his merits will make up for the deficiency of my performances ; and, if I only do my duty to the best of my ability, God is merciful, and he will overlook my short-comings ;—this is the language of thousands ! Miserable delusion ! They forget that God has said, “My own arm hath brought salvation ;” and that as a ground of merit they have nothing whereof to boast. God has imposed on his creature man, no co-operation with the Redeemer in the great work of man’s salvation. The self-righteous man sees not the inefficacy of vows and formal resolutions, the inadequacy of moral habits, and the vanity of all worldly principles and motives to bear up his soul in the near approach of death and judgment. Would, that at the commencement of this new year, it might please God to remove the scales from his eyes, that he might be graciously led to see the suitableness of the Gospel plan of salvation through the merits alone of a crucified and risen Saviour. Let every self-righteous man see

the awful delusion under which he labours, in that memorable example of the rich young man in the Gospel, (Mark x. 17—22,) who boasted to our Lord that he had observed all the commandments in the second table, from his youth up; but when the touch-stone was applied, and he was required, as a test of his sincerity, that he really *did* love his neighbour as himself, to sell all that he had and give to the poor, and take up the cross and follow Jesus, this self-righteous young man left him and went his way sorrowful; a lasting example of the *sandy* foundation on which every man builds who attempts to establish a righteousness of his own. O, no! there is no righteousness with which the poor naked sinner can be covered, but the all-perfect righteousness of the Saviour wrought out during his sojourn in this vale of tears.

Look now upon that fearful character, *the backslider*; he who for a time ran well, but whose love waxed cold; who was led, step by step, to dishonour his God and Saviour, having neglected all the ordinances of religion, all the means of grace; having despised the Word of God—the blessed Bible—running with the multitude to commit iniquity, he has at length ended in throwing off the restraint of God's law; and, relinquishing all trust in him, this will finally lead to apostasy, shame, and ruin. Is it not wonderful, that God's mercy has spared such an one to see the commencement of another year? that he has not long since been cut off in the midst of sin? that he is not now bewailing his unhappy lot in the lake of fire? Adorable mercy! How reluctant is God to punish! even whilst constrained by his own holiness and justice to display his wrath towards the guilty; he exclaims, "How shall I give thee up?" May his goodness and long-suffering lead every backslider to return to the Lord, from whom he has so deeply revolted; and may the present year be

witness to his repentance. God is still ready to pardon; the promise stands on record—"I will heal their backsliding, I will love them freely; for mine anger is turned away from him." (Hosea xiv. 4.)

Of the many characters which compose the great bulk of mankind, perhaps none is more frequently to be met with than *the man of indecision*—fatal indecision! Well might the Patriarch, in describing this character, add, "unstable as water, thou shalt not excel;" and the Apostle warns us, "the double-minded man is unstable in all his ways." And yet this sin is perhaps the most general amongst professors of religion, it is one of peculiar guilt; the man of indecision sins against light and conviction, he knows that "one thing is needful"—he acknowledges *that* to be "the better part," "which cannot be taken away;"—he is aware that there is no safety in any other way;—he confesses that without Christ he must perish;—and yet, awfully deluded victim, he contents himself with making resolutions: like Agrippa, he is only *almost* a Christian. Does the beginning of this year, reader, find you more decided than the last? I fear me, if you have indeed smothered conviction—if, alas! you have stopped your ears to the voice of the charmer—if you have refused admittance to Him who knocks at the door of the heart with persevering, condescending love—if you have disobeyed the loud call of God in the Scriptures, "My son, give me thy heart," notwithstanding that your conscience warns you of *its* justice, and *your* duty,—I fear, O man, woman, or youth of indecision, that if you be faithful with your own soul, you will find your convictions less galling; the sound of the Gospel less inviting; the knocks of the Saviour at your heart fainter; and your own resistance to the demands of God greater. This is an incontestible proof, an inter-

nal evidence of the danger of delay; of the hardening effect of this, as of every other sin. “*Now* is the accepted time, this is the day of salvation.” No *future* period is assigned in the whole of the Scriptures; not *once* are we permitted to indulge the thought that “a more convenient season,” will ever arrive. We never hear that Felix enjoyed it, indeed we have reason to fear he did not. (Acts xxiv. 26, 27.) It is said, “Hell is paved with good resolutions;” and O, how inexpressibly awful will be your state and case, if, thus *resolving* and *re-solving*, you find yourself no nearer to God at the end of each returning year, than the last; but at length sink into the bottomless pit, crying, O, that I were not *almost* but *altogether* a Christian!

I would, before closing, address a few words to those who desire every returning year to renew their dedication to the Lord who bought them—whose chiefest grief is, that they love so little, serve so unfaithfully so good, so kind a Saviour—those whose earnest desire and heartfelt prayer it is, that they may be “conformed to the image of Christ,” that their hearts may be united to fear his Name; and whose greatest apprehension is, lest they bring contempt on the Gospel, or give occasion of offence to any by their walk and conversation—those who live by faith on the Son of God, justified by His grace, pardoned by His blood, and sanctified by His Spirit. To such, I would ask, how fares your soul? Where there is *life*, there must be *growth*; and that soul which has been quickened from a death of trespasses and sins, must of necessity “grow in grace.” How, then, my friend, have you sped during the past year? Have you grown downward in humility? for the plant must first take root downward before it can bear fruit upward. Have you been taught to see more and more that “in you dwelleth no good thing?” Have you, as a believer, found Christ

precious? Is he to you “the chief among ten thousand, and altogether lovely?” Can you perceive His beauties expanding to your view? Is the way of salvation more plain, more perfect to your spiritual vision? Can you see more of the wisdom of God in it, and more of its suitableness to your need? Do you find yourself more separated from carnal society, delights, and enjoyments? Has the world fewer charms for you, and the Scriptures more? Can you forsake all for Christ? Then are you happy. But if, in all these points you are retrograding—and mark, we advance by *steps*, but fall away by *strides*—if this be *your* case, my friend, let this new year find you low at the foot of the cross, in deep humiliation and strict self-examination. “Behold, the Lord’s hand is not shortened, that it cannot save: neither his ear heavy, that it cannot hear.” Make use of the beautiful sentiments of the Christian poet:—

“Return, O holy Dove! return,
Sweet messenger of rest;
I hate the sins which make thee mourn,
And drove thee from my breast.

The dearest idol I have known,
What’er that idol be,
Help me to bear it from thy throne,
And only worship thee.”

C.

THE CONVERSION OF AN INFIDEL.

WRITTEN BY HIMSELF.

[The narrative which follows, is extracted, from a work, consisting of authentic accounts of the power of Divine Truth, as exemplified in various cases which have actually occurred both in the army and navy. The work is entitled “The Church in the Army;” published by Waugh and Innes, Edinburgh.]

“I should premise, that ever since I was seventeen years of age I had been an open infidel and

deist, having been made so at that early age by an old grey-headed gentleman, who attacked me one night at his house, in Hereford, where I was spending the evening with his son. The old man, thinking I was an artless easy prey, commenced the subject after tea—warily and artfully, lest I should be shocked and frightened away. He tempted me, just as the devil did Eve, by casting suspicious doubts and evil surmises into my mind, till he excited my eager curiosity to hear all he had to say; telling me it was true wisdom and knowledge, and that I and all Christians were blinded by priestcraft, &c. As I knew nothing of the arguments in proof of the authenticity of the Scripture, and truth of the Christian religion, he, in the course of a couple of hours, so powerfully tempted me—exciting in me every bad passion, particularly my pride to gain his knowledge, and be wiser than the Christian world at large; and that I might be above all law to God, and sin with impunity—that I stretched forth my hand, and did pluck of the forbidden tree and eat. Instantly the poison began to work and corrupt within me; for I left him late; and, on going home, finding my sisters had gone to bed, I thought I could not rest till morning to attack them as I myself had been attacked; and when I gained opportunity, endeavoured, by rant, boldness, and boasting, to poison them with the same abominations I had now imbibed.

“I continued in this state, a proud infidel boaster, till I went to a place called Mohill, in the county of Leitrim, in Ireland, on detachment; having, alas! ere this, corrupted many a young man with the poison of infidelity: for I had learnt all the jargon, cant, sophistry, and impudence of this system of the devil; and to be thought a clever fellow, and to raise a laugh, I used to ridicule Christ and his religion—but I own it was more

out of sinful pride and vanity, than from any disrespect in my judgment, or enmity to the character of Christ and his religion. However, I did not, and could not, in any sense, believe His religion or the Bible to be true. I had never read any arguments or books of evidences of the truth of Christianity, nor would I read them; but I had greedily devoured all the infidel writings I could meet with. The fact is, I did not wish to be convinced of the truth of the Bible and the Christian religion. I was an infidel from the love of sin, that I might indulge therein with impunity and liberty, and without fear of evil consequences; and for the same reasons would have been an open professed atheist, but I could not. And I believe in my soul that every infidel and atheist is so solely from the same motives; and I am persuaded that most of this class of men feel as I did, if they would but tell the truth; but they are ashamed to do so: for, although I launched into all the pleasures and sins of the ungodly world, I was *miserable*; and, like Milton's Satan, carried a hell *within me*, from which, no more than from myself, could I escape by change of time, or place, or scene. I knew there was a God, omnipotent, omniscient, omnipresent, holy, righteous, and true. I could not but believe, and *deeply feel, though I denied it*, that there was a judgment-day to come—a heaven, and a hell. These truths *I never could shake off*, and I was, therefore, at times, when not in the intoxication of pleasure and revelry, *miserably wretched*. There were some simple arguments which, from their reasonableness and truth, always tormented me; and by means of which I was literally my own tormentor; or, rather, my conscience was, which indeed 'makes cowards of us all.' The arguments were these: namely, If Scripture be true, all my disbelief and rejection of it can never make it false; and it ne-

ver has been proved false : which, after all the opposition, and attacks, and sifting it has met with from every quarter, is a negative and presumptive proof that it is true. I reject it solely from necessity, not from choice of judgment or conscience ; for I know its doctrines are grand and good, and most worthy of God : whereas, the scheme I have embraced, but cannot fully believe in, of no future state, and annihilation, is putting myself on a level with the beasts that perish, and is base : now if I were to be happy hereafter, I should naturally wish, like the Christians, to live for ever, as a recompense for all the pain, misery, and wretchedness of this world ; so that I am forced, through necessity alone, to wish, (for after all, I cannot so believe it as to dispel my fears,) to be annihilated at death. I therefore embrace the infidel doctrines in opposition to the Scriptures, although I know the infidel doctrines to be bad in themselves, and productive of all evil, and the Scripture doctrines good, and productive of all good ; but I reject the Scriptures, because they assert a future *hell*. Take away the *hell*, and I will instantly embrace and profess Christianity ; for I should like, as would every infidel, if he spoke the truth, to go to heaven and be happy for ever, whatever that happiness may be. Yea, if there should be no happiness, but merely an exemption from misery, I should like it above all things, and embrace Christianity for the sake of it ; for any thing is better than an eternal hell ; and if there really be such a place of punishment, I know I deserve it : and if this be a truth, that there is an eternal hell, then my disbelief, or rather my trying to disbelieve it—but in vain—and rejection of it, cannot make it less true ; for if true in itself, it ever must remain so, which is the very nature of truth.

“ But, particularly, the following old and sim-

ple argument always upset me at once, because it was short and incontrovertible, and embraced the whole of what I have here stated : namely, If the Christian religion be false, the Christian will lose nothing by it; but, then, will only be on a footing with the infidel, provided infidelity be true : but, if Christianity be true, the Christian will *gain* every thing by it, and the infidel *lose* every thing ; and then infidelity will be proved to be false, and an eternal hell proved for infidels. In short, come what will, which ever be true or false, the Christian can lose nothing by embracing his system ; whereas, the infidel may lose every thing, if his system prove false : therefore the chances are against the infidel, and it is possible and probable he may be cast into hell for ever.

“ This argument used to make me terribly afraid, whenever I would reflect upon the subject ; for I clearly saw, that, as it was more than probable, and natural, and rational, there was a hell, it was probable, if I lived and died an infidel, I should be in it for ever. These thoughts would put to flight all my boasting, pleasures, and amusements, and dash down the draught of animal happiness from my lips, or at least so embitter and poison it, that *I was often miserable beyond description* ; but through shame and pride, never told my feelings to any one.

“ When I arrived at Mohill, I had the good providence to be introduced to a truly Christian lady ; and, after I had enjoyed her acquaintance a short time, I began to perceive and admire her great excellence. She was so benevolent and kind, and shewed such a real interest in my present and eternal welfare and happiness, knowing what were my perverted sentiments, and how wretched I must be, that I soon became intimate enough to unbosom my whole soul to her, with all its misery. And from the time I first knew her, respecting and ad-

miring Christianity, and its excellence, so vividly manifested in her, I ceased to oppose or ridicule the Christian religion. In short, she so won my confidence and high regard, that I told her sincerely all my past history, my infidelity, and all my present wretchedness.

“The first time I thus conversed with her, she said, ‘I have a strong presentiment, and feel persuaded, that, ere a year is passed, you will be a true Christian.’ I replied, ‘I most sincerely hope you may prove a true prophetess; for I would give worlds to be a Christian, as you are’—for I both knew her excellence and virtues, and that she was ever happy; and my own sin and guilt, and that I was ever miserable.

“During my acquaintance with this Christian lady, she used every argument to win me over; and shewed that pity, kindness, and compassion, which the Gospel proves is the only way to this happy end, ‘in meekness instructing those that oppose themselves; if God peradventure will give them repentance to the acknowledging of the truth.’ The happy result was, that in a short time I found that I had no doubts left of the truths of the Scriptures, and that I believed them in my conscience, as I did ever before that fatal night the hoary-headed infidel taught me to disbelieve and reject them.

“During three months I had the privilege and happiness of this Christian lady’s kind counsel and interest in my spiritual welfare, I gradually became more and more sincerely anxious to become a true Christian, such as I knew she was; and to believe with that holy saving faith, of which she used to speak, and which she proved from Scripture to be the gift and operation of the Holy Spirit on the mind. As yet, however, I could not understand in the slightest degree the real meaning of the nature or power of faith, or of

spiritual things generally. All was darkness, mystery, and an enigma to me, both as to understanding these things, or feeling their power on my soul. And this is agreeable to I Cor. ii, 14: 'The natural man receiveth not the things of the Spirit of God; for they are foolishness unto him: neither can he know them, because they are spiritually discerned.' Yet she told me, that if I prayed in truth and sincerity, and read the Scriptures in prayer—if I asked, it would be given me—if I sought, I should find—and she was sure I should do so; and that ere long I should possess this spiritual, saving, purifying faith, and be a truly regenerated child of God. This she always affirmed, judging from my sincerity and candour; as I seriously confessed, with sorrow, that I was a sinner, guilty and miserable, and that I longed anxiously to be made a real Christian.

"At this time I had many convictions of sin, and began to pray in private for pardon, which I had entirely left off, since the night I was corrupted by the old sinner, the deist: and I also think my Christian landlord used sometimes to read the Scriptures and pray with me. I now respected the religion of Christ and his real disciples; I loved the Saviour (although I could not call him *my* Saviour) and his children dearly, however poor and mean in life they might be; and, indeed, had gradually done so from the time my first friend took such an interest in my spiritual welfare and happiness.

"Shortly after this, my detachment was called into head-quarters; immediately upon which I got leave of absence, and went to pay a visit for several months to my relations in my native island, the Isle of Man.

"In the Isle of Man I heard the Gospel preached by an old schoolfellow, the Rev. R. Browne, a minister of a sweet Christian spirit. In his

sermons he dwelt much on the universal depravity of mankind, the nature and necessity of regeneration, the blood and merits of Christ, and the mercy of the Father through Him to the chief of sinners, in a very powerful and energetic manner; and, as his discourses were delivered extempore, they came with the more power to my heart. By constantly attending his ministry, having the benefit of his and other Christian people's society, (who used to meet for social prayer and reading the Scriptures,) and by reading good books and tracts, I gradually became influenced, I trust, by the truth as it is in Jesus. As I heard and read the primary fundamental truths on which all real Christians of all denominations agree, I learned to pray earnestly to Jesus Christ, under a sense of guilt, now deeply felt, for pardon and salvation, regeneration and holiness; and I do trust the good work of grace was then begun in my regeneration and conversion of soul to God; for I was sincere and zealous at that time among all my friends and relations, endeavouring to lead them into the truth, so far as I experimentally knew it.

"When I was led to see the true nature and grounds of a sinner's justification before God; that it was not conditional, but unconditional, and through the righteousness of Christ imputed by faith—that is, that the sinner upon believing, is pardoned, accepted, and invested with a title to eternal life, for the sake of the infinite merits of Jesus Christ, (who died, the just for the unjust, to reconcile us to God,) through the mercy and sovereign grace of God the Father:—when I understood and received this blessed truth, I was quite overwhelmed with that joyous grief which ever accompanies true repentance, 'not to be repented of.' I now saw clearly that a repenting, believing sinner, is completely and eternally justified, through faith, without the deeds

of the law ; even through the righteousness of God, who can be (or appear) just, as well as merciful, while ‘the justifier of him which believeth in Jesus; so that to him that worketh not, but believeth on him that justifieth the ungodly, his faith is counted to him for righteousness.’ Now I plainly saw the meaning of, heartily embraced, and rejoiced in, these blessed passages, and multitudes more of the same nature throughout the Word of God. They now appeared as with a *sunbeam*; and I was only amazed at myself in being so sinfully blind and obstinate as not to understand and receive them before; and that I could have been so long bewitched as to resist or oppose their plain and obvious meaning.

“The immediate effects of this change wrought in me by the Holy Spirit were great. My load of uncertainty, legality, self-righteousness, and unhappiness was removed entirely, and my soul filled with peace and joy. I was brought as into a new world of being; looked upon the Word of God, religion, and all things in the kingdoms of nature and providence, as well as of grace and glory, through a new medium; old things, indeed, in many important senses, had passed away, and all things had become new. And as to love to God in Christ, not only for mercies generally, but these sure, eternally sure mercies, my heart was ready to burst its bounds; and now in deed and in truth I felt powerfully the words of Jesus to Mary, ‘Her sins, which are many, are forgiven her; therefore she loveth much.’ Full assurance of faith and hope filled my soul, and I felt as already in heaven. Now I could say, with Paul, ‘I count all things but loss for the excellency of the knowledge of Christ Jesus my Lord: and do count them but dung, that I may win Christ, and be found in him; not having mine own righteousness, which is of the law, but that which is

through the faith of Christ, the righteousness which is of God by faith.' Now I felt I had power, through Christ strengthening me, to rush into the midst of the battle against the world, the flesh, and the devil, and to give a helping hand to others. O, truly they say falsely, who affirm these are doctrines tending to laxity of moral and spiritual conduct and life: surely, they who have felt their power, (and they only can give an opinion,) can testify to the very reverse, and assert that they inspire (under the Spirit's teaching) the Christian soldier's heart to begin and continue to fight the good fight of faith unto death. And why? because he has been assured by the Captain of his salvation that he shall gain the victory, and come off 'more than conqueror through Him that loved him.' Of that he is assured by the immutable oath of his God and Saviour when he begins the contest: and, O! surely this will make him fight manfully and courageously, even though he were a coward before, through his doubts and fears, and uncertainty of victory."

LOVE OF THE WORLD.

"Love not the world, neither the things that are in the world. If any man love the world, the love of the Father is not in him." So says the Word of God, 1 John ii. 15; and as this is a precept which has frequently employed the meditations of the devout Christian, I hope a few remarks upon it will not be unacceptable. Though this passage might seem at first sight to forbid all love for any thing in this world, yet it would appear, I think, that there is a sense in which we ought to love some of the things that are in the world; for the Lord says, "love your enemies," and if he commands us to love our enemies, he cannot be

thought unwilling that we should love our friends, our kindred, and our benefactors ; it would appear that there is a sense in which we must love the world, if we would be like our Lord, who so loved it as to come down from heaven and die to redeem it.

The distinction seems to me to be this: the world is to be loved for the sake of Him who made and governs it, because it is his world, and every thing in it is to be regarded as in his service: and it is to be loved with a love that seeks its real good, like that love wherewith God himself and the Redeemer loved it. For instance, Paul loved the world when, for its benefit, he devoted himself unto a life of labour, and poverty, and self-denial, to convert it from darkness to light, and from the power of Satan unto God, when for this, he encountered persecutions, necessities, distresses, contumely, and opposition, and said, " I am willing to spend, and to be spent for you, though the more abundantly I love you, the less I be loved." This was a right love of the world, and one well pleasing to God, whose Spirit alone could inspire it. In later times, too, the illustrious Howard, called the *philanthropist*, or lover of man, loved the world, and the most worthless and degraded portion of it, when he voluntarily undertook labours and journeys the most painful, to mitigate the miseries which condemned criminals suffered in their dungeons, to make the prisons in which malefactors were confined for their crimes less horrible abodes, and adapted to reform as well as punish the guilty. This, I conceive, was loving the world aright, because it is God's world, and ought to be rendered such as would most effectually serve and glorify him.

But the love of the world which is forbidden, is the selfish love of it for our own gratification, for

the profits, and advantages, and honours, and pleasures it yields. This is the way the rich man in the parable loved it, who "said to his soul, thou hast much goods laid up for many years, take thine ease, eat, drink, and be merry:" and the other, of whose life the whole description is, that he "was clothed in purple and fine linen, and fared sumptuously every day," and that is all. And this is the way the great majority of people, whether rich or poor, love the world, and shew thereby that the love of the Father is not in them.

Many a person, especially many a young person, in that season of life, before yet the love of the world has become so habitual as hopelessly to deaden their spiritual desires, and before yet the deceitfulness of sin has deluded them into holding back from Christ, and following the world until he is altogether neglected, and the world embraced with the whole heart;—many such, I say, when they hear a moving invitation to come to Christ that they may have life, feel within them a rising inclination to comply. They think of the love of Him who invites them—they think how good a thing it must be to be given up to the service of such a Master, so powerful and so kind:—they remember all they have ever heard of the sweet and peaceful happiness of resting on him with a child's confiding affection, and their minds expatiate on the unknown, unimagined glories which he has prepared for them that love him; and then their hearts begin to melt, and they think they will resolve to give themselves to him, and to cast in their lot with that little flock to whom it is their Father's good pleasure to give the kingdom. But while they think on this, other thoughts visit them: they think of some things in the world which are now dear to them, which they must then renounce. Some friend,

perhaps, some beloved friend, who, they know, would not be a fit companion for them after they have become truly Christ's, or who would then refuse to continue so:—or some practice which conscience tells them is not befitting the vocation wherewith they are called: some pleasure—some favourite amusement which religious persons do not generally partake of, and which they know they will have to give up if they become consistent Christians. These things, and such like, glide stealthily into the mind; they have, perhaps, been long enjoyed, and seem almost necessary to happiness. They are not indeed formally and distinctly compared with the pleasure of serving God here, and enjoying his presence for ever hereafter, and decidedly pronounced to be better; but they insinuate themselves into the minds of the hesitating, and blind and harden their hearts, and they pause, balancing between both, till Satan, watching the moment when their hearts incline to the world, throws his gilded chain around them, and hurries them along as unresistingly as ever. And this, repeated over and over again, they begin to grow contented with their state, and after a few more sighs, and doubts, and wishes, they sink into insensibility till they sink into the grave.

This is the fate of thousands, more especially of the young. Those, however, who are more advanced in life, and more experienced in the world, are not so often held in bondage by the love of its friendships and its pleasures. Other, and as they think, more reasonable and more important ties, bind them to the world. They are out upon the stage; they have their place in society, their rank, their fortune, their respectability to maintain or to advance; they have families, perhaps, and these must be well provided for and pushed forward in life; they have business which must not be clogged by any additional strictness of princi-

ples; they have friends and patrons on whom their expectations are fixed, and who must not be alienated by religious peculiarities; and when they are invited to come to Christ, and feel the beginnings of a desire to comply with the call, all these crowd into their recollections; they love them too well; they are afraid to risk them even for God; they are afraid to entrust them to him, and accordingly they will not come to Christ that they might have life.

Such are the two forms of the love of the world; the one, that which is pleasing to God and required by him, which is the offspring and attendant of the love of God in the heart, and which likens those in whom it dwells to the Divine Redeemer himself, who from love of a lost, ruined, and rebellious world, left the glories of heaven to suffer and die for its redemption:—the other is earthly and sensual, unworthy of spiritual and immortal beings, pernicious to the soul, and dangerous to its salvation. It well behoves us to examine ourselves as to which of these dwells in our breast. The spirit of Christ and the love of Christ are directly opposed to the spirit of the world and the love of the world, that is, the selfish love of it: if, then, the spirit and love of Christ be in us, they are contending against those of the world in our hearts, and if this contest is not going on, if we cannot discern its effect in our lives, in bringing us to live less for the world's cares and enjoyments, and more for its real benefit, less for ourselves and more for our Saviour, let it make us tremble lest the spirit of Christ should not be in us, knowing that the Word of God pronounces this awful truth, "If any man have not the Spirit of Christ he is none of his!"

A PRAYER.

From Elijah the Tishbite, by Dr. Krummacher.

When the two men of God were gone over Jordan, "Elijah said unto Elisha, Ask what I shall do for thee, before I be taken away from thee." This was something more than an affectionate parting-word. He wished to communicate to him his last paternal blessing, and this no common one: "Ask what I shall do for thee, before I shall be taken away from thee." These are great words! But what kind of benefit did Elijah intend? Was it some valuable temporal good? Was it a large grant of worldly riches, honours, or gratifications? O, no! he was thinking of good and perfect gifts that come down from above, from the Father of lights. Elisha is, therefore, invited to ask for blessings from the sanctuary; and here we discern a radiance of the glory of the New Testament in the Old. Bold as this expression is, "Ask what I shall do for thee," it was perfectly appropriate to the condition of the inspired prophet at the time, for he was evidently favoured with an extraordinary outpouring of prophetic grace.

The words, however, of this address to Elisha, serve to remind us of the words of our Lord to his disciples: "Verily, verily, I say unto you, whatsoever ye shall ask the Father in my name, he will give it you: hitherto have ye asked nothing in my name; ask, and ye shall receive, that your joy may be full." You know what is commonly understood by praying in the name of Jesus. People say they pray in his name, when they so present their requests before God as not to hope for acceptance on the ground of their own worthiness, but on that of the merits of Christ and from free grace. They say, that to pray in the name of Jesus is to pray in humble acknowledg-

ment of our own entire unworthiness of any claim on Divine help, but to hope for it from the tender mercy of God through the merits and blood of Jesus Christ. Is this explanation the true and correct one? It is not exactly incorrect, but it is defective and imperfect. A person may really pray with the state of heart just described, and yet not pray fully in the name of Jesus. For if this expression signified nothing more than to pray, confiding in the merits of the Surety, why did Christ say to his disciples, "Hitherto ye have asked nothing in my name?" If the Saviour would have had nothing more to be understood by praying in his name, than to pray as a contrite sinner, trusting in the merits of the Redeemer, then Abraham, Moses, Daniel, David, and others, had certainly already prayed in the name of Jesus. But praying in the name of Jesus is here presented to us as something entirely new. The Saviour himself speaks of it as a thing which was not known previous to his appearing upon earth, and which must therefore be regarded as one of the chief privileges of the New Testament dispensation.

If, in the painful consciousness of my desert of condemnation, I approach the eternal Father in prayer, and set Christ before me as my Mediator and Surety, regarding God only as a consuming fire; and considering that without Christ's mediation I should certainly be consumed before Him—have I not then learnt the full import of praying in the name of Jesus? No, not if I consider the Father as still strange, and distant with respect to me, and that I am protected only by Christ from his wrath; for then I am in the bondage of fear before the God of all grace. I ought to approach the Father with a firm belief that I am *welcome* to come to him in Jesus Christ, and that if I truly loathe myself for all my transgressions, and thus

make confession to him, then my sins and iniquities are remembered no more. Here then may very suitably be applied to me the spirit and import of those words which he spake to his disciples: "And I say not, that I will pray the Father for you; for the Father himself loveth you, because ye have loved me, and have believed that I came out from God." Let me then learn to cast all my care upon Him, fully assured, that in Christ I am not merely saved from wrath, through him, but am also numbered among "the children of God by faith in Christ Jesus." Surely, to pray in the knowledge and belief of all this, is something more than to pray to an offended God with a cold reliance, from necessity, on the merits of Jesus. We all know, that to do any thing in the name of another person is, in some sense, to *represent* that person; so that if you offer a request in my name, and you are refused, this would amount to a disparagement of *me*. For it is not in reality so much you that ask, as I. If the request be granted, it is from the respect belonging to and paid to *me*, that any such request is granted to *you*. This precisely is the case with respect to asking in Christ's name. Every answer to our prayers is primarily an answer to the intercession of Christ for us, and in him it is that we are accepted, answered, and blessed. Behold then, my brethren, what a blessed privilege the Saviour imparts to us, when he encourages us to pray to the Father in his name!

Now, he that is enabled by faith of the operation of the Holy Ghost, to bring his requests before God with holy, filial boldness; not doubting that if he ask any thing according to his will, he heareth him—such a one prays in the name of Jesus. And in this wise the saints of the Old Testament, and the disciples themselves had not yet prayed. Their insight into the mediatorship

of Christ had never yet reached so far as to enable them to draw nigh to God in "full assurance of faith." Indeed, the condition of most of the Old Testament saints, in relation to God, though the same in substance, appears to have come far short of this in degree. They knew that for the Messiah's sake, they should not be condemned; yea, they knew much more than this, and in so far they rejoiced in their redemption. But not many of them appear to have anticipated that fellowship with the Father, and with his Son Jesus Christ, which was brought fully to light by the Gospel. They had not come to "mount Sion, the heavenly Jerusalem," but had come rather to "the mountain that might be touched, and that burned with fire." Even of the most eminent of them it is written, that though they died in faith, "having obtained a good report through faith," as yet "they received not the promise," (Heb. xi. 39.) *We* have seen and heard what *they* only longed for from afar;—an infinitely blessed reality has taken the place of promises and types, and the Lord saith, that "the least in the kingdom of heaven is greater than John the Baptist." We are therefore privileged to appear before God, as children before their kind and loving Father; and we need not wonder, that our Lord mentions the praying in his name as a new thing, which was unknown until he came into the world.

Nor ought we here to overlook the largeness of the promise which our blessed Saviour makes to his true disciples. "Ask, and ye shall receive; that your joy may be full." And again, " whatsoever ye shall ask the Father in my name, he will give it you." "Ye shall ask what ye will, and it shall be done unto you." Brethren, what can we desire more? Nothing in the world is so great, nothing so small, that we might not every moment be receiving from the Father, if we only asked it

in the name of Jesus. Say, what would ye desire to have granted you? Is it to be freed from any domestic trouble; as, for instance, that your sick child should recover? Would you gladly see your whole household converted to God? Draw nigh unto the Father, and ask for it in Jesus' name, and verily he will grant it you. But does not experience seem to contradict this? We answer, it does not really do so. The deceit lies within ourselves, through not really asking in Jesus' name. For let us again call to mind what this asking in his name implies. You might wish very ardently, it is true, for some peculiar interposition of God; and you might express this wish in prayer, and, as you think, in Jesus' name. But in this it is possible that you may be mistaken. A petition is offered in his name, when it is offered in that faith which is of the operation of God, and when that which we ask is according to his will. Luther was enabled to pray in Jesus' name for the lives of his friends, Melancthon and Myconius, who were sick unto death, and already given over; and, lo! he received the petitions which he desired of God: and whatever we pray for, even if it be only gold or silver, it may be granted us when asked for according to his will. Thus the pious professor Franke prayed for means to erect his orphan house; and immediately the silver and the gold flowed in upon him, and he who on commencing was scarcely able to command a few pence, had soon enough to found that abode of orphan charity and education, whose praise has been in all the churches. The Lord had granted what his servant desired. It is to this effect that St. John addresses us, in his 1st Epistle, chap. iii. ver. 21—23, "Beloved, if our heart condemn us not, then have we *confidence* toward God. *And whatsoever we ask, we receive of him*, because we keep his commandments, and do those things that

are pleasing in his sight. And this is his commandment, that we should believe on the name of his Son Jesus Christ, and love one another, as he gave us commandment."

What shall we say to these things? Alas! how little account do we make of such exceedingly great and precious promises! How lamentably is this shewn by the low state of spiritual advancement in which most are contented to live! Were it otherwise, things would wear a very different appearance amongst us. The heavens would not so often be as brass over our heads, nor the earth beneath us as iron. The church would soon flourish like the lily; there would be more shaking among the dry bones, and a gracious rain would oftener refresh God's inheritance. Our poverty in spiritual things is our shame and our condemnation. It is still but too true of many among ourselves, "Hitherto have ye asked nothing in my name."

But much as these mighty words reprove us, they also serve to encourage us; for they unfold a glorious prospect of better days to the true Church of Christ, whenever they shall generally unite in asking for a new and pentecostal season, a general outpouring of the spirit of grace and of supplications upon the professing church at large. This good work, we acknowledge, has begun to be engaged in by many a company of devout persons, in various places. But as yet, comparatively speaking, such union of prayer in the name of Jesus is but partial. As soon as it shall be full, and general, and fervent among all real Christians, then will the fulness of the desired blessing be poured out.

The same kind of observation applies to individual blessings desired by us. Is it the conversion of a child, or a beloved relative? We too often lament over the condition of such, without ever

fervently praying in the name of Jesus in their behalf.

It is well worth while, also, to be reminded of the duty of commending to God, in the name of Jesus, all our private cares. This is alike neglected by unbelief on the one hand, and spiritual pride on the other. "What is the use of it?" says the former; "God can hardly be supposed to concern himself about my private matters." And it is the notion of the latter, "That *because* God does concern himself about them, therefore I need not do it; neither need I make such things a subject of prayer to him." But be it remembered, that he has ordained prayer in the name of Jesus as the means of obtaining and receiving our blessings. This is evident from Scripture, and from the experience of all ages of the Church. If we are truly alive unto God through Jesus Christ our Lord, we shall feel that we can never enough value the inestimable privilege of being thus permitted to ask and to receive. If we do not value such a privilege as this, it must be because we are still unrenewed and dead in spirit; or because we have backslidden or sunk into a lamentable state of sloth and lukewarmness.

Lastly, it may be observed, that such boldness and access, given us in prayer through the faith of Jesus Christ, throws light and evidence on that great truth, "that when we were enemies, we were reconciled unto God by the death of his Son; and that, being reconciled, we are made the children of God by faith in Christ Jesus." For God, in thus answering our prayers, dealeth with us as with sons; hence the Saviour calls him "his Father, and our Father;" and he says, "As the Father hath loved me, even so have I loved you: continue ye in my love."

POPERY.

THE CHAPEL—THE PRIEST'S SERMON.

(From the Achill Missionary Herald.)

The Sabbath morn had come, and the fineness of the day, succeeding a week of good harvest-weather, invited the people to meet together to render homage to that beneficent Being who had showered upon them the bounties of his Providence, and had still more abundantly provided for them those treasures of grace and goodness which are in his dear Son.

The inhabitants of the island, brought before our readers already in the articles entitled "Missionary Scenes," prepared for the occupations of the Sabbath.

Some, regardless of its sanctity, engaged in their harvest-work; others, careless of the non-intelligent worship offered up at their chapel, passed the day in idleness and conversation on their worldly business, or in various modes of amusement—a few met together in a private house to unite in pouring out the language of their hearts in evangelical hymns, and in the sublime liturgy of our apostolic Church, as well as to hear with reverence the appointed portions of God's holy word, and to listen to a profitable printed sermon, read by one of their number, as the only substitute in their power for the much longed-for ministrations of a clergyman.

Others repaired to the Popish chapel to unite in worship with the man whom they had been taught to reverence as the representative of Jesus Christ upon earth.

Poor souls! Their first act, after sprinkling themselves with holy water, was a breach of the second commandment—bowing down to a heap of stones which they call an altar.

After the usual Latin prayers, and the supposed deification of their pastry idol, the priest lifted it up in his hands, and called upon the people to worship it as "Jesus Christ, as great and glorious as he is in heaven."

The poor deluded people fell down in humble prostration before this idol, and addressed to it a prayer, of which the following words are the introduction:—"Most adorable body, I adore thee with all the powers of my soul." In addition to this horrid blasphemy, were many prayers offered to the blessed Virgin Mary, as Queen of Heaven, &c., and to countless saints and angels.

The whole being concluded, the supposed delegate of Heaven stood up to address the people, and instruct them in the way of salvation.

The following is a faithful account of the substance of his sermon:—

"Our church is founded on St. Peter, and out of it no one can be saved. There is that Maginn and his family who have given themselves up to the devils, (the Protestants.) The curse of God and the church is now upon them. My curse is upon them. May they never enter the kingdom of heaven. They ought to be

avoided as heretics, and ill-treated by every one that meets them. If one of you dares to speak to them, or have any thing to do with them, I will curse you, and then you will melt away, and be given up to the devil. I commanded you not to work for the devils (Protestants) at the light-house, and the inhabitants of Ballytough have neglected my orders. But I will manage them: d—l a one of them will I hear their confessions. They must go to their bishop, since they have disobeyed the church. And now what will they do? If one of them gets sick, they cannot go to heaven, for I will not anoint them unless they get absolution from their bishop.

“There are others of you who have not paid me my oats yet;* and some refused to give any. May they never enter the kingdom of heaven if they do not pay it at once. May the curse of God fall on them.

“You know what the Archbishop said to you about allowing the heretics into the island. They want to bring in a worse plague than the cholera to you. They offer you money to sell your souls to the devil. Their preachers (Scripture-Readers) are a set of apostates who are given up to the devil; and as for that Baylee, (the Missionary at Achill,) he is only pretending to be a clergyman. He is nothing but a preacher, (a Scripture reader.) You ought not to mind any thing he says. He is as bad as the rest of them. It would be a fine thing to see a minister among us. Upon my word, I would like to see a minister here, and would shew him civility: but Baylee is no minister at all! I saw —— † last week, and he told me he did not wish the like of them to be coming into the island at all.—That they were only disturbers of the people. You see, that when the preachers Meredith and O’Connell were half killed, they would not get a summons from the Magistrates. Nor that Baylee either, when his hooker was driven away.‡

“And now I hope you will mind what I say, and that none of you will listen to the devils, or have any thing to do with them, and we will soon get rid of them.”

VARIETIES.

MASSSES AND INDULGENCES.—That I may not be thought to slander the Church of Rome, I place before my reader a copy of a notice which I saw publicly affixed to a pillar, in a church in the Campo Vaccino, at Rome, for the information of its different

* The island being tithe-free, the priest exacts oats, in addition to his ordinary dues.

† A large landed proprietor, a nominal Protestant.

‡ This was a gratuitous invention, and intended to lessen the effect of our clemency in not prosecuting the men who had ill-treated us. We did not do so because we felt that the real delinquents were Dr. M’Hale and his clergy, and that we trusted that patient endurance and kind offices would, under God, allay a storm which had not arisen from the spontaneous feelings of the people. Experience has since proved that we were right.

frequenters. Being struck with such a public notice, I took it down on the spot; and, in a free translation, it runs thus: "An easy method of providing prayers for the soul when alive, without waiting till after death. Whoever will be enrolled in the number of benefactors to this church, and would receive the prayers of the mass, &c. must address himself to the priest of the church for the proper form, &c. Whoever shall give the benefaction of one *giulio* every month, during his life, shall, after his death, receive the prayers of eighty low masses, and two cantatas. Whoever shall give *un grosso* a month, shall receive the prayers of forty masses, and one cantata." The reader is then given to understand, that whoever shall have omitted to have done this, supposing he shall be arrived at the age of sixty, may purchase the whole benefit of the masses in a lump, upon the following terms: "Ten *scudi* for eighty low masses and two cantatas. Moreover, those who are enrolled shall be partakers of the masses and cantatas which are every year celebrated in each day of the octave of the death in common for the benefactors who shall have departed this life. Let every one therefore think of his soul whilst he is yet alive, without waiting, in the flames of purgatory, the discretion of another, whilst he is crying out; 'Have mercy on me! have mercy on me! have mercy on me! at least, you my friends, since my own relations have forgotten me.'"—*Daubeny's Protestant Companion*.

A BRAHMIN BECOME A MINISTER OF THE GOSPEL.—On the 24th of June, Baboo Krishna Mohuna Bonerjea was ordained at the chapel of the Bishop's College by the Lord Bishop of Calcutta. The Baboo is well known as having been a member of a high caste Brahmin family. He received his education at the Hindoo College, and was in the first instance engaged as a teacher of Mr. Hare's school. While here he started the *Enquirer*, which he conducted for a number of years with great ability. He subsequently became a convert to Christianity, of which he has ever since been a staunch and devoted follower. During the last two or three months he has been living at the Bishop's College, where his attention has been chiefly engaged in the study of languages. The Rev. Krishna Mohuna Bonerjea will in a few days be settled in Calcutta, where he will use his best exertions for the promotion of Christianity.

THE PIOUS FAMILY.—Soon after the surrender of Copenhagen to the English, in the year 1807, detachments of soldiers were for a time stationed in the surrounding villages. It happened, one day, that three soldiers, belonging to a Highland regiment, were sent to forage among the neighbouring farm-houses. They went to several, but found them stripped and deserted. At length they came to a large garden or orchard, full of apple-trees, bending under the weight of fruit. They entered by a gate, and followed a path which brought them to a neat farm-house. Every thing without bespoke quietness and security; but as they entered by

the front door, the mistress of the house and her children ran screaming out at the back. The interior of the house presented an appearance of order and comfort superior to what might be expected from people in that station, and from the habits of the country. A watch hung by the side of the fire-place, and a neat book-case, well-filled, attracted the attention of the elder soldier. He took down a book, it was written in a language unknown to him, but the name of Jesus Christ was legible on every page. At this moment the farmer entered by the door through which his wife and children had fled. One of the soldiers, by signs, demanded provisions; the man stood firm and undaunted, but shook his head. The soldier who held the book, approached him, and pointing to the name of Jesus Christ, laid his hand upon his heart, and looked up to heaven. Instantly the farmer grasped his hand, shook it vehemently, and then ran out of the room. He soon returned with his wife and children, laden with milk, eggs, bacon, &c., which were freely tendered: and when money was offered in return, it was at first refused. But, as two of the soldiers were pious men, they, much to the chagrin of their companion, (who swore grievously he would never forage with them again) insisted upon paying for all they took. When taking leave, the pious soldiers intimated to the farmer, that it would be well for him to secrete his watch; but, by most significant signs, he gave them to understand, that he feared no evil, for his trust was in God, and that though his neighbours, on the right-hand and on the left, had fled from their habitations, and by foraging parties had lost what they could not remove, not a hair of his head had been injured, nor had he even lost an apple from his trees. "The angel of the Lord encampeth round about them that fear him; and delivereth them."

IDLENESS CURED.—Seating myself once upon a log, by the side of an Indian who was resting there, being at that time actively employed in fencing in his corn field, I observed to him that he must be fond of working, as I never saw him idling away his time, as is so common with the Indians. The answer he returned made a very great impression on my mind. I have remembered it ever since, and I shall try to relate it as nearly in his own words as possible:—

"My friend," said he, "the fishes in the water, and the birds in the air, and on the earth, have taught me to work; by their examples I have been convinced of the necessity of labour and industry. When I was a young man I loitered about a good deal, doing nothing, just like the other Indians, who say that working is for the whites and negroes: the Indians have been ordained for other purposes—to hunt the deer, and catch the beaver, otter, raccoon, and such other animals. But one day it so happened, that while hunting, I came to the bank of the Susquehanna, and having set myself down near the water's edge to rest a little, and casting my eyes on the water, I was forcibly struck when I observed with what industry the *Mecehgallinus* (sunfish)

heaped small stones together, to make secure places for their spawn, and all this labour they did with their mouth and body, without hands.

“Astonished, as well as diverted, I lighted my pipe, sat a while smoking and looking on, when presently a little bird, not far from me, raised a song which enticed me to look that way. While I was trying to distinguish where the songster was, and catch it with my eyes, its mate, with as much grass as it could hold in its bill, passed close by me, and flew into a bush, where I perceived them together, busily employed in building their nests, and singing as their work went on. I entirely forgot that I was hunting, in order to contemplate the objects I had before me. I saw the birds in the air, and the fishes in the water, working diligently and cheerfully, and all this without hands. I thought it was strange, and I became lost in wonder. I looked at myself, and saw two long arms provided with hands and fingers, and with joints that might be opened and shut at pleasure. I could, when I pleased, take up any thing with those hands, and hold it fast or let it loose, and carry it along with me. When I walked, I observed moreover that I had a strong body, capable of bearing fatigue, supported by two stout legs, with which I could climb to the top of the highest mountain, and descend at pleasure into the valleys.

“And is it possible, said I, that a being so wonderfully formed as I am, was created to live in idleness, while the birds, which have no hands, and nothing but their little bills to help them, work with cheerfulness, and without being told to do so? Has then the Creator of man, and of all living creatures, given me all these limbs for no purpose? It cannot be; I will try to go to work. I did so, and went away to a spot of good land, where I built a cabin, enclosed ground, sowed corn, and raised cattle. Ever since that time I have enjoyed a good appetite and sound sleep; while the others spend their nights in dancing, and are suffering with hunger, I live in plenty; I keep horses, cows, and fowls—I am happy. See, my friend, the birds and fishes have brought me to reflection, and taught me to work!”—*Rev. J. Heckswelder's History of the Manners and Customs of the Indians of Pennsylvania.*

THE IDIOT.—It is very generally supposed that idiots are not able to understand any thing about their souls, or capable of attending to what is said to them. The following anecdote will shew that, at least in some instances, such a notion is incorrect. In a village, in Buckinghamshire, there lived a poor idiot, whose appearance was so distressing and almost disgusting, that some of the inhabitants wished the clergyman to forbid his coming to church, has had been his regular custom. The clergyman did not grant their request, for he thought it would be very wrong to hinder any one from coming to God's house, however loathsome his appearance might be. One Sunday the minister took this verse for his text, “And an highway shall be there, and a way, and it shall be called, the way of holiness; the unclean shall not pass

over it; the wayfaring men, though fools, shall not err therein." (Isaiah xxxv. 8.) On hearing this, the poor idiot got up, and regardless of those around him, clapped his hands and cried out, "Then *I* shall be saved! then *I* shall be saved!" The next day the Clergyman visited him; and found that though he had no power of thinking on any other subject, the Spirit of the Lord had opened his mind to the knowledge of the one thing needful, and the way of salvation through Jesus Christ. Surely such a circumstance should encourage persons to endeavour to tell those who are apparently idiotic and unable to attend to what is passing around them, of the love of Christ to sinners; even if the time and labour seem to be for no purpose, as water spilt on dry ground, still, as in the instance before us, the seed may take root and bring forth fruit to his glory who chooses the weak things of the world to confound the mighty. God's ways are not as our ways, nor his thoughts as our thoughts.

HEATHEN CRUELTY.—Female infanticide, the most unnatural crime that prevails among ferocious savages and cannibals, is perpetrated in China to a degree almost beyond belief. This practice is carried to such an extent, that it may almost be said to be patronized by government, which does not interfere to prevent, and therefore may be said to give it countenance. It is, according to Barrow, tacitly considered a part of the duty of the police of Pekin, (the capital city of China,) to employ certain persons to go their rounds at an early hour in the morning with carts, in order to pick up the bodies of such infants as may have been thrown out into the streets in the course of the night. No enquiries are made; but the bodies are carried to a common pit without the city walls, into which all those that are living, as well as those that are dead, are said to be thrown promiscuously. The Roman Catholic missionaries attended at the pit daily, for the purpose of rescuing some of the victims, and bringing them up in their own faith. Mr. Barrow observes, that those of the missionaries with whom he had daily conversation, during a residence of five weeks within the emperor's palace, assured him, that the scenes sometimes exhibited were such as to make the feeling mind shudder with horror. Dogs and swine are let loose into the streets of the capital at an early hour, before the police carts go round. Barrow gives the average number as about 24 daily, or nearly 9,000 for the capital annually; and supposes that an equal number are thus destroyed in other parts of the empire. Those who reside on the water throw their infants into the river, with a gourd tied round their necks. The number given down is reduced by the fact, that in Pekin, infants that have died, or are still-born, are exposed in the streets to be carried away by the police carts, to avoid the expense of burying them. This, the writer above referred to, supposes, may reduce the number of murdered infants in the capital, to 4,000.

The statement of this revolting practice is confirmed by Mr. Gutzlaff, who more than once refers to the subject, and who, be-

sides, speaking of the apathy with which they regarded the exposed body of a lovely and but recently murdered infant, by remarking, in reply to his observation, "that it was *only a female*," states, in reference to the people of Amoy, "That it is a general custom among them to drown a large portion of the newborn female children;" and continues—"This unnatural crime is so common among them, that it is perpetrated without any feeling, and even in a laughing mood." How affecting an illustration do these horrible barbarities supply of the truth of the Scripture, that "The dark places of the earth are full of the habitations of cruelty!"

TRACTS FOR THE BLIND.—We had recently an opportunity of witnessing the extraordinary facility with which this afflicted class of our fellow-creatures decypher the embossed character. At an interesting school in Belfast, several girls and a boy, all totally blind, were receiving instruction. We opened a page, either at random or by selection, and directing the finger of the pupil to any word, found that each could proceed with as much ease, and as rapidly as any good enunciator would choose to read aloud, to whatever extent the hearer required. Thus by means of so simple an invention, that the only wonder is how it could remain so long unthought of; the blind are brought to an equality of privileges with those who see, as far as these publications extend; indeed, to a superiority; for the darkness of midnight is no bar to their perusal.

In the same benevolent institution are several deaf and dumb pupils, admirably taught; whose sparkling eyes, laughing looks, and animated movements, formed a strange contrast to the statue-like stillness and pensive countenances of the blind. The question was proposed to the former, whether they would like to exchange places with their neighbours—to hear and speak, but not to see? A simultaneous negative was given, by words or by signs, from the whole company of deaf and dumb. Not one of them was there who did not regard the affliction of blindness as far more heavy than their own. Yet, in a spiritual point of view, to what an awful distance are they removed from their sightless fellow-sufferers. To the blind the glad tidings of salvation can be freely preached, even as to those possessed of every faculty: but alas! for the deaf mute! A long and difficult process lies between him and the possibility of receiving the faintest shadow of an intimation of that without the knowledge of which we have no warrant for concluding that the soul can be saved. Each class possesses a powerful claim on Christian sympathy, and we desire to rouse it on their joint behalf.—*Ed. of the Ladies' Magazine.*

GOOD ADVICE.—Would you touch a nettle without being stung by it? take hold of it stoutly. Do the same to all other annoyances, and hardly will any thing annoy you.—*Guesses at Truth.*

POETRY.

SONNETS TO THE ENGLISH MARTYRS.

RIDLEY AND LATIMER.

Twin stars of gospel radiance, shining bright
 Upon the brink of error's baleful night!
 How doth it glad my soul to leave the stir,
 And read of Ridley and old Latimer.
 One darted to the sky, the other long
 Bore the keen flame, then join'd the martyr's throng;
 But ere the spirit to its bliss had fled,
 Each with sweet words the other comforted:
 'Twas like the language of the saints above,
 So full of peace, and hope, and joy, and love;
 But, surely, such a flame was kindled then,
 As long shall beam upon the sons of men
 In this our land: and though the wicked shout,
 "This candle, by God's grace, shall none put out!"

ANNE ASKEW.

True to thy Lord and Saviour wast thou found
 In cruel torture's last extremity,
 When thy frail form upon the rack was bound,
 And torn to life's last brink, by Wriothesley!
 Such mighty power was then bestow'd on thee
 As made thee wondrous in the eyes of those
 Who hop'd to triumph in thy agony
 And wrest away the Truth 'mid direst throes.
 Oh! honour'd woman, where are now thy foes?
 The fire hath been upon thee, but 'tis gone,
 And thou art resting now from all thy woes:
 The river of thy peace still floweth on,
 And where no wind of sorrow ever blows
 Calm is thy soul, 'mid unconceiv'd repose!

BRADFORD.

Bradford! thy name hath floated down the stream
 Mysteriously sweet; as if it were
 A sound unearthly, gather'd in a dream
 Of things remote from time, and rich as rare.
 We travel o'er the world, and thou art there!
 Wherever truth's fair beams are richly shed,
 Wherever God's free word is freely read,

They deem thee noble, and they write thee fair.
 I see thee kiss the faggots, and prepare
 To lay the garments of corruption down;
 Changing thy martyr's vestments for a crown
 Of amaranthine hue :—I hear thy prayer,
 And hang upon thy lips, while thou dost say
 "Strait is the gate, and narrow is the way!"

J. S.

 PARTING WORDS.

"And he said, 'Let me go, for the day breaketh.'"—Genesis xxxii, 26.

Let me go, the day is breaking—
 Dear companions, let me go;
 We have spent a night of waking
 In the wilderness below!
 Upward now I bend my way;
 Part we here at break of day.

Let me go : I may not tarry,
 Wrestling thus with doubts and fears;
 Angels wait my soul to carry
 Where my risen Lord appears:
 Friends and kindred weep not so—
 If ye love me, let me go.

We have travell'd long together,
 Hand in hand, and heart in heart,
 Both through fair and stormy weather,
 And 'tis hard, 'tis hard to part:
 While I sigh, "Farewell!" to you,
 Answer, one and all, "Adieu!"

'Tis not darkness gathering round me
 That withdraws me from your sight;
 Walls of flesh no more can bound me,
 But, translated into light,
 Like the lark on mounting wing,
 Though unseen, you hear me sing.

Heaven's broad day hath o'er me broken,
 Far beyond earth's span of sky;
 Am I dead? Nay, by this token,
 Know that I have ceas'd to die:
 Would you solve the mystery,
 Come up hither,—come and see!

J. MONTGOMERY.

THE
COTTAGE MAGAZINE ;

OR,

Plain Christian's Library.

No. II.] FEBRUARY, 1838. [VOL. XXVII.

THE MISSIONARY.

The following passage of a letter from a gentleman in Canada presents a striking picture of a missionary life in such a country. How great are the hardships, trials, and griefs to which the soldier of Christ is exposed whilst carrying on an aggressive warfare, even in a land professedly Christian ! But, how much greater must they be, when the scene of his conflicts is the all-unenlightened region of Heathenism, full of the habitations of cruelty, and the hold of every unclean and hateful thing ! And how much are the sympathy and prayers of Christians, who live at home at ease, needed for our devoted brethren engaged in the field of missionary warfare !

“MY DEAR FRIEND,

“I write you this from a place in the country where I am, what is termed in Canadian phraseology, *snowed up*, that is, detained by the snow having fallen and drifted so deep, that all the roads are nearly impassable; and yesterday, (Sunday,) only eight persons attended public worship. I have been out a little in snow-shoes, but walking in them is too fatiguing work to continue long; so I have taken refuge in my house, and whilst the snow beclouds the air and nearly smothers any one exposed to it, whilst the luck-

less traveller in the bush is in imminent danger of perishing in the wilderness, I draw nigh the stove, and take my pen in my hand, and say to you, 'thus safe is he who has fled for refuge to a Saviour's arms;' thus can he look forth, and whilst feeling for and deeply mourning over the fate of so many bidders of the pitiless storms of the world, amidst which they are in momentary danger of perishing, says, 'what reward shall I give unto thee, O Lord, who hast made me to differ,—who hast stirred me up to flee for refuge to the hope set before me,—who hast enabled me to trust, that I shall receive the end of my faith, even the salvation of my soul.' O, might not St. Paul well write, 'Rejoice in the Lord alway; and again'—(as often as ye call to mind his manifold mercies, his compassions which fail not,—his long-suffering patience with the chief of sinners, the vilest of his creatures)—'I say, rejoice.'

"I had written but thus far when I had to lay down my pen, to take up my knapsack, put on my snow-shoes, and proceed into the back settlements in this township, a distance of about eight miles. My walk was most fatiguing, and I was glad at last to come to a settler's house where I halted for the night, and the next day proceeded to visit about eight families, scattered over a space of three miles; and, returning, preached to about thirty persons that I collected together in a central spot.

"Take a slight sketch of my situation:—A house composed of rough-hewn logs laid one above another, and the interstices filled with wool, oakum, &c.; no window; and therefore a necessity for keeping the door open, though the thermometer stood at thirty degrees below Zero. To remedy this, one end of the gable was nearly occupied by a huge fire-place, on which were piled logs about four feet long, and nearly a foot thick. On one

side of this was a pile of wood split for the large stove in the centre of the only apartment of the house; on the other a table, at which mine host and I made a hearty dinner of beef and black unleavened bread. At the other end of the room there were three beds joining each other, in which nestled the various members of the family, ten in number. Here, after dinner, when my little congregation had collected, amidst the disturbances of ill-trained children, and the noisy attempts of parents to quiet them—the quarrels of intrusive dogs—the creaking of a sleigh and its cattle that drove up from the bush in the midst—the bellowing of a calf which had come into the world only the day before, and had been put down in the cellar under my feet to prevent its being frostbitten in the cow-house. Amidst all this, I was enabled, (and I had much cause for gratitude to the Lord for it,) to arrest the attention of a rude congregation who had seen none but a Methodist Preacher's face for six or eight years, and even his but very rarely.

“You can conceive nothing more picturesque and solitary than one of our snow-clad pine and spruce-tree forests. As I walked along with my snow-shoes on my feet, my knapsack at my back, my long staff in my hand, in the shade of the snow-laden pine-branches, or under natural arches of the trees bowed down over my path by the weight of their fleecy load,—with nothing to break upon the lonely and perfect stillness, save the rapping of the woodpecker, the cracking of some frost-bound, rotten tree, or the scarcely heard fall of some miniature avalanche from off a pine-branch, I felt that I was indeed a pilgrim and alone. And yet, in seasons and circumstances like these, I have realized more of the presence of God, the Holy Spirit, by his love being shed abroad on my heart, than in any other situation I

was ever in. It was not through the means of prayer, or of the word, but I have found myself insensibly impelled to halt, lift my cap from my head, and worship, 'leaning on the top of my staff;' and whilst feeling 'God is love,' stamped deeply on my poor and ordinarily stony heart, as I thought thereon I wept, 'grace made my eyes o'erflow.' It was a relief thus to pour out my heart before God; and then, when I again addressed myself to my journey, I have striven to praise Him from whom all blessings flow, singing of that 'land of pure delight,' whither, dear friend, God is guiding us; and where

'We hope, through his good pleasure,
Safely to arrive at last.'

O! how sweet it is to realize the presence of the Saviour whilst journeying through the wilderness, to have Him sometimes joining us by the way! How it sweetens the care we meet with, to think that he bears them for us, or rather that he sends the Holy Spirit to help us to bear them!

"It is a painful thing to go from house to house presenting the precious invitations of the Gospel, holding up the Saviour to the eyes of sinners, and meet with far less attention than an itinerant vender of baubles, or a hawker of linens. He exhibits a few pieces of glass and tinsel, or articles of dress, and soon attracts attention, and engages careful housewives to make bargains, to spend their labour for that which satisfieth not. I tell them of a glorious inheritance, hold before them a crown of glory, or endeavour to extol 'the white linen which is the righteousness of the saints'—'the righteousness of God imparted by faith;' and alas! 'they see no beauty' in it; or in him whose it is, that they should desire them.

"Instead of possessing the Spirit of Him who wept over Jerusalem—of Him who said, 'Rivers of waters run down mine eyes, because they keep

not thy law,' or of him who told the Philippians, 'even weeping,' that some of them were enemies of the cross of Christ, too, too frequently have I to mourn over the spirit of them who would have called fire from heaven, knowing so little of what manner of spirit they were of. The purblind Pharisee, and the Deist, come in my way one day, the Universalist another, the Roman Catholic a third. Family after family do I find of that widespread denomination, the *Nothingarians*, and the high professor in doctrine, but the lowest in practice. O! fearfully small, indeed, is the little flock! May the Lord hold up my poor, weak, feeble hands, and strengthen my knees.

"My most intimate friendship, whilst in Quebec, was with a lady the first fruits of my ministry there; one who had been all her life a Dorcas, but whom the Lord made, by means of the second sermon I preached there, a Lydia. She is walking humbly and securely, I nothing doubt, to be an instrument of much good; for all young people, whose hearts the Lord is touching, make immediate application to her. Singular enough, she shewed me a prayer which she had found in an old book of her mother's, a pious woman, praying for her conversion, nearly fifty years before it took place!

"We are in a dreadful state in this country; only half our long winter is over, (8th of February,) and the supply of provisions of very many families quite exhausted. Gaunt famine will stalk through the land, warning the people, that one sore judgment, pestilence, has come upon them, and through the long suffering of God, has been withdrawn; but, for all this, they have not humbled themselves before him. O! to grace how great debtors, dear friend, are we who are called out of darkness, and who, at that great day, will be able to say, 'This is the Lord, we have waited for him; we will be

glad, and rejoice in his salvation !' Let us, then, hope, and patiently wait for this great salvation, the redemption of our bodies ; let us, till then, pray to be more and more closely kept following the Lamb, who hath given us a commandment, that we should walk in his steps. True, in the world, we must have tribulations ; we must oftentimes be 'perplexed, but not in despair ; cast down, but not destroyed ;' for we must eventually be more than conquerors through Him that loved us, to whom be ascribed everlasting praise and glory.

H. V."

LEGH RICHMOND'S MOTHER ; OR, THE INFLUENCE
OF A PIOUS PARENT.

In the interesting Memoirs of the Rev. Legh Richmond, the following passage occurs, strikingly descriptive of the beneficial effect produced upon his mind by the instructions and admonitions of a beloved parent. "I well remember, in the early dawn of my expanding reason, with what care she laboured to instil into my mind a sense of the being of God, and of the reverence which is due to him ; of the character of a Saviour, and his infinite merits ; of the duty of prayer, and the manner in which it ought to be offered up at the throne of grace. Her way of enforcing these subjects was like one who felt their importance, and wished her child to do so likewise. First instructed by her to read, I have not forgotten, in my Bible lessons, with what simplicity and propriety she used to explain and comment on the Word of God, its precepts and examples. These infantine catechetical exercises still vibrate in my recollections, and confirm to my own mind the great ad-

vantage attendant upon the earliest possible endeavours *to win the attention, and store the memory with religious knowledge*. Her natural abilities, which were of a superior character, enabled her to converse with a very little child with much effect; and there was a tenderness of affection, united with a firmness of manner, which promoted the best interests greatly of a nursery education.

“My mother had six children, three of whom died in infancy. A very affecting circumstance accompanied the death of one of them, and was a severe trial to her maternal feelings. Her then youngest child, a sweet little boy, just two years old, was, through the carelessness of his nurse, precipitated from a bed-room window upon the pavement beneath. I was at that time six years of age, and happened to be walking on the very spot, when the distressing event occurred; I was, therefore, the first to take up, and deliver into our agonized mother's arms, the poor little sufferer. The head was fractured, and he only survived the fall about thirty hours. I preserve still a very distinct and lively remembrance of the struggle between the natural feelings of the mother, and the spiritual resignation of the Christian. She passed the sad interval of suspense in almost continual prayer, and found God a present help in time of trouble. Frequently, during that day, did she retire with me; and, as I knelt beside her, she uttered the feelings and desires of her heart to God. I remember her saying, ‘If I cease praying for five minutes, I am ready to sink under this unlooked-for distress; but when I pray, God comforts and upholds me: his will, not mine, be done.’ Once she said, ‘Help me to pray, my child: Christ suffers little children to come to him, and forbids them not,—say something.’ ‘What shall I say, mamma?—shall I fetch a

book?' 'Not now,' she replied; 'speak from your heart; and ask God that we may be reconciled to his will, and bear this trial with patience.'

"The day after the infant's death, she took me to the bed on which my little brother lay; and kneeling down, she wept for a few minutes in silence; and then taking his cold hand in one of her's, and mine in the other, she said,—'Lord, if it had not been thy good pleasure, it had not been thus. Thy will be done! I needed this heavy trial, to shew me more of myself, and to wean me from the world. Forgive my sins, O God! and let me not murmur. Then looking at the cherub countenance of her babe, she added—'Thou art not lost, but gone before!' She then put his hand into mine, and said—'If you live, my child, never forget this; and may I one day meet you both in heaven!'

"I have dwelt upon this part of my dear parent's history with the more minuteness, because she has frequently told me, that it was not only the greatest shock which her feelings were ever called upon to sustain; but that she was persuaded it was overruled by God for the most salutary purpose, as it concerned the spiritual discipline of her own heart. To the end of her life, she wore a little locket attached to her watch; it contained a lock of her poor little Henry's hair; and she often looked at it, and spoke of it, as a remembrance of God's goodness to her at a most trying season."

THOUGHTS ON CHRISTIAN ASSURANCE AND LOVE TO GOD.

[Some explanation may perhaps be necessary with reference to the following Essay. It was written some time ago, to meet the case of a friend, whom the writer then, as now, had good reason for believing, had, through God's grace, seen the vanity of this world's pleasure, "falsely so called," and in a strength not his

own, had separated himself from them, but who had frequently been distressed with doubts, which were expressed to me in the language of the Olney poet, as contained in the 119th Hymn, Part 1, but more particularly in the 1st verse,—

“Do I love the Lord or no ?

Am I his, or am I not ?”

The case was made one of much prayer by the Writer, both before and during the preparation of the paper ; and, consequently, it was with great satisfaction and thankfulness he learnt that his humble effort had, under the blessing of God, been instrumental in establishing his friend's peace of mind. It is at the request of this individual, and one or two other subscribers to the Cottage Magazine, to whom the perusal of the manuscript has been confined, that with some slight alteration it is now submitted for insertion in this useful little periodical, in the hope that, so far as it is in accordance with God's Holy Word, it may be blessed by Him to the spiritual comfort of as many as read it.—S. B. H.]

The conversation which led to this paper commenced with the question, “Is it possible to love God and not to know it ;” the meaning of which, as subsequently expressed, was, “Since no man can be safe for eternity who does not love God, because he first loved us, is it possible to have doubts and fears as to my love, and yet be really ready for the Bridegroom's call ?” or, in still more explicit words, “*How am I to know that all is right for an eternal world ?*”

The question naturally leads us to an investigation of *the nature and extent of that Christian assurance which it is the privilege of all to enjoy, and the duty of all to aim at, and also the grounds on which, when genuine, it will ever rest.* Now, to the consideration of these subjects, (having laid down one or two positions, which can never be called in question without impugning the veracity of God's Holy Word,) we shall at once proceed ; and shall then be able more clearly to answer the enquiry itself.

God created man upright. Adam, by transgressions, fell—thus sin entered into the world, and death by sin, and so death passed upon all men, for that all have sinned ; but when we were enemies we were reconciled to God by the death of

his Son. "God so loved the world that he gave his only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in him should not perish, but have everlasting life;" the offer of reconciliation is made to all men, *the invitation is universal*, and the *promise without exception*. Suppose, then, a sinner to have applied, under a sense of his individual guilt, to him who cleanseth from all sin, in the way pointed out in the Scriptures, and to be exceedingly anxious about his soul's salvation, how is this individual to *know* that he has passed from death unto life, that he is in a state of acceptance before God? Is such knowledge attainable? How may it be attained? The enquiries are most important, for from the whole tenor of Scripture it does seem unquestionably true, that "it is not the purpose of the God of all grace that believing sinners should remain in a state of distressing uncertainty and doubt with regard to their acceptance with him, and their participation in the life which is by faith. He means, not merely that they should get to heaven at last, but that *the life* which is to be *perfected there*, should also be *enjoyed here*, that it should "*be begun on earth*, that they should "*have eternal life*," and "*know that they have it*." (a) We gather at once, from St. John, that in the first ages of the church there were some who, without hesitation, could say, "We know that we are of God;" this precious privilege was not contrived or designed by God to be so to the first ages of the Gospel. We trust that even in this degenerate age, there are many who can say the like, and give a solid, scriptural evidence, of the hope that is in them. But, what is Christian assurance? Let us, however, first remark, that *it is not* a direct divine intimation to the mind of the individual of his safety. There are persons to be met with, pos-

(a) Dr. Wardlaw.

sessed, we fear, of more feeling and enthusiasm than sound knowledge, who draw their personal confidence as to their soul's salvation from alleged suggestions, whispers, and voices, and who cannot but regard the intimation as from God, because it has come to them in a way which appears so extraordinary. Such characters, it is to be feared, are resting on the illusions of their own mind, and not on the written Word of God. What then is assurance? It is a Bible word, and must have a Bible meaning. It has, however, oftentimes more definiteness and precision of meaning attached to it, than really belongs to it, as used by St. Paul. I refer to the system of those, who found upon his expressions, what they formally denominate, "the doctrine of assurance"—"the doctrine of the assurance of faith." In such systems it signifies, *absolute, undoubting certainty*. It appears to me, that in the New Testament, the term *is not used with any such definite and explicit precision*; but, that it simply means, "*a strong persuasion or confidence*," such as admits of *various degrees*. There are only four places where the word occurs; (b) on two of which I would offer a remark. In the last text, the strong expression "unto all riches of the *full assurance* of understanding," appears to mean a clear, comprehensive, soul-establishing acquaintance with divine truth, or as Doddridge translates it, "the richest and most assured understanding of the Gospel." Now, in this application of the Word, there is evidently the idea of progressive degrees of attainment in divine knowledge, which, after all, the Apostle knew would still be very imperfect here, as he elsewhere teaches. "For now we see through a glass darkly, but then face to face; now I know in part, but then shall I know even as also I am known." But it is to the occurrence

(b) Hb. x. 22. vi. 11.—1 Thes. i. 5.—Col. xi. 2.

of the word in the Epistle to the Thessalonians, that I especially call attention—"For our Gospel came not unto you in word only but also in power, and in the Holy Ghost, and in *much assurance*." The word rendered here simply "*assurance*," is the same with that, which in its other three occurrences is translated "*full assurance*." Here, therefore, we have "*much full assurance*." The accompanying adjective "*much*" clearly shews that the Apostle used the word with a latitude of meaning—to express what was susceptible of diverse measures—something of which there might be, if not properly *little*, yet *various degrees of abundance*. And this will be more evident when the passage is compared with the third verse of the same chapter—"We are bound to thank God always for you, brethren, as it is meet, because that *your faith groweth exceedingly*, and the charity (love) of every one of you all toward each other aboundeth." Here it is observable, to the very persons who had received the Gospel with full assurance, with *much full assurance*, he says, "*your faith groweth exceedingly*." Now, how could this be? How could their faith grow beyond "*full assurance*," if the word were used by St. Paul with the definiteness wherewith some have adopted it into their systems? (c) The word, I am persuaded, is not used by the Apostle in its absolute sense, but in the general sense of strong persuasion or confidence towards God. This Christian assurance has a twofold source, which, for distinction's sake may be called *direct* and *indirect*. Let us glance at both, and while we are doing so, may a blessing from on high rest upon our meditations.

First,—"*DIRECT ASSURANCE*." This arises from the exercise of strong faith, confidence, or heart-belief in the finished work of a divine Saviour—it

is, in Scripture language, that “Witness of the Spirit” whereby we are enabled to cry “Abba Father.” By nature we cannot do this ; the unregenerate man is at enmity with God, and though in a daily form he may address him as his heavenly Father, yet he has never been admitted into sonship, and is, consequently, not the heir, but an alien. But, suppose such an one to be awakened by divine grace to a sense of his situation, its dangers and consequences ; he becomes sensible of his alienation from God, his sins weigh heavily upon him, his yoke is greater than he can bear ; under deep and agonizing conviction of sin, he cries in the bitterness of his soul, “What shall I do to be saved ?” The enquiry haunts him by day, and refuses to be silenced at night. In this state of mind he is directed to an all powerful and all gracious Saviour, as revealed in the Scripture ; he finds there cases recorded similar in character to his own ; he reads of an enquiry from a poor sinner, “What shall *I* do to be saved ?” and with eager eye and bounding hope he presses forward to mark the answer. “Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ and thou *shalt* be saved,” sounds in his ear, but without bringing peace to his soul. He asks, *What* must I believe ? *How* must I believe ? The scheme of salvation is unfolded to him :—that God is just, he believes ; how he can also be the justifier of them that believe in Jesus, he has yet, and is anxious, to learn. His sins have been those of the creature against the Creator. All his fellow-creatures with him have sinned, therefore they could not procure his pardon ; and had they been guiltless, they had no superabundant merit for him. The plan provided for his salvation he is at length enabled to understand ; he sees, that, from first to last, it is all of free grace, that Jesus Christ died for his sins, to reconcile him to his Father ; to procure his pardon in the courts of

heaven ; then, trembling, weighed down with a sense of his sins, and feeling their hideousness in the sight of a holy God, he bows before a throne of grace : before him who seeth in secret, he pours out his whole soul in prayer ; “ the remembrance of his sins is grievous unto him, the burden of them is intolerable : ” he cries for pardon, “ have mercy upon me, have mercy upon me, most merciful Father. ” He pleads the promise, “ He that cometh unto me, I will in no wise cast out ; ” he urges, with an earnestness which must be felt to be understood, the finished work of a crucified and risen Saviour, “ for thy Son our Lord Jesus Christ’s sake forgive me all that is past ; ” seeing that “ There is none other name under heaven given among men whereby we can be saved, but only the name of our Lord Jesus Christ, ” and that this salvation is offered and pledged to all those who take God at his word, who believe his provision, and rest thereon ; he prays for faith, for grace to believe the testimony which is written—he pleads for it, as would a criminal for his life—his language is, “ I will not let thee go, except thou bless me ; ” and his prayer is not disregarded. He may not receive an immediate answer ; He, who “ doeth all things well, ” may see fit to try him further, but eventually his petitions ascend through our one Mediator to the courts above. The sons of God shout for joy that another sinner is redeemed, another wanderer brought home to the fold. His cry is answered ; that faith which is the gift of God’s Holy Spirit, is imparted ; a holy joy is shed abroad in his heart ; he is filled with a peace that passeth understanding ; he leaves his burden at the foot of the cross ; his mourning is turned to rejoicing, and his lamentation into praise ; a hallowed confidence is implanted in his breast ; he knows that he is passed from death

unto life; he can no more doubt that Christ is his and that he is Christ's, than he can call in question the existence of animal life, or the beatings of his pulse. *This is direct Christian assurance—this is the witness of the Spirit.* That this witness is simply to be understood as a strong persuasion or confidence, arising from the putting forth of an act of faith in the finished atonement of Christ, is clearly taught by St. John: "He that believeth on the Son of God hath the witness in himself." Who hath the witness in himself? "He that believeth on the Son of God." How is this witness obtained? By faith in or on the Son of God.

Secondly,—There is an *indirect assurance*, which proceeds from *a review of the Christian character*, and corresponding with "*the witness of our own spirit.*" There is a confidence of personal interest in Christ, and through him, in the forgiving mercy of God, arising from the experience and manifestation of the influence of the truth upon our hearts and lives, and which is perfectly consistent with the most simple hearted and exclusive reliance on Christ for all the blessings of salvation."(d) This evidently must be subsequent to direct assurance, or the witness of God's Spirit. When by a simple act of faith the sinner has received an assurance, through divine agency, that his sins are pardoned, it is required that he prove the genuineness of that faith by his future walk and conversation. Here the Scripture must again be his guide; there he will find that the grand principle which must regulate his conduct, is love to God; love, springing from his previous act of faith in the testimony of Scripture, that God hath loved him—a hallowed jealousy for God's glory will mark all his actions—having received the *witness* of the spirit, the *fruits* of

the spirit will be exhibited in all their loveliness day by day. These fruits are love, joy, peace, longsuffering, gentleness, goodness, faith, meekness, temperance.(e) His whole soul is surrendered to God; he desires to bring every thought and wish into subjection to his Saviour's will; and, whether he eat or drink, or whatsoever he does, he strives to do all to the glory of God. True, he is "sore let and hindered in running the race set before him," but, in a power not his own, he buckles on his armour, having emblazoned on the shield of faith, the soul-cheering declaration, "I can do all things through Christ that strengtheneth me,"—"If God be for us, who can be against us." The portrait may be highly coloured, but its colours are those of the Bible—the standard is a scriptural one, and is to be realized, if only we would live up to our high and inestimable privileges. When, then, this is the case, on a review of his spiritual character, though conscious of short-comings and daily sins, both of omission and commission, the individual who has already received the "witness of the Spirit of God," is enabled to receive "the witness of his own spirit," that he is aiming after holiness—that sin is the object of his hatred—heaven the home to which he is journeying—and Christ his only hope. This is the second kind of assurance; the two now coalesce; the work of assurance is complete; and, by a natural consequence, the sinner has *peace*—peace, as the result of Christian faith, and the Scriptural evidence of progressive sanctification. Separated, the work is incomplete; the "witness of the Spirit of God" needs to be *tried whether it be of God*, and the *test* is a holy life, and a total unreserved surrender of the heart to God's service. The "witness of our own spirit" cannot exist previous to the reception of

(e) Gal. v. 22, 23.

the “witness of the Spirit of God,” because it is the result of a survey of the work of sanctification, and that work can only commence subsequent to, or at least, coeval with faith—that faith, which we have seen produces assurance—that faith in God, as a covenant-keeping God, which brings down the gift of faith *from* God. I believe in God as reconciling the world unto himself by his Son; in the act of so believing, I am enabled to rest assured, and hold confidently, that because I have believed, my soul is in a state of acceptance before God.

Such, then, as I have endeavoured to shew, although I feel very imperfectly and superficially, such is the nature of Christian assurance—direct and indirect. Scripture, unquestionably, warrants us in believing this assurance attainable. To a person, then, who is evidently anxious about his soul’s salvation; with whom,

“Oft it causes anxious doubt,
Do I love the Lord or no?
Am I his or am I not?”

I would affectionately say—attentively peruse, in a spirit of prayer, what has now been advanced; and if you are destitute of the “witness of God’s Spirit,” and the “witness of your own spirit,” then be exceedingly careful in examining into the reason. How, first, have you ever felt yourself to be a sinner, a miserable, wretched, undone sinner: sincerely, and without hypocrisy, has your language ever been, “Behold, I was shapen in iniquity, and in sin did my mother conceive me.” Then the Spirit has opened your eyes—conviction of sin is His work.

Secondly,—Are you willing to be saved in God’s own way, not clinging to the flimsy robe of self-righteousness; but, casting them from you as filthy rags? and, have you ever come to God through Christ? have you ever pleaded his pro-

mises? have you besought the Lord earnestly to pardon you? You say—yes!—then, “thank God, and take courage.”

“Give to the winds your fears:
Hope, and be undismayed.”

The day of your redemption draweth nigh; in due season you shall reap, if you faint not; only, be not weary. Renew your earnestness, cast all your hopes upon Christ and Christ only. Seek peace as flowing from Christ’s faith; give no rest to your eyes, nor slumber to your eyelids, until you are possessed of it; till you can claim it as your own; and, believe me, if only you are faithful to the light you have received, that light shall be tenfold—it shall burn steadily through the varying changes and chances of this mortal life, and shall finally be perfected in another and a better world. Such is the course I would recommend to all my Christian readers. The two witnesses are distinct, and if there exists a doubt as to the “witness of the Spirit of God,” no time need be wasted in searching whether you possess the witness of your *own* Spirit;” for the latter will stand in no stead without the former, and the former will be found delusive unless accompanied by the latter. They must stand or fall together.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

“HIS COMPASSIONS FAIL NOT.”

LAM. III. 32.

A minute examination into the phraseology of the sacred Scriptures must always be productive of instruction and profit to the Christian reader. If he is to “give attendance to reading” in general, how much diligence and attention

ought he not to bestow upon the "words which the Holy Ghost teacheth!" The example of the Apostle Paul is remarkable here. From the use of the singular number instead of the plural, he deduces the comforting and glorious truth of the immutability of the covenant of promise. "He saith not, And to seeds, as of many; but as of one, And to thy seed, which is Christ." Gal. iii. 16. May we not, then, influenced by the example of the Apostle, and in obedience to the precept of our blessed Lord, search a little into the Scripture before us? and as Paul argued from the singular number, may not we argue from the plural? May we not observe, and rejoice to observe, that he saith not *compassion*, as of one, but *compassions*, as of many? May we not exult in the thought, that as the Lord "magnifies his mercy," so he multiplies his compassion? We read of one whose compassion moved him to tears over an assembled multitude, when he reflected that in a few short years, not one before him should remain; but how vain was his compassion! how fruitless his commiseration!—how unlike the "pitifulness of God's great mercy!" "*His* compassions fail not;" they are efficient; they are everlasting compassions. Those men seem to have understood something of this unfailing compassion, who brought sick folk, and "cast them down at Jesus' feet." They argued that the extremity of human misery had need but to be presented to the eye of the compassionate Saviour. They doubted not but that when he "saw the multitudes," he would be "moved with compassion."

The great work of salvation appears to have its source in the compassions of our gracious God; and they fail not in the working of it out; they run in the dry places of the believer's pilgrimage like a river; "they are new every morning;" it is because of these that "we are not consumed." If

we look at salvation in its origin or in its progress, we must confess that the Lord is a God "full of compassion;" and when we come to "see the end of the Lord" we shall be constrained to acknowledge that "the Lord is very pitiful and of tender mercy." Let us meditate a little on salvation, as begun, continued, and ended in the divine compassions. "My meditation of Him shall be sweet," says David,—“Meditate on these things,” says Paul.

The whole work of redemption is ascribed to this attribute of our God. "In his pity he redeemed them." But this work is two-fold; the work for the soul, and the work upon the soul. As, then, Isaiah ascribes redemption generally to the pity of the Lord, so David, particularly; "He being full of compassion *forgave* their iniquity;"—so Micah, particularly, "He will turn again; he will have compassion upon us; he will *subdue* our iniquities;"—so Jeremiah, progressively. "It is of the Lord's mercies that we are not consumed, because his compassions fail not." In the work of sanctification there is included the enlightening of the eyes of the understanding; and we read in the Gospel history of two blind men who cried unto Jesus; "and Jesus stood still, and called them, and said, What will ye that I shall do unto you? They say unto him, Lord, that our eyes may be opened. So Jesus had compassion on them, and touched their eyes: and, immediately, their eyes received sight, and they followed him." We have here represented to us the power by which a sinner is first turned from darkness to light, and the working of this mighty power takes its rise in the compassion of the Lord.

In another part of the Gospel history, we behold Jesus drawing nigh to the gate of a city, "and there was a dead man carried out, the only son of his mother, and she was a widow; and

much people of the city was with her. And when the Lord saw her, he had compassion on her, and said unto her, weep not; and he came and touched the bier, and they that bare him stood still. And he said, young man, I say unto thee, arise; and he that was dead sat up, and began to speak, and he delivered him to his mother.”

We have here shadowed forth to us, the exceeding abundant exercise of Omnipotence, whereby the Lord worketh in his people mightily, quickening the dead soul, and inclining and enabling it, after having known the truth, to receive the truth in the love of it. This, also, Jesus is moved to, by his gracious compassion. “When he saw her, he had compassion on her.” Darkness, even thick darkness which may be felt, moves upon the heart and mind of the unconverted sinner; his “understanding is darkened;” he is “alienated from the life of God, through the ignorance that is in him;” and this, connected with, and principally “because of the blindness of his heart.” But when God “sends to him by his messengers, rising up betimes, and sending; because he has compassion on his people.” When God says, by his providence and by his grace, “let there be light;” then “the sun of righteousness arises with healing in his wings,” dispelling, as he mounts, the mists of ignorance and darkness, and warming, cheering, and invigorating “these cold hearts of ours.”

When a man is thus enlightened to know, and thus softened to receive, the great salvation of Jesus, he immediately says within himself, “I will arise and go to Jesus;” and then the Lord, by whose compassion his eyes have been opened, and by whose compassion his soul has been quickened, sees him, while as yet a great way off; has compassion on him again, runs to meet him, re-

ceives him graciously, and loves him freely. Since, then, these things are so, we may well exclaim, with the Psalmist, "Like as a father pitieth his children, so the Lord pitieth them that fear him." He has compassion, too, over the temporal necessities of his people who have been with him; he will not send them away fasting, lest they faint by the way. Such is the provision for the way; and in the end, as the Lord promises to his people Israel, "I will return, and have compassion on them, and will bring them again every man to his heritage, and every man to his land;" so, moved by the same compassion, he will bring his church universal the rest that remaineth for the people of God.

Such are some of the compassions of our merciful Lord; what, then, is required of those who have experienced them? What is required of those whose sin has been forgiven? whose iniquities have been subdued? whose eyes have been opened? whose hearts have been enlarged? who have heard the Gospel message? who have returned to their God? who have been graciously received? Much every way. They should "go home to their friends, and tell them how great things the Lord hath done for them, and hath had compassion on them." They are specially called on to obey the command of the Lord of Hosts, to "execute true judgment, and shew mercy and compassion every man to his brother." They are specially bound to attend to the remonstrance of the same God—"shouldest not thou also have had compassion on thy fellow-servant, even as I had pity on thee?" They must avoid the example of him who so soon "forgot his brother's pardon," and proved that he forgot it by the assassination in the same night of so many of his fellows. They must be "kind one to another, tender-hearted, forgiving one another, even as God for Christ's sake hath forgiven them." J. B. O.

THE FARMER OF ALSACE.

(Translated from the German, by Dr. Steinkopft.)

A few years ago lived in Alsace, a province of France, a small farmer, possessed of little to attract the notice of the world, yet distinguished for his Christian sentiments and conversation, his delight in the word of God, and the simplicity and integrity of his character. He was most industrious and active in his worldly calling, and enjoyed the reputation of being the best husbandman in the village. He was much in prayer to God, and diligently studied the Holy Scriptures; he never omitted attendance in the house of God on Sunday, but from some very urgent necessity; and whenever there was an opportunity he was there on the week days.

Though often ridiculed by his neighbours, on account of religion, he never suffered himself to be turned aside from his Christian pursuits; and meekly submitted to reproach on that account: he was an affectionate husband, a kind father, and a benefactor to the poor.

In the years 1816-17, when so much distress prevailed in Alsace, he paid a most benevolent attention to the destitute: more than once he took a load of corn to market, and returned without money, having disposed of it gratuitously, or by way of loan. Both himself and wife lent a ready assistance to the poor of the village, though they often met with the basest ingratitude; but his attention was not confined to their temporal wants: it embraced also their spiritual necessities. He cheerfully contributed to the circulation of the Scriptures and the propagation of the Gospel among the heathen. When the present minister of the parish was first introduced into his pastoral office, at the close of the service,

notice was taken of the operations of the Bible Society, when the subject of this memoir presented a freewill offering of fifty francs (£2.) in aid of this noble object; and soon after, his attention was excited to the missionary cause by the following circumstance:—

“One Sunday afternoon,” (writes the clergyman,) “when I came out of church, I found this good peasant in my study, sorrowful, and much depressed.

“‘My friend,’ said I to him, ‘what is the matter? why do you look so sad?’

“‘O!’ replied he, ‘I may well look sad; to-day is Sunday, and how do things go on in our village? It was not so before the Revolution; then our peasantry might be seen sitting at home, conversing about God and divine things, or reading their Bible, or some other good book; our young people were then kept in a state of decency and order, and not allowed to indulge in any excesses. Alas! how different now! even during divine service, gaming and drinking are carried on in the public-houses; our young people are traversing the village in a noisy, riotous manner, and one dance succeeds the other: all this occasions quarrelling and fighting, cursing and swearing; and thus it goes on till late at night. This cannot lead to good, and it grieves me to the heart.’

“‘I lament with you,’ I replied, ‘that wholesome discipline and good order are disappearing; but do not suffer yourself to be too much cast down by it; commit all your concerns in humble confidence to the Lord; and, as far as possible, let us persevere in warning and exhorting, more especially in our own families, that they may keep themselves from conformity to the world. Let us also derive encouragement from this, that in other parts of the world, true Christianity is on the in-

crease.' I then communicated to him some of the missionary intelligence, and mentioned also that a parish minister in Wirtemberg had assigned the sum of three hundred florins, (about £280,) towards establishing the Basle Missionary College. This seemed to make a powerful impression on his mind, and he left me more cheered and comforted. A few days afterwards he returned with a smiling countenance, and a full purse.

'What are you bringing?' said I.

"Take these hundred and two francs,' he replied, 'and next Saturday I will bring you ninety-eight more, which will make two hundred: this I have appropriated to the Basle Missionary Society.'

"Surprised at this unexpected liberality, I asked, 'What did your relatives say to it?'

"O,' said he, 'they have no control over this. It is true they did, at first, start some objections: my wife said, "Only go to our minister; I am sure he won't take it." I replied, "Suppose he should not, I shall take it to the inspector;* and if he will not receive it, I know where the post-office is, and I shall then send it by the mail to Basle.' I then perceived they had some intention of hiding the money, where I could not find it; but I told them that would be of no use, for I had credit, and I knew some who would immediately advance the sum. Then they gave way, and allowed me to do as I liked.'

"Well, then,' said I, 'your mind is made up; but still, tell me, what was the chief motive that induced you to this?' With the most perfect openness he answered, 'My dear pastor, I will freely tell you; God has done me so much good all through my life, and, in addition, given me such a contented, cheerful mind, that I cannot

* An ecclesiastical dignitary, who has the oversight of several parishes.

but think I ought to act in conformity to the spirit of the following lines:—

““O may my life and labour
Express what thou hast done,
By love towards my neighbour,
By serving every one,
Without self-interest or disguise,
And may thy pure example
Be my best exercise.””

““ Indeed, I cannot forget the many severe afflictions from which he has so wonderfully delivered me: allow me to mention a few. When I married, forty years ago, my wife and I had both some little property in the land, but of money only a single penny remained; so that our means were very scanty, and we had to struggle with many difficulties; yet the Lord has blessed us so, that we not only have been able to give a decent portion to each of our children, but also to lay by something for old age. About thirty years ago, I had the misfortune to fall from a tree on a sharp pointed stake, which deeply pierced my body; though suffering excruciating pain, I succeeded in drawing it out; I had scarcely strength left to crawl home; and, on entering the door, I fainted. When the surgeon came, he pronounced my wound mortal, and I fully made up my mind that I must die; and all my family expected my speedy dissolution. But, behold! contrary to all human probability, my wound began to heal after a few days; no vital part had been injured; and, thanks be to God, to this very day I feel no inconvenience from it. Another time, I was bringing home a loaded waggon, on which my wife was seated; the horse on which I was riding suddenly fell; the waggon was overturned; I lay under the horse, and my wife under the waggon; no one was near at hand. In this extremity we both supposed our last hour was come: we prayed to God for deliverance, or that he would grant us a happy de-

parture out of this world. At length my wife succeeded in extricating herself, and then came to me, cut away the harness in which the horse was entangled, made it get up, and thus I also escaped without injury. Now, my dear pastor, tell me, whether it is not our bounden duty by actions to shew our gratitude to that God who has so wonderfully delivered us? and cheerfully to make a little sacrifice of our property for his service?"

"‘You are in the right, my good friend,’ said I, ‘yet allow me to ask you one more question. I know how much good you have done to the poor of this village, but the two hundred francs which you intended for the missionary cause will be applied to people living in distant lands, whom you can never expect to see. How was it that you conceived the idea of sending your money so far off, over the ocean?’"

"‘I will give you a reason for this also,’ he replied, ‘I was but a youth when my late dear father sent for me the first time to sow one of his fields with wheat; he tied the sack round my waist, and I began to do as I had seen others do. My old grandmother happened not to be far off, and after she had watched me a short time, she called out, ‘Listen, John; let me tell you one thing, and attend to the advice of your old grandmother: cast the seed as wide as you possibly can; if you do so, the field will be well and evenly sown, and yield a rich crop.’ I took notice of this, and was always reminded of it when I was sowing, and found it confirmed by experience that she had told me the truth. Now, I reason in this way; my gracious God and Father has entrusted me with money: this is seed which I am to sow, and in this sense, also, I am determined to follow the advice of my grandmother, and will cast part of it far away into the fields of the heathen world; and I trust the Lord will com-

mand a blessing, that some fruit may arise from it: these were my thoughts when I appropriated the money to the missions.'

"Thus spake the Christian peasant in Alsace: may many in our villages and towns, imitate him!"—*Christian Remembrancer*.

THE LATE REV. THOMAS ROBINSON, M.A.

Vicar of St. Mary's, Leicester.

The following account of Mr. Robinson's first convert, is extracted from a letter by his widow to a friend.

"As far as I can depend on my memory, the following are the remarkable circumstances related by my dear Mr. Robinson, of a young woman whom he attended, in the Isle of Ely, shortly after entering holy orders. And this child of God, he always called the first fruits of his ministry.

"He was requested to visit a poor ignorant young woman, who was confined to her bed by the rheumatism, and was such a martyr to it, that her limbs were entirely contracted, and her state of suffering extremely severe. She was very illiterate, not even being able to read; and so ignorant of spiritual things, that if she knew there was a God, it was the extent of her knowledge; for, I think he said, she was unconscious she had a soul. He began with the plainest truths, convinced her she was a sinner, and pointed to the Saviour! She imbibed these instructions as children do their milk, and was as much nourished by them; for her progress was astonishing. In a few months she became an established Christian, and discovered an acuteness of natural understanding, which before he had given her no credit for possessing. But her knowledge of divine things appeared miraculous—the master almost became the scholar, and his visits to her were some of his richest cordials. After attending her many months, her end drew nigh; and, on his calling on her one morning, he found her surrounded by her neighbours and family, apparently in a state of insensibility. He said to her, 'Mary, you are going to glory; but before you go, have you not *one* word to say in behalf of that Saviour who has done so much for *you*? Tell them what a Saviour you have found!' She opened her eyes, and said 'Raise me, and I will try to say a few words.' When being supported by pillows, she began with an account of her own ignorance when her beloved pastor first visited her—related her gradual improvement in divine truths, her present establishment in them, and happy experience. With an eloquence, almost supernatural, she spoke of the teachings of the Holy Spirit, by

which she was rooted and grounded in the faith of Jesus; and then expatiated on his mercy, love, and truth, with a glow of gratitude, and sublimity of expression, which astonished her hearers—beseeching them to fall low at the foot of the cross, as poor hell-deserving sinners, and they would be sure to find mercy, as she had done. Being exhausted with speaking, (for if I remember, she had spoken near an hour,) she was some time silent—when, looking beyond the bed, as if she saw something which entranced her, she said, with a celestial smile, turning to her sister—‘I shall not be long—do not you see them, sister?’ Then stretching out her arms, she fixed her eyes again on the same part of the room, and cried out, ‘Will you not wait for me? O, stay, I am coming.’ When immediately she fell back on her sister’s bosom, and expired.

“This is a faithful narrative in substance, (though not given exactly in his words,) of what I have often heard my beloved husband repeat with high delight; and he always considered the case of this young woman given him, as an encouragement on his first entrance into the ministry. She had always been, I believe, what is called a harmless character; but, after light had broke in upon her dark mind, she became an example of patience under the most acute and protracted sufferings, as well as of every other Christian virtue.

THE LORD'S SUPPER.

“Self-examination must always become professed Christians; not in order to find out some excuse for neglecting to obey the dying command of their loving Saviour, but in order to remember him with more fervent affection, and more exalted thanksgivings. The frequent recollection of that great event, which is the central point of our holy religion, is exceedingly suited to increase humility, hatred and dread of sin, watchfulness, contempt of the world, faith, hope, love, gratitude, patience, compassion, meekness, fortitude, and all other good dispositions. These are obvious and intelligible benefits of frequent communicating, if it be done in a serious, considerate, and reverential manner; for ‘the communion of the body and blood of Christ, as directly tends to strengthen and refresh the believing soul, as the bread and wine do nourish and invigorate the body.’ At the same time, due honour is rendered to the Lord by this repeated profession of our faith and love; the sympathy of pious persons, uniting in so affectionate an ordinance, promotes edification; the great truths of Christianity are thus brought before the minds of increasing numbers; and the presence and blessing of the Lord may be confidently expected, whilst we thus meet in his name, and present our prayers and thanksgivings before him. Indeed this institution was expressly intended to ‘shew the Lord’s death till

he come;' which proves the doctrine of the atonement is the most essential part of Christianity, and an habitual dependence on a crucified Saviour the grand peculiarity of the Christian character. The very act of receiving the Lord's Supper, implies a confession of our guilt and ruined condition, from which he could not have been saved if Jesus had not died upon the cross to redeem us; a profession that we entirely believe the testimony of God respecting the person, undertaking, and atonement of Christ, and the reality, sufficiency, and efficacy of his vicarious sufferings; an avowed dependence on the mercy and grace of God, according to the promises and provisions of the new covenant, which was ratified by Emanuel's blood; an acknowledgment of our obligations to this most gracious Benefactor, and an expression of our love and gratitude to him; a sacramental engagement to obey him as our Lord and Saviour, surrendering ourselves to him 'as bought with a price,' to glorify him with our bodies and spirits," which are his; and a public uniting of ourselves to his redeemed people, to walk with them in Christian love and fellowship, in all the ordinances of divine worship, and in all holy conversation and godliness; a self-condemned penitent, who really believes the Gospel, and renounces all other confidences, to flee for refuge to lay hold on the hope set before him."—*The Rev. William Trail.*

UNCOMFORTABLE CONDITION OF BACKSLIDERS.

It has been my lot, alas! to witness more than once the melancholy spectacle of persons, who, after making a fair religious profession, and seeming to take the Lord for their portion, have again returned to the vanities of the world. "But if the salt have lost his savour, wherewith shall it be salted? it is thenceforth good for nothing, but to be cast out, and to be trodden under foot of men." Never was this pregnant saying more amply verified, than in the case of such deserters. They, had lost *caste*, and never could regain it. They never could recover their former position in society. They had rebelled against the world's authority, and they now come back to it, with no recommendation but that of having forfeited their allegiance to their new master. They had spoken with unmeasured severity of worldly pursuits, and worldly pleasures, and worldly characters; (for no zeal flames like that which soon goes out;) and they vainly expect to be on the same gay and easy terms with those, many of whom they have personally and lastingly offended. Besides, there is an unpleasant seriousness about an apostate which they cannot shake off; and which ill accords with scenes of merriment. It is not the seriousness of religion, but it is the seriousness of having renounced religion. "The smell of its fire has passed upon them," and there is no getting rid of it; and

thus they are unfitted for the element in which they live. They glide like gloomy spectres through places of public amusement, as if in scenes to which they did not legitimately belong. Their movements are not natural; their gaiety is forced; their part is overacted; and their high spirits seem like an effort to stifle the cries of conscience. They may find a few bad spirits who reject God and goodness on deliberate calculation, and will hail them as doubly traitors to the King of heaven. But the lighter circles are not generally composed of such stern depravity. Many of the gayest of the gay would turn with high disdain from one who had taken up the cross, and then trampled it under his feet. Amongst the apparent votaries of pleasure, many sigh for purer scenes. They respect religion: they find the world no resting place to the soul. Their hearts are not at ease. They begin to find a mighty famine in that land. They often resolve on giving their whole affections unto God. They have come to themselves, and thought upon their father's house. They meditate a return. They long for the happy moment when they shall have fortitude to go into the presence of their God, and say unto him, "Father, I have sinned against heaven, and in thy sight; make me as one of thy hired servants." It is at such a point of transition, at such a crisis in its destiny, that the soul views with peculiar horror those deserters from the camp of Israel, whom it meets, as it were, flying in an opposite direction, and returning to that city of destruction, from which it seeks its own escape. But I need say no more. For the world itself despises those who fall from a high religious profession; and it may be said of such, that "men cast them out." If they were of the world, the world would love its own. But they are not of the world. They were once indeed, in appearance at least, above the world; but now they are sunk below it.

THE GOODNESS OF GOD.

Power, wisdom, and rectitude, render the earthly sovereign venerable and august; but *love* to his subjects gives him the more endearing character of the father of his people. And such a father is God to all his subjects. Everywhere throughout his vast dominions does his benevolence extend; a benevolence which, like the light and heat of the sun, diffuses itself over all lands; and, while it gilds the scene of joy and prosperity, penetrates also the lowliest cot, and cheers the deepest scene of sorrow. Go where you will, the kindness of God appears; all nature bears witness to its bounty; "the earth is *full* of its *richness*." Look to the structure of nature, the constitution of your own being, and the course of Providence, and in each, you will discern such proofs of his love, condescension, and care, as may well assure you of his interest in your welfare, and of his disposition to make you happy. Had he been indifferent to human happiness, or disposed to inflict unnecessary suffering, why

that admirable adaptation betwixt your faculties, and the objects by which they are at once exercised and gratified? Why that adequate supply in nature for every craving of desire within you? Why that beauty which delights the eye, that music which charms the ear, that air which invigorates, that food which nourishes the body? Why those facilities of obtaining knowledge, and those powers of enjoying it in the hour of sweet meditation? Why does the sun keep its appointed time, and the moon her seasons? Why does the rain fall, and the dew distil? Why does spring prepare the ground, and summer raise the blade, and autumn yield her fruit? Why, but that God, who governs all, cares and provides for us as a father for his children? Else, where now there is harmony, might not opposition have existed betwixt the faculties of our being, and the objects by which we are surrounded? Might not appetite have been made to crave, and no supply have been provided? Might not an eye, longing for beauty, have opened only on deformity? Might not the ear, which loves the music of sweet sounds, have been distracted by discord? The air which now refreshes and invigorates, might have been an oppressive or noxious exhalation: instead of nourishing food, we might have had husks, or garbage, or poison: those faculties of thought and reflection which constitute our highest dignity might have been withheld, and we should have resembled the beasts that perish; or so disordered and deranged in their operation, that they would toil in vain, and only err the more the further they seemed to carry us: or the objects and laws of nature, and the truths of science and religion might have been hid in impenetrable mystery, and so complicated as to mock the utmost efforts of our powers; and when the reverse of all this is the case, shall we not acknowledge that nature herself bears ample proof, in the structure of our being, and the provision which has been made for our happiness, that God is *good* as well as *great*, that his benevolence is as vast as his wisdom, even as our being itself was derived from his will.—*Comfort in Affliction*, by Rev. Mr. Buchanan, of North Leith.

VARIETIES.

PREPARATION FOR MARTYRDOM.—A short time before the demise of Queen Anne, as Bishop Burnel was riding slowly in his coach, round that part of Smithfield from whence so many blessed martyrs ascended to heaven; he observed a gentleman standing on the distinguished spot, in a musing, pensive attitude, and seemingly quite absorbed in thought. His Lordship ordered the carriage to stop, and sent his servant to the person, with a request that he would come to the coach side. He did so, and proved to be Dr. Evans, a very eminent dissenting minister, of whom the bishop had some knowledge. “Brother Evans,” said

the prelate, "give me your hand, and come up hither: I want to ask you a question." The doctor being seated, and the coachman ordered to continue driving round, as before, the bishop asked the doctor, What it was directed his steps to Smithfield? and what he was thinking of while there? "I was thinking," said the other, "of the many servants of Christ, who had sealed the truth with their lives in this place. I came purposely to feast my eyes once more with a view of that precious plot of ground. And, as public matters have, at present, a very threatening aspect, I was examining myself, whether I had grace and strength enough to suffer for the Gospel, if I should be called to it: and was praying to God that he would make me faithful even to death, if it should be his pleasure to let the old times come again."—"I myself came hither," replied the prelate, "on the same business. I am persuaded that if God's providence do not interpose very speedily, and almost miraculously, these times will, and must shortly return. In which case, you and I shall probably be two of the first victims that are to suffer death at that place;" pointing to the paved centre.

But it pleased God to disappoint their fears, by giving a sudden turn to national affairs. Within a few weeks Queen Anne was gathered to her fathers, and King George I. was proclaimed.—*Christian Lady's Magazine.*

WAR.—How apt a young man is to be led away when he sees an officer at home in his regimentals, to say to himself, "How I should wish to look like that officer!" He forgets the starvation endured before going into action, the cold and bitter nights spent in drenched clothes, in wet fields in bivouac; the momentary forgetfulness of all misery in action, until the shoulder-bone, by a shot, is splintered into bits: then the little sympathy felt, every one being for himself; then the excruciating pain endured by the shaking of the bullock waggon, or the want of care in carrying him away, the little bones coming through the skin, making him shrink with agony; then the time he is allowed to lie on the cold floor of a church, until the surgeon comes to dress him in turn; then the pain of amputation, and, when that is over, the necessity of shutting his ears to the screams of the dying, and his eyes to the corpses of those carried past him, who, a few minutes before, had suffered an operation similar to his own. This appears to him very shocking; but this is nothing compared with the disgust which he experiences in the dressings, washings, splinterings, bandages, and cuttings out, which are the daily, nay hourly detail, of military surgery. Of the foul air caused by so many confined in the same spot, and suffering the same inconvenience, some idea may be formed, but no description can be given. Worst of all, too, the patient is obliged to witness the deaths of many around him, who, almost before the breath is out of their bodies, are robbed, and have their effects distributed among their attendants, most of whom volunteer this service, to have an opportunity of plundering the dead and dying. Often,

when a patient is thirsty, these attendants are too hardened, or too drunk, to be able to give him drink, and very possibly offer him the nearest liquid to them, probably something that was intended for a wash. Or, while the expiring man is saying his prayers, a wretch is holding up his head with one hand, while he is stealing the dollars of the dying man with the other. This was the daily scene for many days in the hospitals at Oporto, after the 29th, until they were to a certain degree emptied by death.—*Shaw's Memoirs in Spain and Portugal.*

DISINTERESTEDNESS OF LUTHER.—Disinterestedness was a leading feature in the character of Luther: superior to all selfish considerations, he left the honours and emoluments of this world to those who delighted in them. The following extract from a will he executed some years before his death, proves how little he regarded that wealth, to attain which, millions sacrifice every enjoyment in this life, and every hope of happiness in the next! The Reformer says, "Lord God! I give thee thanks, that thou hast willed me to be poor upon the earth, and a beggar. I have neither house, land, money, nor possession of any kind, which I can leave. Thou hast given me a wife and children; I commend them to thee: nourish them, teach them, preserve them, as thou hast hitherto preserved me, O Father of the fatherless, and Judge of the widow!" The poverty of this great man did not arise from wanting the means of acquiring riches; for few men have had it in their power more easily to obtain them. In one of his epistles, Luther says, "I have received one hundred guilders from Taubereim; and Scharfts has given me fifty; so that I begin to fear lest God should reward me in this life. But I declare I will not be satisfied with it. What have I to do with so much money! I gave half of it to P. Priorus, and made the man glad."

FAITH EXPLAINED TO A CHILD.—The following story was related recently to the children of a Sabbath-school in Boston, by a clergyman, from a distant city, and subsequently written from memory by a little boy belonging to the school:—Two brothers, sons of a devoted missionary in Burmah, when quite young, were bereaved of their parents, and were sent home to America, where a kind minister adopted them as his own. When about ten years of age, one of them became pious, and joined the church. The other felt very angry with his brother for this, and would not even speak to him. In a little while he became conscious of the wrong he had done his brother, and thought he would try to become pious too. One day, the minister with whom he lived, saw something unusual in his conduct, and guessed the cause of it. He then took a chair and placed it at some distance from him, and told him to stand in it, and fall forward, and he would catch him. The boy immediately got into the chair, but did not fall forward. He wished to obey, but was afraid he would not catch him. He, however, put one hand upon the mantel-piece, thinking to save himself if the minister did not catch him; but the minister

told him that would not do, he must trust to him alone. The minister then told him he would surely catch him, if he would fall forward. The boy then summoned his courage, and fell, and he caught him. The minister then told him that that was faith, and that he wished him to go with the same confidence to Jesus Christ.—*American Christian Watchman.*

TO IMPROVE YOUR CONDITION.—If any one intends to improve his condition, he must earn all he can, spend as little as he can, and make what he does spend bring him and his family all the real enjoyment he can. The first saving which a working man effects out of his earnings is the first step; and, because it is the first, the most important step towards true independence. Now, independence is as practicable in the case of an industrious and economic, though originally poor workman, as that of the tradesman or merchant, and is as great and estimable a blessing. The possession of a reserved fund or capital, let the amount be ever so small, so that it is under ordinary circumstances an increasing one, infallibly produces independence of feeling and character, and leads a man to trust to himself, and not to others, for what is necessary to his own comforts and well-being, and the happiness of his family.

POETRY.

SONNETS TO THE ENGLISH MARTYRS.

HOOPER.

Saint of the simple heart and lowly mind,
Wean'd from the world, unwilling to be great,
Content thy soul's best heritage to find
In calling sinners from their lost estate:
The scarlet pomp of Rome thy soul did hate;
Its capes, and cowls, and crossed finery,
With all th' accursed grandeur that doth wait
Within its walls, were things abhorred by thee.
Come out of her, God's people, turn and flee,
Ere burning ruin compass every gate!
The blood of martyrs crieth mightily
Against the doomed city, early and late,
Whilst thou, blest saint, rejoicest in the dress
Of Christ's unspotted robe of righteousness.

JOHN LEASE.

Thou poor boy, Lease, for in such humble guise
Thou didst appear among the saints on earth,
As plainly to declare, that not the wise
Are honour'd most, nor those of noble birth:

How soar'd thy sorrows o'er the world's vain mirth !
 How did they raise thee, as on eagle's wings,
 Above the semblance of thy humble lot,
 To be remembered when the mightiest kings
 Sink from their jewell'd thrones and are forgot !
 Thou, to that place where sorrow cometh not,
 Hast long ascended ; and thy conquerings
 From the seal'd book of life no hand shall blot.
 O ! it was sweet to leave the furnace dire
 With holy Bradford in his car of fire.

LAMBERT.

Lambert ! thy lot was glorious ; thou didst stand,
 Amidst the peers and princes of the land,
 Undaunted, though the ruthless king was there,
 Thirsty for blood, as lion in his lair.
 What, though for death he bade thee to prepare,
 Thy spirit shrunk not from the quivering flame—
 Joyful to meet thy Saviour in the air,
 And glad of heart to glorify His name.
 Keen were thy dying pangs, but there is now
 A martyr's deathless crown upon thy brow ;
 Angels rejoice around thee, saints have shed
 Vials of richest odour on thy head :
 For thee, an everlasting harp is strung,
 And " none but Christ," still warbles from thy tongue.

J. S.

PRISONED IN THIS HOUSE OF CLAY.

Prison'd in this house of clay,
 How I long to soar away :
 Fleeing from these earthly tents,
 To my Saviour's wounded side,
 Zion's brilliant battlements
 I shall see in all their pride.

Though I sink into the dust,
 Jesus shall be all my trust ;
 Though I lay this body down,
 Sadly scarr'd with sin and pain
 Triumphant o'er death's dark frown,
 I shall take it up again.

Brighter than an angel's form
 I shall rise above the storm :
 While the sky, with fervent heat,
 Kindles into furnace-blaze,
 I shall kiss my Saviour's feet,
 Bursting into endless praise.

THE
COTTAGE MAGAZINE ;

OR,

Plain Christian's Library.

No. III.] MARCH, 1838. [VOL. XXVII.

WORKS AND FAITH ; OR, THE STORY OF ALONZO.

—
“ *Created in Christ Jesus unto good works.*”

—
(*From Abbott's “Way to do Good.”*)

The exact nature of the connexion which subsists between faith and good works, in the salvation of man, is a subject, which, in a volume on THE WAY TO DO GOOD, ought to be well understood at the outset. I can best convey to my young reader what I wish to say on this point, by telling him the story of Alonzo.

Alonzo was a Vermont boy. His father lived in one of those warm and verdant dells which give a charm to the scenery of the Green Mountains. The low, broad farm-house, with its barns and sheds, hay-stacks and high wood-piles, made almost a little village, as they lay spread out in a sunny opening near the head of the glen. A winding road repeatedly crossing a brook which meandered among the trees, down the valley, guided the traveller to the spot. The wide yard was filled with domestic animals, the sheds were well stored with the utensils of the farm, lilac trees and rose bushes ornamented the front of the dwelling, and from the midst of a little green lawn upon one side of the house, was a deep, clear spring, walled in with moss-covered stones, and pouring up continually from below a full supply

of cool, clear water. A group of willows hung over the spring, and a well-trod foot-path led to it from the house. A smooth flat stone lay before the "end door," as they called it, which led to the spring. Here, during the second year of his life, Alonzo might have been seen almost every sunny day, playing with buttercups and daisies, or digging with the kitchen shovel in the earth before the door, or building houses of corn-cobs, brought for his amusement, in a basket, from the granary. The next summer, had you watched him, you would have observed that his range was wider, and his plans of amusement a little more enlarged. He had a garden, two feet square, where he stuck down green sprigs, broken from the shrubs around him; and he would make stakes with a dull house knife, partly for the pleasure of making them, and partly for the pleasure of driving them into the ground. He would ramble up and down the path a little way, and sometimes go with his mother down to the spring, to see her dip the bright tin pail into the water, and to gaze with astonishment at the effect of the commotion,—for the stony wall of the spring seemed always to be broken to pieces, and its fragments waved and floated about in confusion, until gradually they returned to their places and to rest, and, for ought he could see, looked exactly as before. This extraordinary phenomenon astonished him again and again.

One day Alonzo's mother saw him going alone, down towards the spring. He had got the pail, and was going to try the wonderful experiment himself. His mother called him back, and forbade his ever going there alone. "If you go there alone," said she, "you will fall in and be drowned."

Alonzo was not convinced by the reason, but he was awed by the command, and for many

days he obeyed. At length, however, when his mother was occupied in another part of the house, he stole away softly down the path a little way.

There was a sort of a struggle going on within him while he was doing this. "Alonzo," said Conscience, for even at this early age Conscience had begun to be developed, "Alonzo, this is very wrong."

Conscience must be conquered, if conquered at all, not by direct opposition, but by evasion and deceit, and the deceiving and deceitful tendencies of the heart are very early developed.

"I am not going down to the spring," said Alonzo to himself, "I am only going down the path a little way."

"Alonzo," said Conscience again, "this is wrong."

"Mother will not see me, and I shall not go quite down to the water, so that no harm will be done," said the child to himself in reply,—and went hesitatingly on.

"Alonzo," said Conscience, a third time, but with a feebler voice,—“you ought not to go any farther.”

"My mother is too strict with me, there can be no harm in my walking as far as this."

He lingered a little while about half way down the path, and then slowly returned, the dialogue between Conscience and his heart going on all the time. The latter had succeeded so well in its artful policy, that when he came back, he really hardly knew whether he had done wrong or not. It did not seem quite right, and there was a sort of gnawing uneasiness within him; but his heart had succeeded, by its evasions and subterfuges, in making so much of a question of the whole transaction, that he could not really say that it was clearly wrong. Alonzo had been taught that God had made him, and that he watched over him at all times; but somehow or

other, he did not happen to think of him at all during this affair. He had also understood something of his obligations to his mother, for her kindness and love to him; but he did not happen to think of her now in this light. The contest consisted simply, on the one side, of the low murmurings of Conscience, telling him sternly that he was wrong; and on the other, the turnings, and shiftings, and windings, of a deceitful heart trying to quiet her, or at least to drown her remonstrances.

I have dwelt thus particularly upon the philosophy of this early sin, because this was the way in which Alonzo committed all his sins for many years afterwards. Conscience made him uncomfortable while he was transgressing; but then his heart kept up such a variety of evasions and queries, and brought in so many utterly foreign considerations, that whenever he was doing any thing wrong, he never seemed to have, at the time while he was doing it, *a distinct idea that it was clearly and positively wrong*. For instance, a few days after the transaction above described, his mother had gone away to spend some hours, and his sister, who had the care of him, had left him alone at the door. He took up the pail, and began to walk slowly down the path. Conscience, defeated before, and familiarized to a certain degree of transgression, allowed him to go without opposition a part of the way, but when she perceived that he was actually approaching the spring, she shook her head, and renewed her low, solemn murmuring.

“Alonzo, Alonzo, you must not go there.”

“I shall not fall in, I know;” said Alonzo to himself.

“Alonzo, Alonzo, Alonzo,” said Conscience, again, “you must not disobey.”

Alonzo tried not to hear her, and instead of answering, he said to himself,

“It was many days ago that she told me not to come. She did not mean *never*.”

This was true, literally, and yet it may seem surprising that Alonzo could for one instant deceive himself with such an argument. But any thing will do to deceive ourselves with. When we are committing sin, we love to be deceived about it. Hence it is very easy.

While saying that his mother could not have meant that he must never come, Alonzo leaned over the spring, and tremblingly plunged in his pail. The magic effect was produced. The stones and moss waved and quivered, to Alonzo's inexpressible delight. His mind was in a state of feverish excitement,—Conscience calling upon him, and in vain trying to make him hear,—fear whispering eagerly, that he might be seen,—and curiosity urging him again and again to repeat his wonderful experiment.

Alonzo was a very little child, and the language in which I am obliged to describe his mental states, and the words with which I clothe his thoughts, may seem more mature than the reality, in such a case, could have been. In fact they are so. He could not have used such language, and yet it describes correctly the thoughts and feelings which really passed within his bosom.

At length, he hastily drew out his pail, and went back to the house. Conscience endeavoured then, when the excitement of the experiment was over, to gain his attention. His heart, still bent on deceiving and being deceived, evaded the subject.

“My mother said,” thought he, “that I should fall in and be drowned if I went there, and I did not fall in ; I knew I should not fall in.”

Thus, instead of thinking of his guilt and disobedience, he was occupied with the thought of the advantage he had gained over his mother ;

that is, the hearts, which ought to have been penitent and humbled, under the burden of sin, was deluding itself with the false colours which it had spread over its guilt, and was filled with deceit and self-congratulation.

Year after year passed on, and Alonzo grew in strength and stature; but he continued about the same in heart. Instead of playing on the round, flat door-stone, he at length might be seen riding on his father's plough, or tossing about the drying grass in the mowing field, or gathering berries upon the hill side, on some summer afternoon. He was continually committing sins in the manner already described. These sins were different in circumstance and character as he grew older; but their nature, so far as the feelings of the heart were concerned, were the same. There was the same murmuring of conscience; the same windings and evasions of his heart; the same self-deception; the same success in leading himself to doubt whether the act of transgression, which, for the time being, he was committing, was right or wrong. His parents, in most respects, brought him up well. They taught him his duty, and when they knew that he did wrong, they remonstrated with him seriously, or, if necessary, they punished him. Thus his conscience was cherished, and kept alive, as it were; and he was often deterred by her voice from committing many sins. She held him much in check. His parents formed in him many good habits which he adhered to faithfully as habits; and thus, so far as the influence of his parents could go, in aiding conscience, and in habituating him to certain duties, so far he was, in most cases, deterred from the commission of sin. Other things, however, equally sinful, he did without scruple. For example, he would have shuddered at stealing even a pin from his sister; but he would, by un-

reasonable wishes and demands, give her as much trouble, and occasion her as much loss of enjoyment, as if he had stolen a very valuable article from her. If he had undertaken to steal a little picture from her desk, conscience would have thundered so terribly that he could not possibly have proceeded ; but he could tease and vex her by his unreasonable and selfish conduct without any remorse. If his heart had been honest and shrewd in discovering its own real character, these cases would have taught him that his honesty was artificial and accidental, and did not rest on any true foundation ; but his heart was not honest, nor shrewd ; in respect to itself ; it loved to be deceived, and when he read of a theft in a story book, he took great pleasure in thinking what a good, honest boy he himself was.

So he would not, on any account, have omitted to say his prayers, morning and night ; but whenever he committed sin in the course of the day, he never thought of going away alone before God to confess it, and to ask forgiveness. Now, if his heart had been honest and shrewd in discovering his own character, this would have taught him that his piety was all a mere form, and that he had no real affection for God. But his heart was not thus honest and shrewd, and though he never thought much about it, he still had an impression on his mind that he was the friend of God, and that he regularly worshipped him. He knew very well that he sometimes committed sin, but he did not suppose that it was often. For as we have already explained, it was very seldom, when he was actually engaged in transgression, that he had a distinct and clear conception that what he was then doing was positively wrong. He always so far succeeded in blinding or misleading conscience as to make it doubtful. And if he could succeed in making a question of it, he would go

and commit the sin, with a half-formed idea of examining the case afterwards. But then, when the pleasure of the sin was over, he found the true moral character of the transaction to be, somehow or other, rather a disagreeable subject to investigate; so he left it, laid away, as it were, in his memory, to fester and rankle there. And though he had such a number of these recollections as to give him no little uneasiness and annoyance, he still thought he was a very virtuous and promising young man.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

THOUGHTS ON CHRISTIAN ASSURANCE; AND LOVE
TO GOD.

(Continued from Page 90.)

The hymn of the Christian poet, which, in a great measure, may be said to have produced this paper, suggests more particularly for our consideration, the subject of love to God.

“Do I love the Lord or no?
Am I his, or am I not?”

We all either love God or do not; and the ascertaining this fact is not merely profitable, but highly important for each professing Christian. The principle of love to God cannot exist in the breast of man in his unregenerate state; in the natural heart it has no footing; written in fearful characters on every page of inspiration, and confirmed by the melancholy experience of near six thousand years, is the solemn truth, “the carnal mind is enmity against God.” The reconciliation of man to God is effected by Christ Jesus, and is obtained, in the case of every individual, through the medium of faith; there can, therefore, be no putting forth of love to God, until the testimony

that God is reconciling the world unto himself by the death of his Son, has been received into the heart by faith." "We love him, because he first loved us." The possession of this heavenly grace is one of the grounds on which, what we have called indirect assurance, or the witness of our own spirits, invariably rests; it is one of the fruits of the Spirit—its existence and progressive increase is one of the tests, whereby we prove that we have received the witness of the Spirit of God.

Are you desirous, then, to ascertain whether you love God or not, and do you wish to possess some criterion, whereby you may test yourself on the point? Perhaps the following remarks may furnish matter for self-examination.

1. *Those who love God will be anxious to please him, and will find their chief delight in his service.* Timid Christians have drawn comparisons on the point now in hand, from the love they are conscious of bearing to their earthly parents; and they are anxious to feel equally certain that they love their heavenly Father. Now, is not one of the evidences of our love to these earthly connexions to be found in our habitual and ready obedience to all their commands, in our prompt attendance to their very wishes? Most certainly, it is; and so, also, should it be in the other case. "If ye love me," said the Saviour, "keep my commandments." The test is a practical one; profession is an easy matter, but it is not every one who cries "Lord, Lord," that is really the servant of the Most High; for "whosoever committeth sin is the servant of sin." The contemplation of what the Redeemer hath wrought in our behalf is well calculated to draw out the feeling of love to him who hath so loved us, but then, there is a danger of its terminating in feeling; the thought of Deity suffering—the picturing to the imagination of the agony endured in Geth-

semane—the ground stained with a crimson dye, the blood of a Divine Mourner—the insults of Golgotha—the piercing of the side, and the mock homage on cross-crowned Calvary, will often excite in the breast, emotions which the self-complacency of our nature may conjure into love; but these feelings require to be tried by our attention to that Saviour's commands. The sincerity of our love will be evidenced, not merely by a careful and diligent attention to light received, but by an anxious desire to "follow on to know the Lord." We shall not rest satisfied with mere outward compliances, but the whole heart and life will be surrendered to his service—we shall set him prominently before us, as our exemplar. There will be a careful study of his word and character—we shall follow him through the various scenes of his earthly sojourn—we shall notice, how, when he was reviled, he opened not his mouth—how he blessed them that cursed—how he went about doing good, rejoicing with those that did rejoice, and weeping with those that wept—we shall be content to follow him, though it be to bear the cross; and, whether interest, inclination, fear, or temptation, would lead us in another direction, if we love the Lord, our constant aim will be to prove ourselves loyal subjects of a heavenly King. "When tempted to the indulgence of any prohibited desire, the thought of his love, his free, disinterested, generous, holy, infinite, and everlasting love, lays under arrest the rebel lust, and nails it to the cross: when the lips are opened for the utterance, or the hands stretched forth for the perpetration of evil, the recollection of the 'tender mercies of our God' startles and wakes to jealousy the spiritual sensibilities, draws to the eye the tear of grief and shame, shuts the lips, and stays the hand." "We love him because he first loved us." "If ye love

me, keep my commandments." There is no love of God without the keeping of his commandments; and there is no keeping of his commandments without love to God.

"Could we mourn our stubborn will,
Find our sin a grief and thrall;
Should we grieve for what we feel
If we did not love at all?"(a)

2. *Delight in communion with God is another evidence that our love to him proceeds from a sense of his love to us.* We can have no desire for the society of those with whom we are at enmity; there can be no relish for it: a cold restraint will mark our intercourse, a reserved and gloomy tinge will colour our conversation. It is only when a sense of our reconciliation, through the blood of Jesus, has been imparted to the soul, that we are enabled to cry "Abba, Father." It is only by faith in this divine Mediator that we can draw near to a throne of grace—through him alone can our petitions reach the ear of the Eternal; but, in him we can unfold our wants with hallowed confidence, because our "God is love." The belief that he has loved us will create a longing and a constant desire to hold converse with him. Prayer will be an unfailing resource in every trial—in the closet, the family circle, and the sanctuary. We shall cast all our cares upon him, knowing that he careth for us—we shall enter into his gates with thanksgiving, and into his courts with praise—we shall desire to dwell in the house of the Lord all the days of our life—we shall be satisfied with the goodness of his house, even of his holy temple—we shall "call the Sabbath a delight;" the return of this sacred day will be hailed with the purest satisfaction—our morning hymn will be,

"We love the holy day of rest,
When Jesus meets his gathered saints;

(a) Olney Hymn, 119.

Sweet day, of all the week the best;
For its return each spirit pants.

“ With joy we hasten to the place
Where we our Saviour oft have met;
And while we feast upon his grace,
Our burdens and our griefs forget.”(b)

Our “ delight will be in the law of the Lord, and in his law shall we meditate day and night.” But above all, closet exercises are the best test; the scriptures may be studied from a desire to acquire information, the house of God may be frequented for social or intellectual excitement and gratification; but these motives cannot operate in our approaches to a throne of grace. If we find pleasure in drawing near unto God in private prayer, a different principle is at work, and that principle is love to God, arising from a belief that he has loved us, and given his Son to die on our behalf, and in our stead.

“ Could we joy his saints to meet,
Choose the ways we once abhorred,
Find at times the promise sweet,
If we did not love the Lord?”

3. *He who is living under the influence of love to God will have great concern for his glory.* This is the great and first end of all created existences. It was the chief end of man in his first creation, when he was formed in the image of his Maker; and it is the end of God in his new, or spiritual creation. “ This people have I formed for myself; they shall shew forth my praise.” “ Ye are a chosen generation, a royal priesthood, a holy nation, a peculiar (*purchased*) people; that ye should shew forth the praises of him who hath called you out of darkness into his marvellous light.” “ Ye are bought with a price, therefore glorify God in your body, and in your spirit, which are God’s.* Our obligation, as professing

(b) Olney Hymn. * Isa. xliii. 21.—1 Pet. ii. 9.—1 Cor. vi. 20.

Christians, to seek in all things, the glory of God, is powerful, solemn, and tender: we glorify God when we contemplate, and point out to others, the works of his hands around us, and the excellencies of his nature; but we most effectually advance his glory, by spreading the knowledge of his name, as it is discovered in the scheme of redemption by the mediation of his Son. If we love a fellow-creature, our grief will be excited when we hear that person calumniated, and his wishes disregarded; and the same principle operates in regard to God: if we love him, the sin of our own hearts, and of those around us, will be a subject of no little uneasiness; we shall mourn over them, and do our utmost to remove the evils. The love of Christ will constrain us to promote, by every means in our power, the cause of the Gospel; and to set forward the salvation of all men, knowing that every ransomed soul adds glory to the lustre of that diadem which crowns the brow of the Lord of Hosts.

4. *Love to the brethren is the last test our limits will permit us to press home.* "This commandment have we from him, that he who loveth God, loveth his brother also." This will be evidenced by our anxiety in reference to the welfare both of their bodies and souls; as much as in us lies, we would clothe the naked, feed the hungry, heal the sick, comfort the mourner, and instruct the ignorant: not only will our love have respect to the whole family of man, but, in an especial manner, it will be drawn out towards the "household of faith." The co-operation of the same principle would spread the knowledge of salvation among every kindred, and people, and tongue, and nation.

It is a beautiful and consolatory reflection, that the religion of Jesus is the same under every clime of the earth. Go where we will—east, west,

north, or south—to the hut of the “poor untutored Indian,” under a tropical sun, or to the ice-house of the frozen Greenlander—we shall find, that if the gospel of Jesus Christ has been received in all its simplicity and purity, as face answereth to face, so will heart to heart; there will be the same acknowledgement of sin, and mourning for guilt; the same dependence on a divine Saviour; the same seeking after holiness; the same love to God and love to the brethren: love for God’s sake, because they all bear one image, are redeemed by the same Saviour, sanctified by the same Spirit, prepared for the same heaven, and partakers of the same grace. Examine yourself, then, on these points. Let your prayer be,

“Lord, decide the doubtful case:
Thou who art thy people’s sun,
Shine upon thy work of grace,
If it be, indeed, begun.

Let me love thee more and more,
If I love at all, I pray;
If I have not loved before,
Help me to begin to-day.” *

Mark the points of resemblance, and assimilate them more nearly to the heavenly pattern. See wherein you fall short. Are you keeping his commandments, and studious to know them?—is the Bible your constant chart through this troubled ocean?—are the ordinances sweet and refreshing?—is private prayer cultivated as a duty, and valued as a privilege?—are you very zealous for the glory of God, and do you “love the brethren?” Then, “rejoice in the Lord, and again I say, rejoice.” You are in the right way to Zion; your feet are treading that rugged and narrow path which leads to Heaven; and it is your duty to evidence in your deportment, the value and substance of that peace which the world can neither give, understand, nor take away. Never was

* Olney Hymns.

there a grosser libel upon the religion of the Bible, than to say that it is designed to make its votaries melancholy; the fact is the very reverse: they, of all people, ought to be the most joyful, for their happiness will last for ever. Be careful, then, in regard to this point: throw all your gloom, and despondency, and despair, to the winds; and, while you diligently avoid the least appearance of compliance with the maxims of an ungodly and ensnaring world, let those around you see, that deep seriousness of mind, and surrender of the affections to God, are quite compatible with cheerfulness of disposition, and amiability of deportment.

The question, "*Is it possible to love God, and not to know it?*" may furnish matter for discussion; but, so far as I can see, can answer no practical end. If absolutely necessary to answer the enquiry, I should be inclined to do so in the affirmative. I do think it possible for a person to become radically changed in the principle, or motive of his actions, and yet be unable to attain that clear, decisive, self-existing evidence of conversion, which exists in the case of those whose change has been *not only in principle, but in practice*. Doubts and fears—on the part of those who humbly rely upon the atonement of Christ, and who sincerely endeavour to imitate his example—when they are of long continuance, and cause depressed spirits, proceed, either from constitutional weakness, or from the wily devices of our invisible enemy. We cannot assent to the notion, that they are the direct work of Him, whose peculiar title is "The Comforter." A careful self-examination as to the evidences of love to God, accompanied with prayer for divine guidance, and for the consoling influences of the Spirit, will, I am inclined to think, if faithfully followed up, invariably produce peace. S. B. H.

(TO BE CONCLUDED IN OUR NEXT.)

THOUGHTS ON I. KINGS, X. 1—9.

“And when the Queen of Sheba heard of the fame of Solomon concerning the name of the Lord, she came to prove him with hard questions,” &c. &c.

The interesting narrative contained in this passage of sacred writ, is called an historical allegory ; and as such, by the divine blessing, it may be profitable to meditate upon it. In the zenith of his glory, we find one, a queen herself, possessed of much pomp and splendour, as well as riches, journeying from a long distance to Jerusalem, to visit king Solomon : she had heard much of him, especially of his wisdom ; and with an intrepidity and perseverance, which those who travel in these modern days of refinement and luxury, in our own favoured country, are never called upon to exercise, she undertakes this long and perilous expedition. At length she arrives at the court of the king, and at once obtains an audience ; she immediately unburthens her mind—“She communed with him of all that was in her heart.”—The king replies to all her questions, satisfies all her doubts and disquietude ; “there was not any thing hid from the king which he told her not.” We perceive how justly the Queen of Sheba appreciates that excellent and surpassing gift of the king—his wisdom ; and, valuing it above all the treasures he possessed, she first seeks of him knowledge. Nor was she disappointed ; her heart once at ease, she could then enjoy all the wonders and magnificence of his court and palace. We perceive a most remarkable consequence resulting from her examination—she finds that “his wisdom and prosperity *exceeds* the fame which she heard.” This is truly wonderful ; there is hardly any one whose experience will not testify, that when they have heard much of a person, a thing, or a place, that when they have an opportunity of judging

for themselves, they find their expectations have been raised too high, and they are disappointed. The observation, therefore, of the queen proves as much as words can, the surpassing excellence of all she saw in Solomon's court, as well as her experience of his wisdom. Moreover, we find her spirit sunk within her at the sight of these wondrous things, so that what she had before prided herself upon in her own land, were now become comparatively valueless; they were as dross, compared to the treasures of king Solomon. Having lauded the happiness of those who enjoyed the privileges of his presence and protection, with a piety which pronounces her a worshipper of the only true God, she ascribes all these blessings to the Lord God of Israel, and to his own free grace and love to his people: "because the Lord loved Israel for ever, therefore made he thee king to do judgment and justice."

To trace the allegory contained in this affecting history. Christ, the great antitype of Solomon, possesses all the treasures of wisdom and knowledge, and at his right hand are pleasures for evermore:—all are invited by his ambassadors to come and learn of his wisdom, to behold and share his glory; those who have already, through grace, been brought to experience the delights of communion with him, give a report, and spread abroad the fame of the name of the Lord; but, as in the days of the Redeemer's earthly pilgrimage, so now are his words still applicable: "The Queen of the South shall rise up in judgment with *this generation*, and shall condemn it; for she came from the uttermost parts of the earth to hear the wisdom of Solomon, and behold, a greater than Solomon is here." We should do well to imitate the example of the queen, step by step, as it is recorded; her conduct is written for our instruction. She *heard* of the fame of Solomon; and

have we not heard of the fame of Jesus?—Have we not heard that he came into the world to save sinners?—Have we not heard that whosoever cometh unto him, he will in no wise cast out?—Have we not heard of the spirit of wisdom and holiness which he is ready to bestow—of the comfort and assurance of hope he is willing to impart?—Have we not heard of the inheritance he has purchased for us with his own blood?—“an inheritance incorruptible, undefiled, and that fadeth not away.” Have we not heard of all these things, and much more—of his wisdom, his grace, his goodness, and his greatness, all urging and constraining us to come to him? But how are these reports received? The complaint is still availing, “who hath believed our report?” Few comparatively, very few, like the queen of Sheba, *come*. She was not content with merely *hearing* of the fame of Solomon; “she *came* to prove him,” and “she communed with him of all that was in her heart.” Let us also imitate the queen in this particular; let us not be content with *hearing* only of the rich fulness of those divine blessings possessed by Jesus; but let us *come* to him with all our doubts and difficulties: no one ever came to him in vain—no one ever really humbled himself before the Saviour, giving up all hope and trust in every thing of his own, and went empty away. Some there may be who come to the verge of Christ’s kingdom, and not liking his government, or to wage war with their own rebellious lusts, may, like the spies who brought an evil report from the valley of Eshcol, endeavour to dishearten those whose faces are Zionward; yet, even these, like the spies, dare not deny that it is a land flowing with milk and honey.

We notice, as the narrative proceeds, that the queen of Sheba found her expectations far more

than realized. Let a poor penitent sinner once be made willing in the day of God's power to come to Jesus, and he will find by happy experience, that "the one half was not told him" of "the breadth, and length, and depth, and height, of the love of Christ which passeth knowledge." Oh, yes! "He is able to do exceeding abundantly above all that we can ask or think," even in this world; and "when this mortal shall have put on immortality," and "death is swallowed up in victory," and the blood-bought sinner, now a glorified saint, beholds that vision of glory to be revealed in the new Jerusalem, and becomes himself an everlasting citizen of that holy city, then will he find that it was said with truth, whilst he sojourned in this vale of tears—"eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, neither have entered into the heart of man, the things which God hath prepared for them that love him." The beatified saint's joyful experience will now be, that "happy are his servants which stand continually before him," and it will be his never-ceasing employment throughout the countless ages of eternity, to "bless the Lord his God," for having set Jesus on the throne of his kingdom, because the Lord loved his spiritual Israel for ever; all the praise will be ascribed to the free sovereignty of God's grace. His everlasting song will be, "hallelujah! salvation, and glory, and honour, and power, unto the Lord our God."

Reader! hast thou *heard* of Jesus? hast thou *come* to Jesus?

"O make but trial of his love,
Experience will decide
How bless'd they are, and only they,
Who in his truth confide."

We have thus endeavoured to trace the allegory, and have followed the queen of Sheba in her visit, and have seen the advantages derived from

it: her acquisition of knowledge on those subjects which lay nearest her heart, as well as her enjoyment in witnessing those splendours and refinements, which caused her to feel so humble on account of her own possessions and attainments. Let us, for a moment, imagine that the queen had contented herself with the report she had *heard*; that she even took peculiar pleasure in hearing that report; that she enjoyed hearing how welcome the king made his guests; how kindly, how generously, he treated them; how that he never sent any empty away: and suppose, further, that the queen was so situated, that at the expiration of a certain time, all her property was to be forfeited; that her person was doomed to be imprisoned; nay, that she was even condemned, at a fixed, though to her, unknown period to die; and that the king, and he alone, had power to retrieve her inheritance; that he alone could restore her to life and liberty: should we not say that the queen was strangely indifferent to her best interests, if she suffered the interval quietly to glide away, contenting herself from time to time with *hearing* of *him*, who could alone deliver her from this impending danger, yet never *going* to insure her safety? Yet this is precisely the case of those who, hearing and reading of Jesus, the Saviour of sinners, content themselves away from him; who listen to the gospel call, yet flee not from the wrath to come;—who come short, failing to make their calling and election sure.

Reader! art thou one of those awfully deluded characters, who, from Sabbath to Sabbath, *hears* of a Saviour, yet turns a deaf ear to the invitations of his love? O beware! thy day of grace may pass away: delay no longer to *come* to this gracious Saviour, for all the benefits of his great salvation; “*now* is the day of salvation.” Remember those awfully important words of

Christ himself—"Every one that *heareth* these sayings of mine, and *doeth them not*, shall be likened unto a foolish man, which built his house upon the sand: and the rain descended, and the floods came, and the winds blew, and beat upon that house; and it fell: and great was the fall of it." Matt. vii. 26, 27. C.

EFFECTS OF DRINKING SPIRITS.

The following details are extracted from the memoirs of an officer who served in India with great distinction, (the late Lieut. Shipp, of H. M. 87th foot,) having twice won his commission from the ranks by his conduct in the field. This officer had very extensive opportunities of judging of the practical effects of the general use of ardent spirits by the troops in India; and as his opinions were written and published years before temperance societies were contemplated or established, they may therefore be the more readily received: for it is well known that many cavillers at the possible advantages of temperance societies, consider as *ex parte* every thing written upon this subject since they have been formed; and drunkenness, with its millions of crimes, seems rather to be tolerated, than the disinterested exertions of those who thus endeavour to counteract and prevent its baneful consequences.

"There can scarcely be a more appalling spectacle than the shooting of a fellow creature, who is our comrade and our brother in arms; but the infliction of capital punishment is absolutely necessary for the safety, protection, and well-being, of a well disciplined army. The dreadful sight carries with it recollections that can never be obliterated from the memory of those who witness

it; we cannot but feel a conviction, that, for the prevention of atrocious crime, and to keep up a rigorous and proper discipline, some examples must occasionally be made. In the course of my military career, I have been called upon to witness several of these heart-rending scenes; two of which were in the regiment of which I was myself then a sergeant, and, on the latter occasion, regimental sergeant-major. These two cases I shall lay before my readers. The first subject of this awful sentence was a smart youth, whom I myself first taught the rudiments of his profession. I shall not mention his name, lest my narrative should by possibility meet the eye of some dear relative who still lingers on earth, and droops under the recollection of the sad event. Through the whole course of his drills and military exercises, I ever found this young man attentive, obedient, and willing to learn; and he promised to be an ornament to his profession. He glided through the commencement of his career with the smile of joy on his youthful countenance. These were halcyon days, which were not long to last; *the poisonous cup of inebriety* seduced him from the paths of duty, and he *drank deep* of its baneful contents. This indulgence in intemperance led him from one error to another; on account of which, he from time to time, incurred serious admonitions; until, at length, for the commission of a more aggravated offence, he fell under the displeasure of his superior officer, and was deservedly punished. Irritated by the infliction of a supposed wrong, *inflamed with liquor*, and smarting under the disgrace, the unhappy youth, in a fatal moment, yielded to the instigations of revenge; and, *in the phrenzy of intoxication*, made an attempt on the life of the officer, (a quarter-master in the same troop,) by whom, as he supposed, he had been injured. This dreadful attempt was as

wanton and unprovoked as it was unjustifiable. The chastisement which the young man had received, was such as he would himself, in his sober moments, have admitted he had justly deserved. The shot did not take effect as intended; but the crime was that of mutiny; and that crime alone, punishable by military law, by the heavy penalty of death. The culprit was immediately dragged to the guard-room, and then confined in irons. Imagine the feelings of this unhappy wretch when he awoke from his intoxicated slumbers, and the first objects that met his eyes were the fetters by which he was secured! I was sergeant of the guard at the time, and had the melancholy task of informing the offender of the dreadful crime for which he was fettered and imprisoned. On being made acquainted with the enormity of his attempt, his nature seemed to recoil, his youthful countenance showed a death-like paleness, he closed his eyes, clasped his hands, and exclaimed, "Good God, what have I done?" He seemed as unconscious of every intention of committing the crime he was charged with, as the child still unborn; but yet he stood unequivocally arraigned for the crime of mutiny and attempt to murder. The culprit was, a short time afterwards, summoned before a general court-martial, on trial for his life, without having a single iota to offer in his defence, except the *plea of drunkenness*, which could but have aggravated his offence, and made it, if possible, worse and blacker. He stood before the court-martial, *a sad monument of what an immoderate use of liquor may bring the most docile and humane creature to*. This melancholy instance will, I trust, show the absolute necessity of guarding, more particularly in a hot climate like that of India, against a free use of spirituous liquors. If a passion for drink is *once* allowed to gain

dominion, it is seldom or never eradicated. Cup will follow cup, and crime succeed crime, till the envenomed draught bring its sad votary to some sudden and calamitous end. Could I but impress this fact upon the minds of young soldiers, and save *even one* from that degrading vice, I should think myself amply rewarded.

“The criminal was, of course, found guilty. It was, however, supposed that his good character might, in some slight degree, mitigate the rigour of the sentence; but no, he was ordered for public execution—to be shot. On the fatal morning, the clergyman was early with his charge, and whispered into his ear sweet words from Holy Writ; but with all his efforts, he, in bitterness, called upon his mother to forgive, and meet him where time could never sever them again. He washed and dressed himself, and tied a piece of black crape round his arm. He took some pains in the adjustment of his clothes and hair, and then went to prayer, in which every one of the guard joined him, although in a separate room. I do not think I ever witnessed more real commiseration in my life than was displayed on this occasion. When the first trumpet sounded for the execution parade, the notes seemed to linger on the morning breeze, and a deathlike stillness to predominate over the atmosphere, which chilled the blood of all assembled. Not a voice was heard; all was hush and quiet, save the workings of the fond bosoms of his pitying comrades. These plainly bespoke the horror they felt in the contemplation of the approaching scene. The prisoner affectionately took his leave of all the guard, *warning them by his sad fate to beware of that accursed liquor which had sealed his doom.* He seemed composed and calm, and said he would meet the offended laws of his country, as the just reward of his crimes. The soldiers turned out

with evident reluctance, each head rested upon a sorrowing bosom ; but they at last reached the place of the sad catastrophe. The regiments, both of which were European, then formed three sides of a square, of which the shooting party, with the coffin, formed the other. Scarcely was this accomplished, when we heard the dismal sounds of the muffled drum, and the doleful notes of the band playing the "Dead March in Saul." The procession thus moved on:—Provost-sergeant in front, on horseback, followed by two files of soldiers. Then the clergyman in his sombre garments, with the prisoner, both in deep meditation and earnest prayer. After them followed the shooting party,—one sergeant, one corporal, and twelve privates—the twelve next men for general duty in the whole regiment. From the spot where the guard-room was situated, to the place of execution, was a good quarter of a mile ; and the reader may be assured that he took his own time, which was slow, but firm and steady. He entered on the right flank of the square, and passed along the front of the line to the left ; the soldiers resting upon their arms reversed, that is, muzzle down, and with their hands upon the bottom of the but. The sobbing of many of the men could be distinctly heard, and some could not even look on him as he manfully paced along the front of the weeping lines. Some of his comrades, who had been more intimately acquainted with the prisoner than the other soldiers, asked permission, under pretence of some indisposition, to leave the ranks, and thus avoid the appalling sight. The poor fellow himself looked like one long since dead, but he evinced great fortitude and resignation. When we brought round his left shoulder on reaching the left of the line, what a sight was before him ! His place of execution, his coffin, or rough wrought shell, and his execu-

tioners in the persons of his affectionate comrades! This could not stagger his reliance on Divine mercy, on which alone he now reposed. He knelt down by the side of his coffin, and prayed for a short time. He then embraced, and bade farewell to his heavenly instructor, who wept most piteously, calling upon Divine mercy to receive the soul of a penitent sinner. The criminal's eyes were then bound, and his death-warrant read. During the reading of this fatal document he exhibited an unshaken firmness, clasping his hands, and holding them fixed against his heart. Scarcely had the last word of his death-warrant vibrated on his ear, when the signal was given. When the shooting party came to the "present," every eye was turned from the dreadful scene; but, at the well understood signal, six or more of the men fired, and he instantly fell, five of the shots having lodged in his heart. The army broke into file, and every man passed him at slow time. This was a ceremony more afflicting than most people would imagine; and to add to the melancholy exhibition, the clothes of the poor fellow had taken fire. When we passed, he was nearly enveloped in smoke; but his last breath had long since fled, and he suffered not. Thus ended the short and sad career of one, who, *but for a passion for drink*, might have lived to be a bright ornament of his profession."

"The second case witnessed by me of this melancholy nature, occurred in the year 1815. The object of this tale was about twenty-two years old, and I do not think that I ever saw a finer man. I have often heard him say that he was the son of a great jeweller in London. Whether this was the case or not, he was well educated, and soon rose to the rank of corporal, in which capacity he frequently attended my

office to copy general and regimental orders; and often have I admired his writing, and the rapidity with which he would transcribe. He was what was termed a sergeant's fag, or, what will be better understood, a sergeant's clerk; that is, a writer for those sergeants who could not write themselves; of whom there were many in this regiment. In disposition, this young man was warm, and rather impetuous—more particularly when in liquor, in which state he was sometimes found. Owing to this deplorable failing, he was reduced to the ranks again as private; but this degradation served rather to increase than diminish his predilection for drink. Notwithstanding this, he still continued to write for the non-commissioned officers of his troop; one in particular, whose name I shall refrain from mentioning, as I should not wish to wound the feelings of any man. Some short time after his reduction, he quarrelled with the sergeant before alluded to, who had himself but a short period before, been promoted from a gentleman's servant to corporal, and from corporal to sergeant, without any previous knowledge of the duties of his station. This man commenced his career, as non-commissioned officer, by every species of tyranny—dragging men to confinement for the most trivial offences; interrupting and annoying them in their several in-door amusements; and hunting up their private characters and vices. This malevolence soon drew upon him the indignation of the soldiers, who, in return, did every thing they were justified in doing, to thwart him: among other expedients by which they annoyed him, one and all refused to write for him. At last, his spleen and rancour fell upon the victim of this melancholy narrative, some time in the year 1815. Check-roll calls had been ordered, and at dinner-hour all the men were obliged to appear dressed.

On one of these dinner parades, the subject of this tale was in a state of intoxication. The infuriated sergeant lost no time in ordering him to be sent to the guard-room. There was a time when this very sergeant would have screened him and his fault from the orderly officer; but he now pourtrayed his crime in the blackest colours, setting forth that he was repeatedly in the same state. Irritated with this accusation, and *maddened with drink*, the young soldier rushed out from his berth, which was in the verandah, and fired his pistol at the sergeant. The weapon was loaded with three buttons, but none of them touched the sergeant, but slightly wounded two privates. The criminal was immediately secured, and dragged to a place of confinement, and soon after he was tried, and sentenced to be shot.

“So much resignation and firmness are seldom seen, as were evinced by this unhappy man. He took leave of his friends and comrades, and retired to rest; and, strange to say, slept nearly five hours, undisturbed. In the morning, he arose and dressed himself with care, and he seemed composed and wholly resigned to his fate. He presented his Catholic prayer-book to his kind friend, the officer, and in a few minutes the trumpet sounded for parade. The sound disturbed him not, but he continued in fervent prayer. The provost-marshal now summoned him to the square that had been formed to witness his execution. He promptly obeyed, saying, “I am ready, Sir,” and walked out in a firm and soldier-like manner, wearing his foraging-cap on the right side of his head, as he did on ordinary occasions. The procession moved slowly on, the drums beating the “Dead March,” and the poor fellow keeping the step, which he more than once changed during his marching. The feeling prevailing through all the ranks, was that of intense interest and pity.

As he passed along the ranks, he said several times, in a low voice, "*O, my dear comrades, it is that vile liquor which has brought me to this; fly it as you love your lives.*" When he turned towards the coffin, he staggered a little, but from what cause we could not tell, as he soon recovered his step, and again became firm, and marched erect. He was then placed behind the coffin, facing the square and the firing party. His death-warrant was then read to him, which he heard unmoved. His eyes were then tied, and he knelt down, and prayed. He had requested to give the signal for the firing himself, which he did by throwing up a white handkerchief. Several shots were fired, but he fell not. There was an awful pause—when one of the firing party rushed out and shot him through the heart, and he died without a struggle. Thus fell in the bloom of life, *another victim to liquor.*"—*Temperance Magazine.*

“REMEMBER LOT'S WIFE.”

There is yet another class who will do well to accept of this admonition. I mean young persons who have been religiously brought up, and in general, all who are outwardly connected with pious persons or religious families. Such are often, like Lot's wife, *obliged* to come out of Sodom against their will. They feel themselves *constrained* to give up much which *they* see no harm in, to do much which *they* take no pleasure in; but circumstances, in a measure, *compel* them to do so. The husband has his family prayer; he has religious friends; he submits to something like religious communion: but it is only to please his wife, or the wife her husband. It *seems* as if they had turned their backs on Sodom; but it is not so. No; the heart is there as much as it ever was. So, also, it is with the children of pious parents. Their parents disapprove of this or that, and hence they cannot be where the world are—at the dance, the theatre, the card-table. They are obliged to give up various things which they see others of their own age and station enjoying; and their wish is, O that I were like them! My dear young people, Jesus speaks to you,

and says, 'Remember Lot's wife!' *She left Sodom because her husband did*; and this looking back was her ruin. And, consider, *it was nothing more*. It was a *mere look*; but it told what her *wish* was. She had no love for the abominations of Sodom; and so you plead, and plead *truly*, that *you* have none for the *gross* and *scandalous* wickedness of the world; but you want a little more of its pleasures, a little more of its wealth, a little more of its distinctions, and vanities of different kinds. You cannot be quite persuaded, that that warning is necessary, 'Escape for thy life.' Well, take care lest God *give* you your wish. He may, in his displeasure, *take off* the restraint. He may let you be as worldly as you desire to be; as gay, and as rich, and as flattered, and as full of vanity as heart can wish; and oh, what is that? It is to turn you 'into a pillar of salt.' 'Remember Lot's wife.' You may think but to take a little taste of these things, and *then* be wise; but God abhors such thoughts. I'll go (you say) but *this once*. This dance will be the last. This frivolity shall be *once*, and no more. I say again, 'Remember Lot's wife!' She would give *just one parting look* at Sodom; but as she turned to look, God struck her, and she perished."—*Sermons, by the Rev. F. Goode, the author of the Better Covenant, just published.*

EXTRACTS.

"There are few sinners but who hope to repent before they die, and nevertheless continue to swallow the damnable intoxicating draughts of sin. The extravagant folly of such persons may be compared to that of a man who stabs himself, in order to heal the wound again."

"There are, perhaps, more souls lost through a false confidence of salvation, than perhaps any other [deceit the devil makes use of. I mean not among notorious sinners, but among the more decent formalists; who, because they have never fallen into any foul, gross sins, or because their lives are somewhat reformed, and they practise some outward duties, make no doubt of the safety of their state; whereas they have no union with Christ by faith. The great renovating change has never been wrought in them; their natures are still unrenewed, their hearts still unsanctified; they never saw and bewailed their own vileness; they never felt their real need of a Saviour, in a way of renunciation of their own righteousness; nor do they pant and labour after higher degrees of grace and holiness, like a true child of God, who can never rest contented with his present attainments: but they keep plodding on in the same beaten track, vainly thinking to divide their hearts between God and the world; and contenting themselves with a lukewarm, lifeless, formal religion, which only tends to their greater delusion; and thus they go on dreaming of heaven till they awake in hell."—*Sir Richard Hill, Bart.*

"The best evidence of pardon of sin, is, that we bring forth the fruits of righteousness. Evidence is the child of experience. Those who talk of sudden and instantaneous assurance, talk at random. Assurance is a fruit and effect of righteousness: it is progressive."—*Cecil*.

"The Christian should be meeting God daily in retirement, and attending daily to the duties of religion.—You see here, that though Elijah knew he was to be taken up into heaven that day, he did not set it apart for any particular acts of devotion. Some would have said, that when such a great change as from earth to heaven was to take place, the whole day, at least, should have been set apart for prayer; that when God did come he should have found the prophet on his knees. But the best way of being prepared to meet God, is by a continual practice of religion, and an uninterrupted adherence to his commands; then he shall be *always* ready: you are not to shut yourselves up in a monastery, to become hermits, to be always going upon the mount; but your heart and life, in every situation, is to be devoted to God."—*Extract from a Sermon, on 2 Kings, ii. 9, 10.*

VARIETIES.

MR. WOLFF, THE MISSIONARY.—"*Cowes, Isle of Wight, Jan. 29.*—My dear Friends of the Missionary Cause in England.—Worn out in mind and body, I return now to this country, and arrived at Cowes, in the Isle of Wight, yesterday, from America; and not knowing whether my wife and child are returned from France, I expect here the answer from my dear wife. I have traversed, these last two years, the whole of Yemen, Abyssinia, as far as Axum; but on arriving at Adwah, I found Mr. Gobat, the missionary, very ill, and therefore I re-accompanied him to Jiddah. Arriving at Jiddah, I wished to see, previous to my return to Abyssinia, the Jews at Sanaa. I arrived safely at Sanaa, saw the Jews and the Rechabites, and the children of Hobah—another branch of the Rechabites; but was horsewhipped by the Bedouins on my return to Mocha; and on arriving at Hodeydah, on my return to Abyssinia, I got so ill with fever that I was obliged to give up my journey to Abyssinia. I embarked at Jiddah for Hindoostan, thence to St. Helena, where I lectured and preached; and then proceeded on my way to America, where I was ordained by the Right Rev. Dr. Doane, Bishop of New Jersey. I went on to Washington, and, introduced by Mr. John Quincy Adams, the ex-President to Congress, I preached before both Houses on the importance of missions; and now I am again here in England, worn out; and probably shall soon finish my days on earth in this happy country, in the circle

of my wife and child ! The dissolution of my body is hastening fast. Yours truly,

JOSEPH WOLFF, Missionary.

THE CONDUCT OF THE IRISH PRIESTS, IN REGARD TO THE BIBLE.—(From a Speech of Dr. Cooke, of Belfast, at Edinburgh.)—In this country you can use your Bibles and Testaments with freedom, but not so in many parts of Ireland. A young woman was continually assailed by the parish priest to give up her Bible; and for what purpose, do you think? was it that he might peruse it carefully, and compare it with the original—in order that he might detect its errors, and point out to her its mistranslations? No. He actually took it and buried it in the earth. But, as the blood of the martyrs has ever proved the seed of the church, so the burying of this young woman's Bible was attended with the most happy effects. It was a seed sown in a rich and fertile soil; it has germinated, and grown up to a wide-spreading tree, beneath whose shade many have taken shelter. That one act of Bible-burying, has caused it to be read and examined by many, who, but for this circumstance, would for ever have remained ignorant of its contents. Another method to which the priests resort, is *drowning* the Bible. Near the sweet town of Ballinasloe, he had seen a large number of Bibles thrown into the river, because the priests would not allow the Word of God to float on the surface of the public mind. Another plan devised for getting rid of the Bible, is *imprisonment*. He knew a priest, not more than twenty-five miles from his own place, who boasted that he had *jailed* one hundred and fifty of them. After they had lain in prison for a length of time, he took them over to England, in order to barter them for goods. But the wife of the English merchant, who was more successful with her husband than was the wife of Pontius Pilate, entreated him to have nothing to do with these precious wares. She said to her husband, that they were the Bibles of the poor Irish children, which the priests have violently torn out of their hands; and if you take them, either by purchasing them with money, or giving goods in exchange for them, you will never have success in your business. The merchant, though he would have got the Bibles at half-price, hearkened to the judicious counsel of his wife—the priest had to carry them over the water again, and he (Doctor Cooke,) supposes, that they may be still incarcerated in their old prison-house. In a town in Protestant Ulster, the priest of the parish having heard that one of his parishioners had procured a Bible, and that his family were often known to peruse its sacred pages, went immediately to the house of the culprit, and demanded that the Bible should instantly be delivered up to him. The poor man was loth to part with a book from which he and his family had derived so much comfort and instruction; but, dreading the anger of this priest, he, with much reluctance, delivered up his Bible to him. The priest no sooner received it, than he ran out into the street, called around him a number of

his hearers, pointed out the pernicious effects of such a weapon in the hands of the laity, tore it into pieces, and trampled upon it with his most reverend hoofs.

BOOKS FOR THE BLIND.—On Wednesday, a very interesting experiment was made in presence of the Rev. Dr. Paterson and a number of ladies and gentlemen, to ascertain how the blind can read books which they never read before. A boy, who had only been eight months at school, was selected for this purpose, and the Gospel by St. Luke, which Mr. Gall has just printed for the British and Foreign Bible Society, was presented to him for the first time. He was first required to read a chapter with the naked finger; this he did with the greatest fluency, and no person would have suspected from his manner of reading, that he was blind. Next, in order to ascertain whether the books could be read when the fingers become hard with work, a new pair of thick gloves (cotton, lined with chamois) was put upon his hands; with these on, he read another passage with great ease. A third experiment was made upon another passage, (still new to him) with twelve plies of silk upon it, which, to the astonishment of all present, he read, and told the number of the verses quite correctly. Dr. Paterson expressed himself perfectly astonished at the success of this extraordinary experiment, and in the name of the British and Foreign Bible Society, presented the child with a copy of the book which he had shown himself so well able to use. The Gospel by St. Luke is a beautiful specimen of typography for the blind. The letters are the common alphabet, capitals and small letters combined, as recommended by the Society of Arts. This experiment proves that there is no need for abandoning the common letters, either for the exclusive use of capitals, or for any arbitrary character, and it is hoped that now every blind person will be taught to read the Bible.—*Edinburgh Advertiser.*

PROPORTION OF BRITISH EXPENDITURE FOR RELIGIOUS INSTITUTIONS.—"Our population exceeds twenty-four millions. The rental of our landed property is rated at sixty millions a-year; the interest of our funded debt is thirty millions; and to these, the untold profits of professional pursuits, merchandise, traffic, and labour, must be added, to show the total income of the inhabitants of this country. Our taxes on luxuries may also, in some measure, illustrate our means of voluntary expenditure, remembering that these taxes are but a limited proportion of the real sum which we pay for luxuries taxed. In 1830, the amount of the customs in the British isles on foreign articles imported, was twenty-one millions; the amount of duties on British and foreign spirits, was upwards of eight millions; the taxes on carriages and horses for riding, raised above £700,000. Contrast, then, the exertions in missions by Protestants of every land, with the manifested resources of this country. Our national rental and funded interest, the more independent part of our national annual income, exclusive of the profits of professions, traffic, and

labour, averages about seventy-five shillings a-year for each individual of our twenty-four millions of inhabitants. The aggregate sum given to all the Religious Institutions put together, averaged but sixpence a-year for each individual inhabitant of our country. The bare taxes on luxuries, or injurious indulgences, make us blush for our country, by showing us how totally disproportionate is our whole expenditure for missionary objects. The mere customs are thirty-five times as much—the bare duties on British and foreign spirits, are thirteen times as much as all Protestant Christians give to Religious Societies. The taxes on our carriages and riding-horses exceed the annual income of all Religious Societies of Protestant nations.”—*Rev. E. Bickersteth.*

NOTICES OF BOOKS.

Something Else. By Miriam. London : L. and J. Seeley, 62 p. p. 18mo.

This little book illustrates, in a most excellent and practical manner, the evil of being “cumbered about many things;” and by several examples entwined in a simple narrative, exhibits different cases, in which the “one thing needful” is neglected for “Something Else:”—hence its name. We would strongly recommend its perusal to our readers of all ages.

The First Lent Lilies. By the Author of “*The Bread of Deceit.*” London : L. and J. Seeley, 36 p. p. 18mo.

This is an interesting little tale for children, exhibiting the principle of charity in its most engaging form; and shewing how even little children, may and ought to practise self-denial, in order to fulfil the duty of brotherly love. It would be a very suitable Reward-book in Sunday or National Schools.

Original and Select Hymns. A Companion to “*Sacred Poetry.*” London, 1837, 336 p. p. 32mo.

This collection contains several well-known and standard hymns, together with others which are original: it is peculiarly adapted to the devotional reading of the closet, and as such, we would strongly recommend it.

The Benefit of Scriptural Instruction. By Matthew Morris Preston, M. A. London, 1837, 48 p. p. 8vo.

This book contains a Sermon on the occasion of the death of one of the author’s Sons, a youth of 17 years of age; to which is added, a brief memorial of another son, who died in his 13th year. We have been very much interested in its perusal. The important truth, that the Holy Scriptures ought to be the chief means employed in conveying religious instruction to the young,

is powerfully illustrated. We give the following extract from page 25, to which we particularly call the attention of parents, and those engaged in the important charge of instructing the young.

“Of the capability of very young children to apprehend, so as to apply to their own case, the fundamental principles of our holy Religion—and of the correctness of judgment, and the enlargement and elevation of mind and feeling thence frequently resulting—I speak with confidence. The doctrines of the atonement for sin, and of the necessity of the influences of the Holy Spirit, may not be systematically expressed or understood by a child, who yet will shew that he understands them practically, by beseeching God to forgive him his sins for the sake of what Jesus Christ has done and suffered for him, and by praying that the Spirit of God may create in him a clean heart, and renew a right spirit within him. Do not think that a child, who is taught that Jesus Christ died to procure for him and for others, the forgiveness of sins, will thereby learn to think lightly of sin. *Trust God, I beseech you, for the moral tendency of that precious truth, in your child's case, as well as in your own.* Nothing will produce genuine sorrow for sin, and a real hatred of it, but a hope of free forgiveness: and there is only one way of obtaining it for him and for you—through the ‘blood of Jesus Christ,’ which ‘cleanseth from all sin.’”

The truth of what is here advanced was signally realized in the case of the subject of the Memoir. At page 40, we find the following affecting description of the death-bed scene of this young disciple of the Lord Jesus.

“The testimony borne by this young disciple of the Lord Jesus, during his short illness, was beautifully consistent with his Christian life. I know not when he himself first apprehended that the disease would terminate fatally: his danger was never formally announced to him. Indeed, the disease was of so insidious a kind, that it had made much progress before its character was ascertained. He was placid and gentle, doing or suffering whatever he was called to do or suffer, meekly, and without a murmuring word, and with thankfulness for every thing that was done for him. On the last day, when it was perceived that, unless something were drawn from him by gentle inquiry, his dying testimony (which indeed was not needed for the satisfaction of those who knew him,) would be lost, he was asked, ‘Have you any fears now?’ ‘No,’ was his immediate reply.—‘On what is your hope founded?’ ‘On Christ, my Saviour.’—His brothers (with the exception of one, who was from home,) being at the foot of the bed, it was said to him, ‘As you cannot now make your brothers hear, shall I say any thing to them for you?’ He replied, ‘Talk to them about Jesus Christ.’—‘What shall I say for you to —?’ (the absent brother.) ‘Tell him, I hope we shall meet in heaven.’—Then turning to his parent, he said: ‘Papa, you will please to dispose of the things that belong to me; but let my money be given to the Bible Society.’—Oh! when I heard that, I thanked the God of the Bible; and I was enabled to resign my child to Him, who had made him His own by adoption and grace.”

We take leave of this little work, earnestly recommending it to the attentive consideration of our readers.

POETRY.

SONNETS TO THE ENGLISH MARTYRS.

TAYLOR.

Taylor of Hadleigh, I have often read
The story of thy noble martyrdom;

How, through the silent city thou wast led,
 Heedless of suff'rings past, and pangs to come.
 How thou didst give up all, that to the breast
 Clings like a part of nature—children dear,
 And her, thy wife of youth, whose earthly rest,
 Save on thy bosom, had no dwelling here.
 To marriage, as a state of holiness,
 The crown and comfort of a Christian home,
 Thou didst bear testimony, not the less
 For all the glozings of the priests of Rome :
 At length, arriv'd at sorrow's deepest flood,
 Where thou hadst preach'd the truth, 'twas seal'd with blood.

THOMAS TOMKINS.

Unvers'd in human learning wast thou found,
 When call'd to suffer for thy Saviour's sake ;
 But on the Bible's pure and holy ground,
 Thou hadst been taught the cross of Christ to take,
 E'en though it led thee to the fiery stake :
 Thou wast the martyr, though of humble name,
 From whose firm hand the gushing stream did break,
 When Bonner held it in the burning flame,
 Making the heart of e'en thy foe to ache.
 Could naught but blood his hellish fury slake ?
 How will he meet thee at that awful bar,
 Where the oppressor of the saints shall shake,
 As in the presence of the Lord he stands,
 Aghast with horror at thy lifted hands ?

SAUNDERS.

Strong in the Lord, and in his powerful might,
 Cloth'd with celestial armour shalt thou go,
 Much honour'd Saunders, to the deadly fight
 With harlot Rome, Christ's most accursed foe.
 Taught from thy youth the vain deceit to know,
 Of that foretold and foul apostacy,
 Which, unredeem'd, shall meet its final blow,
 Like a huge millstone cast into the sea.
 What, though it pour'd its bitter wrath on thee,
 Thy heavenly crown it could not take away :
 When from the bondage of corruption free,
 Thy spirit soar'd to realms of cloudless day :
 Sweet were thy words amidst the mortal strife,
 "Welcome the cross, and everlasting life!"

J. S.

THE
COTTAGE MAGAZINE ;

OR,

Plain Christian's Library.

No. IV.]

APRIL, 1838.

[VOL. XXVII.]

WORKS AND FAITH ; OR, THE STORY OF ALONZO.

"Created in Christ Jesus unto good works."

(From Abbott's "Way to do Good.")

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 80.)

One day, Alonzo made a discovery which startled and alarmed him a little. He was about twelve years old. Some young men had formed a plan of ascending a certain mountain summit, the extremity of a lofty ridge, which projected like a spur from the main range, and which reared its rocky head among the clouds, in full view from his father's door. They had fixed upon Sabbath evening for this purpose, an hour or two before sun-down. "A great many people, you know," said one of the boys, "think that the Sabbath ends at sunset, and an hour or so before will not make any great difference. We must be up in season to see the sun go down." This disposal of the difficulty was abundantly satisfactory to all those who were inclined to go, but Alonzo had some doubts whether it would appear equally conclusive to his father and mother. One thing favoured, however: his father was away, having been absent on some business for the town, for several days ; and Alonzo thought that there was, at least, a possibility that his mother would find the deficiencies in the reasoning made up by a little extra persuasion, and that her consent to his sharing in the pleasure of the excursion would be

obtained. At any rate, it was plainly worth while to try.

He accordingly came in on Saturday afternoon, and standing by the side of his mother, who was finishing some sewing necessary to complete her preparations for the Sabbath, with much hesitancy and circumlocution he preferred his request. She listened to him with surprise, and then told him he must not go.

"It would be very wrong," said she.

"But, mother, we shall walk along very still ; we will not laugh or play. It will only be taking a little walk after sun-down."

Alonzo's mother was silent.

"Come, mother," said the boy, hoping that he had made some impression, "*do* let me go. Do say yes,—just this once."

After a moment's pause, she replied,

"Some persons do indeed suppose that the Sabbath ends at sun-down, but we think it continues till midnight, and we cannot shift and change the hours to suit our pleasures. Now, with all your resolutions about walking *still*, you know very well that such an expedition, with such companions, will not be keeping holy the Sabbath-day. You come to me, therefore, with a proposal that I will allow you to disobey, directly and openly, one of the plainest of God's commands. It is *impossible* that I should consent."

While his mother was saying these words, emotions of anger and indignation began to rise and swell in Alonzo's bosom, until, at length, foreseeing how the sentence would end, he began to walk off towards the door, and almost before the last words were uttered, he was gone. He shut the door violently, muttering to himself, "It is always just so."

In a state of wretchedness and sin, which my readers, if they have ever acted as Alonzo did,

must conceive of, he walked out of the house, and sank down upon a bench which he had made in the little orchard. Here he gave full flow for a few minutes to the torrent of boiling passion, which had so suddenly burst out of his heart. In a short time, however, the excitement of his feelings subsided a little, and there came suddenly a sort of flash of moral light, which seemed to reveal to him for an instant, the true character of the transaction.

Something within him seemed to say, "What an unreasonable, ungrateful, wicked boy you are, Alonzo. Here is your mother,—as kind a mother as ever lived. You owe her your very being. She has taken care of you for years, without any return, and has done every thing to make you happy ; and now, because she cannot consent to let you do what is most clearly wrong, your heart is full of anger, malice, and revenge. What a heart ! Love, duty,—all are forgotten, and every feeling of gratitude for long years of kindness is obliterated, by one single interference with your wicked desires."

This reflection, which it will require some time to read, occupied but an instant in passing through Alonzo's mind. It flashed upon him for a moment, and was gone ; and the dark, heavy clouds of anger and ill will rolled again over his soul. He sat upon the bench in moody silence.

At length, he began again to see that he was very wrong ; such feelings towards his mother were, he knew, unreasonable and sinful, and he determined that he would not indulge them. So he rose, and walked through a small gate into the yard, where a large pile of long logs was lying, one of which had been rolled down and partly cut off. He took up the axe and went to work. But he soon learned that it was one thing to see that his feelings were wrong, and another thing

to *feel right*. His mind was in a sort of chaos. Floating visions of the party ascending the hill, —vexation at his disappointment,—uneasiness at the recollection of his unkind treatment of his mother, all mingled together in his soul. “I wish I *could* feel right towards mother about this,” said he to himself; but somehow or other, there seemed gathering over his heart a kind of casing of dogged sullenness, which he could not break or dispel: at least he thought he could not. So he rather concluded it was best to forget the whole affair for the present. He laid down the axe, therefore, and began to pick up some chips and sticks to carry in for kindling the morning fire; and he secretly determined, that when he went in and met his mother again, he would not evince any more of his impatience and anger, but would act “just as if nothing had happened.”

Just as if nothing had happened! What! after such an act of disrespect, ingratitude, and disobedience, act as if nothing had happened?

But Alonzo did not make any such reflection. His heart, clinging to his sin, loved to be deceived by it. It seemed to him impossible to feel the relenting of true, heartfelt penitence, and that love and gratitude which he knew his mother deserved,—and especially that cheerful acquiescence in her decision, which he knew he ought to feel. So he concluded to forget all about it;—and the poisoned fountain which had so suddenly burst forth in his heart, was covered up again, and smoothed over, ready to boil out anew, upon any new occasion.

This and a few other similar occurrences, led Alonzo sometimes to think that there might be deeper sources of moral difficulty in his heart, than he had been accustomed to imagine; but he did not think much about it, and his life passed on without much thought or care, in respect to

his character or prospects as a moral being. He had, however, a sort of standing suspicion that there was something wrong,—quite wrong, but he did not stop to examine the case. The little uneasiness which this suspicion caused, was soothed and quieted a good deal, by a sort of prevailing idea, that, after all, there was a great deal that was very excellent in his conduct and character. He was generally considered a pretty good boy. He knew this very well; and one of the grossest of the forms of deceitfulness which the heart assumes, is, to believe that we deserve all that others give us credit for, even where the good qualities in question are merely the most superficial and shallow pretence.

One incident occurred about this time, which almost opened Alonzo's eyes to the true character of some of his *virtues*. During the winter months he went to school, and the good qualities which he fancied he exhibited there, were among those on which he most prided himself. One afternoon, as he was walking home, with a green satchel full of books slung over his shoulder, he stopped a few minutes at the brook which crossed the road, and looked down over the bridge upon the smooth dark-coloured ice which covered the deep water. It looked so clear and beautiful, that he went down and cautiously stepped upon it. It was so transparent that it seemed impossible that it could be strong. He sat down on a stone which projected out of the water, and while he was there the teacher came along, and stopping on the bridge, began to talk with him. Alonzo and the teacher were on very good terms, and after talking together a few minutes at the brook, they both walked along together.

Their way was a cross path through the woods, which led by a shorter course than the main road to the part of the town where they were both going.

"Alonzo," said the teacher, as they were stepping over a low place in the log fence where their path diverged from the road;—"I am glad to see you carrying your books home."

"I like to study my lessons at home in the evenings," said Alonzo, with a feeling of secret satisfaction.

"Well, Alonzo, what should you say if I should tell you I could guess exactly what books you have got in your satchel?"

"I don't know," said Alonzo,—“perhaps you saw me put them in.”

"No, I did not."

"Well, you can tell by the shape of the books,—which you can see by looking at the satchel."

"No," said the teacher, "I see you have got either your writing book or your Atlas, but I could not tell which, by the appearance of the satchel. I see, also, that there is by the side of it, one middle-sized book besides; but its size merely, will not tell whether it is your Arithmetic, or your Grammar, or your Geography."

"Well, what do you think they are?"

"I think they are your writing book and your spelling book."

There was in Alonzo's countenance an appearance of surprise and curiosity. He said the teacher was right, and asked him how he knew?

"I know by your character."

"By my character!" said Alonzo; "What do you mean by that?"

"I will tell you; but I think it will give you pain, rather than pleasure. You are one of the best boys in my school,—you give me very little trouble, and are generally diligent in your duties; and obedient, and faithful. Now, have you ever thought what your *motives* are for this?"

"No, sir, I have never thought about it very particularly. I want to improve my time, and

learn as much as I can, so as to be useful when I am a man."

Alonzo thought that that *ought to be* his motive, and so he fancied that it was. He did not mean to tell a falsehood. He did not say it because he wished to deceive his teacher, but because his heart had deceived *him*. It is so with us all.

"You think so, I have no doubt. But now I wish to ask you one question. What two studies do you think you are most perfect in?"

Alonzo did not like to answer, though he knew that he prided himself much on his handsome writing, and on his being almost always at the head of his class in spelling. At length, he said, with a modest air, that he thought he "took as much interest in his writing, and in his spelling lessons, as in any thing."

"Are there any studies that you are less advanced in than in these?"

"Yes, sir."

"Well," said the teacher, "now I want to ask you one question. How happens it that the writing book and the spelling book, which represent the two studies in which you have made the greatest proficiency, and in which you, of course, least need any extra efforts, are the very ones which you are bringing home to work upon in the evenings?"

Alonzo did not answer immediately. In fact, he had no answer at hand. He thought, however, that if he was inclined to study out of school hours, he had a right to take any books home that he pleased. But he did not say so.

"And I should like to ask you one more question," said the teacher. "In what study do you think you are most deficient?"

"I suppose it is my Arithmetic," said Alonzo: recollecting how he disliked, and avoided as much

as possible, every thing connected with calculation.

“And do you ever carry home your Arithmetic to study in the evening?”

Alonzo shook his head. He knew he did not.

“Well. Now you know very well that there is no knowledge obtained at school more important to a man than a knowledge of figures. How does it happen then, if your motive is to fit yourself for usefulness and happiness when a man, that the very study in which you are most deficient, is the very one in which you never make any voluntary effort?”

Here was a little pause, during which Alonzo looked serious. He felt very unhappy. It seemed to him that his teacher was unkind. When he was bringing his books home to study his lesson for the next day, on purpose to please the teacher, —to be blamed just because he had not happened to bring his Arithmetic instead of his Spelling-book, was very hard. Tears came to his eyes, but he strove to suppress them, and said nothing.

“I know, Alonzo,” continued the teacher, “that these questions of mine will trouble you. But I have not asked them for the sake of troubling you, but for the purpose of letting you see into your heart, and learn a lesson of its deceitfulness. I want you to think of this to-night when you are alone, and perhaps I will some day talk with you again.”

So saying, they came out into the road again, near the teacher's residence. They bade one another good-by, and Alonzo walked on alone.

“He means,” thought he, “that if I honestly wanted to improve, I should take most interest in the studies in which I am deficient.” And as this thought floated through his mind, it brought after it a dim, momentary vision of the pride and vanity, and love of praise, which he suddenly saw

revealed, as the secret spring of all those excellencies at school, on which he had so prided himself. But to see all those fancied virtues of industry, and love of learning, and desire to be conscientious and faithful, wither at once, under the magic influence of two such simple questions, and turn into vanity and self-conceit, afforded him no pleasant subject of reflection. He was glad, therefore, to see a load of wood coming into his father's yard as he approached it, and he hastened to "help them to unload." He thus got rid of the disagreeable subject, without actually deciding whether the teacher was right or wrong.

The affair, however, shook, and weakened very much, his faith in the good traits of his character.

He did not come to the distinct conclusion that they were all hollow and superficial; but he had a sort of vague fear that they might prove so,—an undefined notion that they would not bear examination. This was another source of uneasiness laid up in his heart,—a part of the burden of sin which he bore without thinking much of it, though it fretted and troubled him.

Thus Alonzo lived. From twelve he passed on to fifteen, and from fifteen to twenty. He became a strong, athletic young man, known and esteemed for his industry, frugality, and steadiness of character. The time drew near which was to terminate his minority, and at this age, his moral condition might be summed up thus:—

1. The external excellencies of his character arose from the influence of his excellent education. This would have been no disparagement to them, if they had been of the right kind; but they resulted only from the restraints imposed by the opinion of those around him—from the influence of conscience, which, *in respect to some sins*, had been so encouraged and cultivated by his

parents, that it was very uncomfortable for him to act directly counter to her voice, in respect to those sins,—and from the power of habit. His industry, for instance, was based upon the last; his regard for the Sabbath upon the second; and his temperance and steadiness mainly upon the other.

2. He made no regular, systematic effort, to improve his character. In fact, he felt little interest in any plan of this kind. He was much interested in the various plans of cultivation and improvement on his father's farm; but his heart was chiefly set upon the amusements with which the young people of the neighbourhood regaled themselves, in hours when work was done;—the sleigh ride—the singing school—the fishing party,—the husking. In the evening, he was occupied with some one of these enjoyments; and the next day, at his work, he was planning another, and thus life glided on. I do not mean that he was entirely indifferent about his character and prospects as a moral being; he did sometimes feel a little uneasiness about them. Such discoveries as I have already described, gave him a momentary glimpse, occasionally, of the secrets of his heart, and he had a sort of abiding impression that there was something there which would not bear examination. It was an unpleasant subject, and he thought that for the present he had better let it rest. As to his character, it was, he knew, superficially fair. He prided himself a good deal upon the appearance it presented towards others; and he did not see how he could improve it much, without making a thorough work among the motives and feelings of his heart. This he could not but strongly shrink from; so he passed quietly along, and thought about other things.

3. There was no connexion between his soul and

God. I mean no spiritual connexion—no communion—no interchange of thought or of feeling. He was taught to repeat a prayer, morning and evening, and this practice he continued,—that is, he considered it one of his duties, and *meant*, generally, to perform it. As he grew up from boyhood, however, he often neglected it in the morning, until at length he omitted it then altogether; and he gradually found an increasing reluctance at night. He often omitted it,—not intentionally, exactly; he forgot it, or he was very tired, and went immediately to sleep. These omissions, however, which, by the way, were far more frequent than he imagined, did not trouble him as much as it might have been expected that they would, for he began to think that the practice was intended for children, and that he was getting to be too old to make it necessary that he should attend to it. When he did remember this duty, it was only a form. There was no communion or connexion between him and God. So far as the feelings of his heart were concerned, he lived in independence of his Maker.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

THOUGHTS ON CHRISTIAN ASSURANCE; AND LOVE
TO GOD.

(Continued from Page 87.)

Having, in two former papers, endeavoured to describe the nature of Christian assurance, and how it is attainable; furnishing, also, certain tests or marks, by which, on prayerful investigation, the sincerity of our love to God may be proved, we would desire, in bringing the whole matter to a conclusion, to make two remarks, by way, both of caution and encouragement.

1st—*In the way of Caution.* Be exceedingly careful that you lay no other foundation than that which is laid, even “Christ Jesus and him crucified.” It is through him alone that we are admitted into Sonship with the Father; his blood has procured our title to heaven, and any attempt to mix up our own righteousness with his finished work will only tend to our discomfort in the day of account. There is a danger, in our anxiety to know that we are in a state of acceptance before God, to lay too great a stress upon indirect assurance, or the “witness of our own spirits,” to the neglect, more or less, of that confidence which springs from faith in a crucified Saviour. Great circumspection is needed here; for, important as is the evidence of our being in a state of sanctification, we must never forget that justification is antecedent to the commencement of this progressive work. We must *first* know that we have passed from death unto life, by simply taking God at his word, in that testimony which assures and pledges acceptance and forgiveness to every applicant in the name of Jesus: we may *then pass on* to obtain a knowledge of our being possessed of spiritual life, by the existence within us of those symptoms of that life, which the Holy Scriptures reveal to us:—*and it is by the union of the testimony of both these witnesses that our assurance is rendered complete.* The two must never be dissevered, nor the order of the examination in any degree disturbed. To the end of life, the work of Christ must stand alone; he must ever be to the believing soul “all its salvation and all its desire.” The following passage from an eminent modern divine so fully accords with my own views on the point, that I quote it entire:—“It is of essential consequence to observe that the ground of the hope which enters the mind when the Gospel is believed, continues ever after,

the same—without addition—without change. The sinner can never have anything else, and never anything more. He may obtain clearer and larger views of the foundation of his hope; but if the grace of God, through the finished work of Jesus, was its ground at the first, (and if it had any other, it was false and unsanctioned) the same grace, through the same all-perfect work, must continue to be its ground to the last. The entire course of the believer's experience and service—however long, however spiritual, however zealous, and active, and useful; however beneficial to men, however glorifying to God, can add nothing whatever to it; nothing thought, or felt, or said, or done by him, can ever be incorporated with it, without profanity, and without subverting, in regard to the sinner who would so desecrate and dishonour it, its power to save. The work which constitutes this foundation was completed on Calvary: he who builds upon it simply as it stands, is safe; but he who presumes to introduce into it anything of his own—to combine with it anything whatever of his own doing, or his own devising, forfeits life and hope by the presumption: "he falls from grace," and "Christ becomes of no effect unto him." Let the believer, then, remember, that, make of his experience what he will, no part of it must he ever think of incorporating with the work of Christ in the ground of his hope: nothing of ours can be admitted there;—nothing done by us—nothing wrought in us—neither faith itself, nor any of its fruits. Who, indeed, can ever add to what Jesus, with his dying breath, declared he had finished? The attempt is a denial of its perfection. Who can mend without marring—who can touch without polluting it? It is a work in which the hand of the Master has left nothing to be filled up or improved by the disciple; it stands forth in all its

divine excellence and completeness, challenging the admiration, and inviting the confidence of the chief of sinners, but disclaiming any co-operation from the chief of saints. Who will presume to affix any codicil to that will, to which the seal of heaven has been already appended, sanctioning its provisions as perfect and unalterable? To the very last hour of the believer's life, the ground of his hope remains the same: he wishes no change. The more he knows of himself, the more sensitively does he shrink from the thought of associating aught of his with the divine work of his Lord:—and the more he knows of his Lord, the firmer does his confidence become; and with the greater simplicity and exclusiveness, does he adopt the Apostle's language, "God forbid that I should glory, save in the cross of the Lord Jesus Christ, whereby the world is crucified unto me, and I unto the world."

2nd.—*By way of encouragement*, we would remark, that doubts and fears may arise from a deep, oppressive, painful, and abiding sense of constant deficiency, as compared with the high standard of Christian character and duty laid down in the Bible. Now, much as we would desire to impart peace, we must not lower the standard. Christ is our example; we are commanded to "walk even as he walked," and to "purify ourselves even as he is pure." "But then this does not mean, that no man is a Christian, a genuine disciple of Jesus, and a child of God, in whom this resemblance is not perfect; there exists a resemblance, but it is a meagre and a broken outline: notwithstanding, we must keep to our aim—we must set the pattern before us—we must desire, pray, and strive after perfection. Remember for your comfort, that this very feeling which oppresses you—this very consciousness of your short-comings and habitual failings,

is one of the distinctive marks between the regenerate and the unregenerate. In the breast of the unregenerate, conscience may occasionally sound an alarm, and he may render an unwilling obedience to his commands; but this man can have no love to God—no delight in his law—no desire after holiness—no longing after communion and fellowship with him. These principles are characteristic of the new man:—"the flesh lusteth against the Spirit, and the Spirit against the flesh, so that ye cannot do the things that ye would." Freedom from the conflict is not to be expected, till Jordan's cold stream is crossed. It was after twenty-five years' progress in the divine life, that the great Apostle to the Gentiles declared, "I delight in the law of God after the inward man; but I see another law in my members, warring against the law of my mind, and bringing me into captivity to the law of sin which is in my members." (Rom. vii. 23.) This consciousness of universal failure, of multiplied offences, and aggravated guilt, should have two effects upon us;—it should make the Saviour and his salvation the more precious to us, as reaching to the utmost extent of our necessities, and leaving us no room for despair—and it should, at the same time, impart earnestness to our desires after the supplies of God's promised Spirit, to preserve us from "being brought into captivity to the law of sin in our members:" and, "as the name of Jesus is the prevalent plea at the Throne of Grace for these supplies, it should render that blessed name the dearer to our hearts, as our security that they will not be withheld."

But again—Did you assert that you had already attained, or were already perfect, we should doubt exceedingly whether you had not yet to learn which be the "first principles of the oracles of truth." The language of the Christian, through

life, must ever accord with that of St. Paul, "I count all things but loss for the excellency of the knowledge of Christ Jesus my Lord: for whom I have suffered the loss of all things, and do count them but dung, that I may win Christ, and be found in him, not having mine own righteousness, which is of the law, but that which is through the faith of Christ, the righteousness which is of God by faith: that I may know him, and the power of his resurrection, and the fellowship of his sufferings, being made conformable unto his death; if by any means I might attain unto the resurrection of the dead. Not as though I had already attained, either were already perfect: but I follow after, if that I may apprehend that for which also I am apprehended of Christ Jesus. Brethren, I count not myself to have apprehended: but this one thing I do, forgetting those things which are behind, and reaching forth unto those things which are before, I press toward the mark for the prize of the high calling of God in Christ Jesus." (Phil. iii. 8—14.) Here is an example worthy of imitation—simple dependence on the perfect righteousness of Christ for present and final acceptance with God, earnest desires after an increase of spiritual attainments, and a steady progress in the life of faith, and love, and holiness. O, may the example of this once faithful soldier, and now glorified saint, be imitated by every enquiring pilgrim to the heavenly Zion. Let it ever be remembered that here we have no abiding city—our sojourn on earth is but for a season: a world that is eternal, and a state that is unchangeable, are fast approaching. Here we must bear the cross—shortly we shall wear the crown. Numbered among that little flock, whose Shepherd and Elder Brother is Jesus of Nazareth, we shall pass safely through the river of death—

"Part of the host *have* crossed the flood,
And part are crossing now."

Here, we must expect the sorrows incident to humanity; there, "the Lord will wipe away tears from all eyes."

"Here, things as in a glass, are darkly shewn;
There, I shall know as clearly as I'm known:
Here, disappointments my best schemes destroy;
There, those that sow'd in tears shall reap in joy:
There, no failure can I ever prove;
God cannot disappoint, for God is love:
Here, on no promised good can I depend;
But there, the "rock of ages" is my friend."*

Faith, which here rested on testimony, shall there be confirmed by vision. Hope shall be lost in possession; and love, the brightest and the fairest of the sisters three, shall live and grow for ever. It shall fill the whole soul. Doubts and fears shall harass and perplex no more, but our delight shall be in the Lord, and in his presence we shall find "fulness of joy for evermore."

And now, dear Christian friends, for such alone have I addressed,—I would desire to commend this little tribute of regard, for his doubting disciples, to our dear Redeemer, with an earnest prayer that he would fulfil his gracious promise, and pour down upon all of us, a more abundant measure of that Spirit, whereof we trust we have received, that so our journey, day by day, through the enemies' country, may be rendered safer and safer—our resolutions more firm—our confidence more unshaken—our faith more simple—our dependence on Christ more entire and unreserved—our hope more ardent—our affections more heavenly—our love more intense, more pure, fervent, and sincere; and when life shall be ended, when the thread of our frail existence is snapped asunder, our bodies consigned to the grave, and our spirits entered upon an eternal world, may we realize in all its fulness, that "joy which is un-

* Hannah More.

speakable:" then, safe in the embraces of our God, we shall stand before his throne, and serve him day and night in his temple—clothed in white robes, with palms in our hands, and crowns of gold on our heads; in lowly prostration of soul, we shall cast those crowns at our Redeemer's feet, and striking the golden lyre to seraphic tunes, join in that happy chorus, the burden of whose song, throughout the for ever and for ever of eternity, will be—"Holy, holy, holy, Lord God Almighty, which was, and is, and art to come; thou art worthy to receive all glory, and honour, and power. Amen and amen." S. B. H.

Hull, 1837.

DEATH-BED PROFESSIONS OF PEACE.

A PAROCHIAL MINISTER'S EXPERIENCE.

I remember a sick-bed scene, which at the time, made a very deep impression upon me. It is not, I hope, even yet worn out. It was on a Sunday night, in the autumn of 182—, not long after the commencement of my ministry. I was about to retire, fatigued by the public services and other duties of the day; but before I could do this, there was a loud knock at the front door,—a very unusual occurrence at such an hour. Something must be amiss, was the instant thought in my mind. My conjecture was soon confirmed. It was a messenger to request my immediate attendance on one of my parishioners, who was thought to be dying. Wearied both in body and mind, I felt a strange reluctance to comply. I well knew the person; he had been much afflicted with sickness: but his afflictions, I too much feared, had not been blessed to him. Many a warning had I given him of the awful end of an ungodly, sinful life; many a time had I entreated him to

consider his ways, to pray for grace to repent and believe; to flee, whilst he had yet a moment's time, to the Saviour's open arms for present real peace, and everlasting salvation. Being naturally a most passionate man, his passion, I was informed by his family and neighbours, would sometimes, on even the most trifling occasion, rise to an uncontrollable height of fury. Yet he had always received my instruction with what I thought patience; and my admonitions with at least the appearance of a submissive spirit. I do not recollect, however, that any expression of thankfulness for my seeming to take an interest in his spiritual welfare ever escaped his lips. For little temporal kindnesses towards himself and his family he had again and again thanked me—but for no other. The care of the soul was evidently not to him the one thing needful: his thoughts, heart, affections, were all of the world; and he appeared to have no hope or wish beyond it. It was not long before I was hastening to poor H—'s dwelling. I had arrived at the hatch, and was proceeding to enter, when I was thus accosted by a woman—one of the neighbours. "Oh, Sir, walk up, Sir, if you please! Poor H. is, we are afraid, dying! He has been vomiting blood nearly the whole of the day, and now we think, and the doctor too, that he cannot be here long. But, O, Sir, bless the Lord for it! he is in such a sweet heavenly frame, I wish I was so fit to die!" Of course, I made no reply to all this, but went on as quickly as I could to the sick man's chamber. I entered the room with that mysterious awe which I think one ever feels on these occasions. There I thought the king of terrors was doing his worst. It was a kind of garret; every thing was remarkably clean and neat, as well as I could judge by the light of a small candle that was dimly burning on the window seat; the walls

had been recently whitewashed, and the little furniture that was there, set in order. I noticed a Bible lying open on a small table covered with a white cloth. There were many persons in the room besides poor H—'s wife and children. My eye was quickly fixed on the poor sufferer; he was lying in a most exhausted state, but perfectly sensible. I could perceive blood still oozing from his mouth; and I thought his moments were numbered. What shall I say to him? O Lord, direct me in this my difficulty! was my heart's language at that moment. As far as I could understand what he said, in reply to a few remarks I made, it was, that he was completely happy, without any fears; that he longed to be with Jesus; that he felt as if he was already in heaven. His wife and the neighbours who were present, assured me that this had been his strain during the whole day, and a great part of the preceding night. I could not disbelieve what they said, more than what I myself heard; but in my own mind there were the most serious doubts as to the reality of poor H.'s conversion, and the safety of his state. I intimated as much to him. Conversion, I told him, was a great work, the work of God!—that it could be described only by such great expressions as these—a new birth, a new creation, a resurrection from the dead:—that he must not be satisfied with any peace or tranquillity of mind that did not rest on a solid scriptural hope that his sins were pardoned, and his person justified through Jesus Christ: that any other kind of peace was a delusion of the wicked one, the last mighty effort, it might be, to retain and ruin his soul. I then besought him most earnestly to look well into his heart, to pray God to search him and try him, and to shew him to himself; lest, after all, he should go down to the grave with a lie in his right hand. After a short prayer, I

took my departure. I did not expect to see this poor man again in the flesh. My thoughts, I found, were hurrying forward to the solemnities and disclosures of the great day; there was the awful tribunal before which both minister and people would soon be giving up their account unto God. Blessed are they who shall be able to render up their account with joy. Poor H. was, to the wonder of every one, still living on the morrow. He was a little relieved. The discharge of blood had revived him. There was no alteration as to his apparent frame of mind. He was still, he said, quite happy; so great, indeed, he declared, had been his comfort and joys, that once or twice in the past night he thought that he was actually in heaven! Contrary to the expressed opinion of many medical men, he gradually recovered strength. He is, I believe, still living, though years have elapsed since the time I speak of. But, alas! alas! he had long before I left P—, returned to his old and sinful habits. Prayer, the Bible, ordinances, were all, I have reason to believe, neglected by him. He was living literally without God in the world. In considering poor H.'s character, I have often been reminded of that awful passage of Scripture, Matt. xii. 45. My remonstrances were received now just as they were received before his illness—with patience, but without feeling: and almost the last words he said to me before I left the parish were these—words implying the most awful sentiment—that he hoped his sufferings in this life would be instead of any sufferings in the next. Oh, how fearfully deceptive are death-bed professions of repentance and conversion to God! Surely it becomes us all, and ministers especially, to be slow to speak, when we can only barely hope; and not to talk of a glorious heaven, and a never-setting sun, which in the day of judgment may prove to

be the blackness of darkness for ever. Let us, my dear readers, give diligence to make our calling and election sure. Let us work out our own salvation with fear and trembling. Let us, each one of us, say to our souls, when prying too much into the spiritual concerns, and the probable everlasting state of others,—What is that to thee?—follow thou the Saviour!

PERSECUTION AND EXPATRIATION OF THE PROTESTANTS OF ZILLERTHAL, OR THE VALLEY OF THE ZILLER, IN THE TYROL.

From "Notes to Patriotism," a Sermon, &c. By the Rev. T. Hartwell Horne, B.D.

The river Ziller, which descends from the highest summits of the Alps, in its passage to the river Inn, (into which it falls) crosses a valley confined between lofty mountains, to which it gives its name. As the inhabitants are unable to obtain a living there, they are compelled, like many of the Tyrolese, to seek their subsistence elsewhere. During their journeys, undertaken for this purpose, some of them became acquainted with the Gospel; and, on their return home, they carried with them the Scriptures and other religious books. The Bible found a well-prepared soil, and, amid the darkness of popery, a revival commenced, which has ever since been making continual progress. In 1830, nine persons requested that they might be admitted into the (Protestant) Evangelical Church, but the Austrian government refused them its permission. The Gospel, however, continued to extend its influence; and at present more than four hundred persons participate in the convictions of the first nine. It is impossible to form any correct notion of the melancholy condition of these Tyrolese Protestant Christians.

Exposed to the malevolence of the Romish clergy, they had to endure every possible vexation from the civil authorities: the letters which they wrote were suppressed, and those which were addressed to them were not delivered: the magistrates refused either to receive their petitions or to grant them passports. At length, when the late Emperor of Austria (Francis II.) visited Innspruck, in 1832, three of the Protestants of Zillerthal, with difficulty reached that city, and solicited an audience. The Emperor expressed his dissatisfaction at their quitting the Romish Church; but when they frankly told him they could not continue in it without hypocrisy, he replied, that he did not require them to become hypocrites. At length, despairing of obtaining from their own government the free and public exercise of their religion, they implored the assistance and intervention of the king of Prussia. In the letter which they addressed to his majesty, they supplicated him to grant them an asylum in the mountains of Upper Silesia. The king despatched one of his chaplains, the Rev. Dr. Strauss (who must not be confounded with the too-celebrated neologian author of the "Life of Christ"), to Vienna, in order to negotiate this affair with the Austrian government. The latter at length consented to the expatriation of the industrious Protestant families of Zillerthal, and the king himself assigned for their future residence the village of Erdmanusdorf, in Upper Silesia. The Prussian government has defrayed the expense of their emigration, and has given them lands, together with the necessary implements of agriculture, and subsistence, until the soil shall yield its first crop. According to the German journals, the king of Prussia was induced to select the spot for the settlement of his new subjects, because the character of that part of the Silesian mountains bears a considerable re-

semblance to the country which they have just quitted. (*Archives du Christianisme*, 1834, p. 147; 1835, p. 111; 1837, No. 15, August 12th, p. 120.) More recently it has been stated in the London newspapers, that these exiles for the faith of the Gospel have either arrived at, or are on their way to, the asylum which his Prussian majesty, with equal delicacy of attention and Christian benevolence, has allotted for their residence.

PIETY IN ALL CLASSES.

A holy Christian life does not depend so much on outward circumstances as many persons are apt to think. One person is ready to exclaim, "O, if I did but live in such a family, I should be sure to go on well!" Another exclaims, "I never could serve God and walk in his ways, in such a course of life." Now, all this is wrong. It is not the place, but the state of the heart, on which our well-doing depends. If the heart be not right with God, then every outward advantage will be to no purpose; while on the other hand, if, like Enoch, we are "walking with God," we shall stand, in the midst of temptation and danger. A Peter fell, while living daily with Christ himself; and a Joseph stood upright in a Heathen court.

And the same is the case in the present day. Let no one suppose that I wish to speak lightly of outward advantages for leading a holy life. This is quite another thing. It is our duty to value and desire them. All depends on our being where God would have us to be: and what I wish to impress upon my readers, is this—that provided their calling in life is not directly a sinful one, they do better to seek for grace to serve God in it,

with uprightness, and on Christian principle, than to seek to change it because of its dangers, and the prospect of doing better elsewhere. The Scriptures speak of keeping in the stations wherein we are called; and we honour God by believing that he can and will give us grace to serve him in such stations, far more than in seeking to change them for something safer and better.

And where has not the Lord his hidden ones, his faithful followers, who keep their garments from being spotted by the flesh? I know nothing more cheering than to meet with such, from time to time, in the most unlikely quarters. Nothing serves more to shew the reality of faith and of the Divine faithfulness.

A journey which I lately took, and which was of a very painful and anxious nature, was cheered with such discoveries. If there be a class of men in London amongst whom one would least expect to see anything of religious feeling and practice, it is the hackney-coach and cab-men. But amongst the latter, I found one evidently groping away to his duty; and though he had not quite given up all his work on the Sunday, yet he had to a great extent; and so far, as to make a point of always being at liberty to attend a place of worship on the Sunday evening. He was clearly desirous of doing right, and promised me that he would very shortly wholly rest on the Lord's-day.* He mentioned one very gratifying circumstance. He has a brother in service, who used to be very gay and drunken; but since he went to live with the excellent Duchess of —, he has now, for many years, been an entirely new man, pursuing a moral and religious course. Truly the kingdom of heaven is like the leaven. The Lord grant that it may spread more and more amongst all classes.

* Since writing the above, a friend sends me word that he has entirely given up Sunday work.

My cab friend further told me, that he knew two cab proprietors who would on no account whatever take out a carriage or horse on the Lord's-day. I am glad to say that the same is true of some omnibus proprietors.

Oh ! that Christians would encourage such by giving a tract, or a word in season now and then in these quarters. We all need to be roused to be more diligent in spreading a good leaven all around us, not despairing even of the most hopeless persons.

Then, on my return from London, I had the great delight of getting by the side of a pious stage-coach man. Seldom have I had such a treat. I found him a Christian of deep spiritual feeling. He gave me an account of the way in which he spends his Sabbaths. He told me that he "wipes his hands" of the world in good time on the Saturday evening, so as to set his mind in order for the day following ; and then he gave me an account of the clergyman he attends, and all his religious privileges, which he seemed greatly to value. He gave me an outline of the evening sermon of the previous Sunday, from the text, "I have a message from God unto thee ;" and never man seemed to devour the word more than he did. It seemed, he said, to be all on purpose for him.

It was not long ago that I had a similar treat in a mail-coachman. Both, I believe, know what it is to hold communion with God, and to lift up the heart to him while sitting on the coach-box ; and the latter spoke to me, with much feeling, of the comfort he had when he got in, in passing his evenings, in his quiet lodgings, with Henry's Commentary.

Dear reader, complain not of your place, but of your heart. The grace of God can rise to the level of every want ; and it will do so, if we duly seek it in faith.

Aud let me advise young Christians not to be too anxious, in the ardour of their zeal, to rush into new situations of life, in which they think they can better serve God. We want upright, zealous, consistent Christians, in *all* the stations of life. It is a great point to get the leaven of grace equally spread through *all* the ranks and stations of life. The glory of God is thus best promoted. And oh! that we may all learn, in these slippery, dangerous days, to walk circumspectly, rightly valuing our religious helps, but not clinging unduly to them; looking upwards to Him who is alone the strength of his people, and who has promised, "I will never leave thee, nor forsake thee."—*Friendly Visitor*.

THE TWENTY-SECOND ANNUAL ADDRESS TO THE PARISHIONERS
OF ST. MARY'S, KILKENNY.

MY DEAR FRIENDS.—There never has been a period since the first day of my ministrations among you, when the minister of God was more imperatively called upon by passing events, to "cry aloud and spare not;" to lift up his voice like a trumpet, that he "might shew the people their transgression:" (Is. lviii., 1.)—to "reprove, rebuke, exhort, with all long-suffering and doctrine," (2 Tim. iv. 2.) than at the present moment. The cry of destruction is heard throughout the empire; the establishments which have for ages opposed a barrier to the inroads of infidelity, idolatry, superstition, and fanaticism, are assaulted with a fury and a determination, perfectly satanic. Human wisdom, human policy, human plans, human motives, are put forward with all imaginable confidence, as if they could reform a demoralized people, or regenerate a country that had manifested a sad departure from all that the Holy Scriptures teach; or give a contented mind to those who are trained up in a course of systematic opposition to truth, and holiness, and submission to "the powers that be;" or bring contentment into families, where no voice of joy and gladness is heard, but where discontent, sullen or clamorous, takes possession of the mind. The atheistical opinion that the people, and not God, are the source of power, is hailed by multitudes with delight—is maintained with the greatest obstinacy—and is received as an axiom that cannot be controverted. Too many hesitate not to say, that the end sanctifies the means; and thus morality is set at open defiance. It is also melancholy

to perceive, that men have risen up in the Church, who, with a great apparent zeal for God, are "making void the law by their traditions;" (Mark vii. 13,) who seem to hold that the reformation was an evil instead of a blessing; and appear anxious to determine all doubtful questions by an appeal to the Fathers, instead of the Bible. Exposed to these evils, you have need of "the whole armour of God, that you may be able to withstand in the evil day, and having done all, to stand." (Eph. vi. 13.) While others are opposing the truth, do you bind it more closely to your hearts; while others are ruled by expediency, do you take care that you are in all things influenced by principle; while others put out of their creed the atonement of the Lord Jesus Christ, do you regard it as the leading and distinguishing article in yours; and upon the following authority:—Acts xx. 28; Gal. iii. 13; 1 Peter iii. 18; Rev. i. 5; Heb. ix. 13, 14, 15, 28; x. 10, 12, 14; while others live for time, do you live for eternity; while others see not the hand of God in the events which are taking place, do you regard them as signs indicative of the second coming of the Lord Jesus Christ "in power and great glory." The event is certain, (See Mark xiv. 62; Acts i. 11; Phil. iii. 20; 1 Thes. iv. 16; 2 Thes. i. 7, 10; 1 Tim. vi. 14, 15; Rev. i. 7; xxii. 20;) and with it are bound up all the joys and hopes of the children of God, who are taught by the Holy Spirit to "love his appearing;" (2 Tim. iv. 8.) to "look out for, and haste unto, the coming of the day of God;" (2 Pet. iii. 12.) to hope "unto the end for the grace that is to be brought unto them at the revelation of Jesus Christ;" (1 Peter i. 13.) then will it "be well with the righteous," and "ill with the wicked;" (Is. iii. 10, 11.) then will all the dealings of the Lord towards his friends and enemies be stamped with the broad seal of approval, by the whole intelligent creation: and "true and righteous are thy judgments" (Rev. xix. 2.) will be the joyous testimony of the redeemed, while it will be the extorted testimony of the impenitent and unbelieving. "The times and the seasons" are unknown to us, and it is right they should be so: but the day of the Lord so cometh "as a thief in the night," (1 Thes. v. 2.) and "in a moment, in the twinkling of an eye, at the last trump," (1 Cor. xv. 52.) the great change will take place in those who sleep in Jesus, and they will be raised incorruptible; while those "which are alive and remain, (the quick) will be caught up together with them in the clouds, to meet the Lord in the air: and so shall they be ever with the Lord." (1 Thes. iv. 17.) Cheering declaration! Can you enter cordially into it? Can you, when you "see the ungodly in great prosperity, and flourishing like a green bay tree," (Psalm, xxxvii. 35.) "comfort one another with these words?" (1 Thes. iv. 18.) When you hear of Bibles burned, of public worship interrupted, of ministers of God massacred, do you believe that there will be a restitution of all things? that the mystic Babylon will come to destruction after her sanguinary practices and short-lived triumphs? Do you believe that there will be "new heavens and a new earth wherein dwelleth righteousness?" (2 Peter iii. 13.) and are you, according to the promise of God, looking for them?

Has a divine change passed upon your minds? Are you weaned from earth? Are you minding the things of the Spirit? Have you a firm persuasion that the Lord Jesus Christ has "fulfilled all righteousness," and that he is the Almighty; the only Saviour, the only Mediator, the only Redeemer, the only Intercessor? Is he your "all in all" for time and eternity? Do you love him? If so, are you keeping his commandments, (that is, obeying him in all things;) and imitating his example? "A name to live" will not do: this cannot give peace or support under trouble, or remove the sting of death; you must be under "the power of godliness," or you are undone. "In Christ Jesus, neither circumcision availeth anything, nor uncircumcision, but faith, which worketh by love." (Gal. v. 6; vi. 15; 1 Cor. vii. 19.) To be a member of the body of which Christ is the head, is to be a partaker of true happiness here, and of everlasting glory hereafter. (John xvii. 24.)

Let nothing short of this satisfy you.

The roll of death has been considerably lengthened during the past year, and the names of many from among the noble and the excellent of the earth, have been placed upon it. Our late gracious Sovereign, "who had endeared himself to his people by many highly estimable qualities;" and whose candour, kindness, justice, patriotism, and conscientious attention to the duties of his high function, are held in "grateful remembrance," has been removed from the throne of his fathers. He was watched over, counselled, and comforted during the whole of his oppressive and fatal illness, by his now widowed Queen, with the most devoted attachment and exemplary tenderness. May her labour of love be amply repaid by her daily enjoyment of the rich blessings which the Holy Spirit can impart to the believing soul, even in the seasons of its deepest sorrow. The injunction contained in 1 Tim. ii. 1—3, commends itself in an especial manner to the attention of every one who acknowledges the Divine authority of the Scriptures; and I would call upon you to unite in prayer that our young, hopeful, and beloved Queen, may have a long and prosperous reign, and be so replenished "with the grace of God's Holy Spirit, that she may always incline to His will, and walk in His ways," and become a "nursing mother" to the Church.

In the East, we have lost the Bishop of Madras, (Daniel Corrie) a man whose praise has long been in the Churches. Humble, devoted, laborious, affectionate, spiritual, and uncompromising, he lived, as well as preached the Gospel of Christ, and was the honoured instrument of forwarding the great work of evangelization in India. May his mantle fall upon his successor. In the West, we have lost the indefatigable and generous Bishop of Quebec, (the Hon. Dr. Stewart) who will be remembered with gratitude while our Church maintains a footing in Canada. He lived but to promote in that country, which has a strong claim upon the benevolence and sympathy of the subjects of this united empire, the extension of Christ's kingdom. In England, we have lost the Bishop of Salisbury, (Burgess) one of the ablest modern defenders of our Church, and of the divinity of Christ; the belief of which

doctrine she maintains to be indispensably necessary to salvation. The College of St. David's is a standing and most valuable memorial of the Bishop's zeal, disinterestedness, and anxious desire for the spread of sound education and religious principle among the clergy of South Wales.

The sudden removal of Dr. Lloyd, Provost of Trinity College, Dublin, has produced feelings of the deepest regret among the friends of science, literature, and scriptural instruction. Under his fostering care and judicious administration, the University rose high in character and estimation; and additional provision was made for the instruction of divinity students, in the revelation which God has made in the Bible, and from which all his own hopes and comforts were derived. (See the faithful and affecting sermon preached on his death by the Rev. Dr. Singer.)

Some devoted parochial ministers of our Church have also been called, during the past year, to their heavenly rest, and have left behind them a satisfactory testimony that they "walked with, and pleased God," and preached not themselves, but Christ Jesus the Lord.

One I cannot but mention, alike from personal regard, and from a conviction that his example ought not to be lost upon the generation which has survived him—the Rev. Dr. Quarry, of Cork. His kind physician, Dr. Willis, who knew him well for a long period, thus writes: "He was a man of wisdom; calm, but of unflinching fidelity; his eye was single; God's glory was his permanent object—the love of Christ his constraining motive: an enlightened zeal for the spread of his truth, and the establishment of his *dominion* in the hearts of contrite sinners, the absorbing and sacred passion that stimulated his labours, and governed his life. His *life* and *death* were in holy harmony; when in vigorous health, "his heart was with the Lord;" and in the dark valley of the shadow of death, his blessed portion was *perfect peace*, through the *love* that passeth knowledge, and the *truth* that is immutable. The last words I heard him utter, were, "my soul is in peace through the Lord Jesus Christ—*great peace*:" (emphatically) and he shortly added, "I shall soon fall asleep in Jesus." See an interesting obituary of him by H. I. in the *Christian Examiner* for July last.

Nearer home, we have been furnished with fresh proofs, not only of the certainty of death, but also of the triumph over it which faith can give. Mrs Harty, whose heart and whose house were opened, many years ago, to the Gospel, when it was virulently opposed in this place, was exceedingly comforted in her declining days by the consolations which flow from the perennial fountain of redeeming—everlasting love. Her heavy head descended to the grave in the way of righteousness; (Prov. xvi. 31.) and her peace, produced by faith in the *one* offering made for sin by the Lord Jesus Christ, flowed as a river. In her, the Church Missionary Society has lost a cheerful contributor and a warm friend.

Through a long and distressing illness, marked by various changes, Jane, the beloved wife of Doctor Kinchela, was sup-

ported by the invisible, but Almighty power of the Holy Spirit. Patience had indeed its perfect work in her; acquainted with the letter of the Scriptures from a very early period, (for she was one of my most diligent and most attentive Sunday school scholars,) it was reserved for the season of affliction to have their precious truths unfolded to her opening mind; truths which she ever after dwelt upon with gratitude and delight; truths by which she was upheld in seasons of severe conflict; truths which afforded a satisfying portion to her soul in the hour "when flesh and heart fail." There was a richness of experience in Divine things at once discernible in her, which fully proved that with a real hungering she fed upon "the bread of life."

The young among you have received a loud and solemn call to repentance in the very sudden death of Edward Grace, who was known to most of you. Gentle in disposition, kind in manner, obedient to the call of duty, he was much beloved. Diligent at the Sunday school, and most anxious to receive the instruction needful for a learned profession, he has left an example worthy of your imitation; while his attention to the Scriptures, to Church ordinances, and to prayer, gave promise of his being at some future day, actively employed as a labourer in the Lord's vineyard. "The race," however, "is not to the swift, nor the battle to the strong." He is taken, and possessing, as he did, a firm trust in Christ, is blessed. You who are left, prepare, prepare by trusting in Him who is "the Lord our righteousness." The grace of our Lord Jesus Christ be with you. Amen.

Your very affectionate Pastor, and faithful Friend,

PETER ROE.

St. Mary's Parsonage, Kilkenny,

Jan. 1, 1838.

SUFFERINGS OF THE PROTESTANT POOR IN THE LIBERTIES OF DUBLIN.

The following is an extract from a speech delivered by the Rev. W. R. Smith, at the First Annual Meeting of *the Association for the Relief of distressed Protestants*, held in Dublin, on Wednesday the 7th Feb. 1838. The very Rev. the Dean of St. Patrick's, in the chair. It is eminently calculated to call forth the sympathy and prayers of all who love the Lord Jesus Christ, in behalf of their suffering fellow-creatures.

"I will detain the meeting only while I relate one or two facts, which I witnessed myself. For the last year I have had charge of a parish in the Liberty, and have been employed in visiting our wretched brethren. Now, we are inclined to judge of misery by comparison; and I can compare the distress I have seen during that time in Dublin, with the distress I have seen in the West of Ireland, where I was present during the time that three famines raged, and when I witnessed distress and hunger in the most appalling forms. I have seen thousands of starving wretches coming from the mountains and throwing themselves

down in the streets. Major Crawford, who exerted himself to obtain relief for them, can bear me out in what I say. Still, I do declare that I never saw anything that would bear the slightest comparison with the appalling distress and misery of every form, and shape, and character, that is to be seen in the Liberties of your city. In the West of Ireland, at the period I allude to, they had only one misery to contend against; that was hunger. But during the last year, in Dublin, they have had cold and nakedness to struggle against. I have visited houses in the Liberty, that were once well tenanted. I have often felt the stairs creaking under me, and in several instances they did give way under my feet. In these houses, I have found twenty or thirty families in the garrets at the top of the house; I have found miserable Protestant families. In one instance, the father of a family told me, that he had not been beyond the yard at the rere of the house for the space of many months. They were all in a state of absolute wretchedness; and one of the little children hid himself under the bed, when my name was announced, because, as the mother told me, he had not a stitch to cover him. There was not a trace of fire in the room; at one end there was a wretched bundle of straw, on which they all clustered themselves at night. While I was there, two or three of the little children were embracing each other, to try and keep the vital heat within them. If any one doubts the extent of the misery I relate, I will engage, in less time than we have been sitting here together, to shew him a hundred cases. During the last few days, I went to visit a Protestant family, who used to attend the Molyneaux Asylum, where I officiate. The mother had been confined of twins; the father is a painter and glazier, and a few months before, having employment, was in appearance comfortable. In what state did I find them? The mother had two babes hanging at her breast. She laid down one of them; and to shew the extent of her distress, took out of her bosom a parcel of papers, twenty-four in number; they were pawnbrokers' tickets—for every article that could produce a shilling had been pawned. An old sofa was gone; the press, the blankets, even the ladder, which the poor man employed in his occupation as a painter, was pawned; at last he was compelled to pawn his diamond, and now could not earn one penny. Such are the facts: and as I see gentlemen taking notes, I hope they will go forth to the public. There are a number of wealthy people living in the Squares, who are ignorant of the sufferings of the Protestant population in Dublin. I can tell them they are unexampled. I never read, I never heard of such misery until I became connected with the city. To shew the ignorance that prevails, I recollect a few weeks ago, when we had a sermon for the poor Protestants, a lady of rank said to me, 'Is it possible that there are Protestant poor in that part of the city?' I will close, with one observation, which I do not consider unimportant. I would urge the Society not to give relief merely in money—they may give 2s. 6d. or 5s., but it goes for the relief of present necessities. From my own observation, and from having connexion with a Dorcas Society, I

would strongly recommend the Association to give aid to the valuable Parochial Associations, who are, without ceasing, engaged in visiting the districts; none but those who visit can know where the distress is most pressing. The divine precept bids us not only *relieve*, but *see* the distress with our own eyes: pure and undefiled religion is not merely to open our pockets and give the money out of them; the bloated sensualist can do that. it is also 'to visit the fatherless and the widows in their afflictions.'

VARIETIES.

NOVELTY is the temporary charmer of the human race; it gives value to the toy of the infant, to the scheme of the dreamer, and to the thousand and one useless inventions which the patience and perseverance of a perverted intellect ushers into the world. *Novelty* gratifies the commercial and political spirit of a people; hence the daily inquiry, "What news?" "Is there any thing new to-day?" *Novelty* charms the child, the fool, the sage, the saint: all are enamoured of this beautiful evanescence, the offspring of *Time* and *Change*. The child the one hour admires its toy, and the next hour casts it away in a fretful fit of disgust. The fool titters and laughs as he turns up his vacant face and unmeaning eye, to notice what he has not seen before, and the next moment he forgets what he has been looking at. The sage, rising from the severe studies of his manhood, views with delight every new scheme for the amelioration of the wretched condition of the human race; gives his temporary aid, promises his continued influence, and then sinks back into the oblivion of his own retirement, that he may enjoy the pleasure of his own peculiar way. The saint, whose motto is "Peace on earth, good-will to men," is roused by the voice of every new orator, and enters with vigour, for the moment, into every new and practical plan for the promotion of the glory of God, and the salvation of men; but by and by, (though with many happy exceptions) a change comes over his spirit like a spell; he passes from object to object, and from plan to plan, smiling upon all, yet giving permanent and effective aid to none. Such has been the way, IN GENERAL, from the beginning; such will continue to be the way, till men learn, with patience, perseverance, and humility, to imitate God, who, in all his works is uniform, and in all his purposes unchangeable; giving the early and latter rain, appointing seed-time and harvest, summer and winter, teaching his creatures to plant and sow, and wait for the fruit thereof.

JOSEPHUS THE HISTORIAN.—In the beginning of the Jewish war, this eminent man commanded in Galilee. When Vespasian, who was a general of the Roman army under the reign of Nero, had conquered that country, Josephus was at Jotapata. He and

forty more Jews had concealed themselves in a subterraneous cavern, where they formed the desperate resolution of killing each other rather than surrender themselves to the Romans. Josephus, having been governor of the place, and therefore entitled to priority in point of rank, it was at first proposed by the rest to yield it to him, as an honour, to become the first victim. He, however, contrived to divert their minds from this, by proposing to cast lots for the precedency; and after thirty-nine had balloted and killed one another, he, and the other who survived, agreed not to imbrue their hands in one another's blood, but to deliver themselves up to the Romans. Upon this, Josephus surrendered himself up to Nicanor, who conducted him to Vespasian. In this extraordinary manner was the life of this eminent man spared, that he might write his history, which, in many instances, has confirmed and illustrated the sacred volume, and in other ways been useful in every subsequent age.

• **JOHN BUNYAN.**—The celebrated author of the *Pilgrim's Progress* experienced several remarkable providential deliverances. Once he fell into the river Ouse; and at another time into an arm of the sea, and narrowly escaped being drowned. But the most singular instance of his preservation occurred when he was about seventeen years of age. At that time he became a soldier, and at the siege of Leicester, in 1645, being drawn out to stand sentinel, another soldier in the same company desired to take his place: he consented, and his companion was shot in the head by a musket-ball, and killed.

A NEGRO SCHOLAR.—While a naval officer was inspecting one of the schools in the island of Barbadoes, containing two hundred negro boys and girls, a sign was made by one of the children, by holding up his hand, intimating that he wished to speak to the master. On going up to the child, who was somewhat more than eight years of age, the master inquired what was the matter. "Massa," he replied, with a look of horror and indignation, which the officer said he should never forget, and, pointing to a little boy of the same age, who sat beside him, "Massa, this boy says he does not believe in the resurrection." "This is very bad," said the master; "but do you, my little fellow, addressing the young informer, 'believe in the resurrection yourself?'" "Yes, massa, I do." "But can you prove it from the Bible?" "Yes, massa; Jesus says, 'I am the resurrection and the life; he that believeth in me, though he were dead, yet shall he live;' and in another place, 'Because I live, ye shall live also.'" The master added, "Can you prove it from the Old Testament also?" "Yes; for Job says, 'I know that my Redeemer liveth, and that he shall stand at the latter day upon the earth; and though after my skin worms destroy this body, yet in my flesh shall I see God.' And David says, in one of his Psalms, 'I shall be satisfied, when I awake with thy likeness.'" "But are you sure these passages are in the Bible? Here is a Bible, point them out to us." The little boy instantly found all the passages, and read them aloud.

A SABBATH SCHOLAR.—The Rev. Dr. Morrison, who has been so eminently useful in his missionary labours at Canton, in China, particularly in the translation of the sacred volume into the Chinese language, was once a scholar in the High Bridge Sunday School, Newcastle-on-Tyne; and, in a letter to the minister of that congregation, a very few years ago, he referred, with deep feeling, to his standing up in the gallery to be catechised. How much good may be done in the world by Sunday School children, when they devote their hearts entirely to the service of God! And who can tell how great a matter a little fire may kindle? The great benefits produced by means of Sunday Schools will never be fully known till the last great day shall reveal them. Then shall be fully seen the blessed results of the instructions and the prayers of the pious teacher. How ought this delightful consideration to encourage those who now devote their time and energies to promote the welfare of the young; and with what fervour should Sabbath scholars pray that they be “made meet for the inheritance of the saints in light!”

GENERAL DISREGARD OF RELIGION.—If we view religion as a subject essentially spiritual, vital, and practical in its nature and influence; as the teacher of man’s mind, the renewer of man’s heart, and the master and guide of man’s life,—we are compelled to acknowledge that it is too commonly disregarded among persons of all ranks and ages. The moulding and forming period of youth is spent in the thoughtlessness and frivolity, in the dreams and fancies, that characterise that period of life. Manhood is spent in ambition and strife, in toil and care, in plans and vicissitudes. Religion is forgotten in youth amidst the prevalence of gaiety; it is forgotten in manhood through zeal and absorption in secular pursuits; and what remains afterwards, but the feeble period of old age, when the past is recollected with sighs, and when the future is anticipated without solid hope?—*Rev. J. Jones’s Book of the Young.*

POETRY.

THE LOST TRIBES.

Where are ye, buried wand’rers—Israel, where?
 I look to Zion, but ye are not there:
 Fall’n is the sainted city of our God,
 And on its gates is written—Ichabod;
 Where once were seen the priesthood’s holy feet,
 The scoffing bands of Gentile Mizraim meet;
 Siloam’s waters murmur as they flow,
 And not a palm but hath its tale of woe.
 And where is Israel? Judah’s tribe we see,
 Drinking the very dregs of misery;

Scatter'd and peel'd, a weary, wasted race,
 With degradation on each pallid face ;
 From many a city cast, or forc'd to dwell
 Within some straiten'd, dark receptacle—
 Nam'd with the mock of scorn, and doom'd to be
 The butt of every ruffian's ribaldry.
 But, where is Israel ? By what distant main
 Begirt ? surrounded by what arid plain ?
 What waters quench her thirst ? by what far stream
 Do Babel's long imprison'd captives dream ?
 Is the harp still upon the willows hung ?
 Are Zion's songs in stranger-lands unsung ?
 Do scoffers still the weary tribes distress,
 And ask for melodies in heaviness ?
 And though it be but vision bright to them,
 Yet are there some that love Jerusalem.
 Oft on imagination's wings I soar
 To distant realms, and coast each wave-washed shore ;
 Rush with the traveller o'er the desert wide,
 From the hot sand-storm, in which thousands died ;
 Pant for the treasur'd well, the river's brink,
 And stoop, in thirst's last agony, to drink ;
 Start when the Arab's lengthen'd spear I see,
 And search the world, O Israel, for thee.

J. S.

THE MERCY-SEAT.

From ev'ry stormy wind that blows,
 From ev'ry swelling tide of woes,
 There is a calm, a sure retreat ;
 'Tis found beneath the mercy-seat.

There is a place, where Jesus sheds
 The oil of gladness on our heads—
 A place than all beside more sweet—
 It is the bloodstained mercy-seat.

There is a spot, where spirits blend,
 And friend holds fellowship with friend ;
 Though sunder'd far, by faith they meet
 Around our common mercy-seat.

Ah ! whither could we flee for aid,
 When tempted, desolate, dismay'd ?
 Or how the hosts of hell defeat,
 Had suffering saints no mercy-seat ?

There, there on eagle wings we soar,
 And time and sense seem all no more ;
 And heav'n comes down our souls to greet,
 And glory crowns the mercy-seat.

THE
COTTAGE MAGAZINE ;

OR,

Plain Christian's Library.

No. V.]

MAY, 1838.

[VOL. XXVII.

THE DEAF AND DUMB MAN CURED.

The following miracle, performed by our Blessed Lord and Saviour, Jesus Christ, is put on record in the 7th Chapter of St. Mark's gospel. "And again, departing from the coasts of Tyre and Sidon, he came unto the sea of Galilee, through the midst of the coasts of Decapolis. And they bring unto him one that was deaf, and had an impediment in his speech ; and they beseech him to put his hand upon him. And he took him aside from the multitude, and put his fingers into his ears, and he spit, and touched his tongue ; and looking up to heaven, he sighed, and saith unto him, Ephphatha, that is, 'be opened.' And straightway his ears were opened, and the string of his tongue was loosed, and he spake plain. And He charged them that they should tell no man ; but the more he charged them, so much the more a great deal they published it ; and were beyond measure astonished, saying, He hath done all things well ; He maketh both the deaf to hear, and the dumb to speak."

Our Lord Jesus Christ appears seldom to have staid long in one place ; for he went about doing good. When He entered into the coasts of Tyre and Sidon, he did not journey through these places without working a miracle: he then cast out the devil from the daughter of the Syrophenician woman :

and, having departed from the same country, he cured this man, who was deaf, and to all purposes dumb. The neighbours brought him to Christ, and they besought him that He would put his hand upon him, in order that he might be healed.

Oh, that we possessed the same spirit of charity, and sought to bring those who have been deaf to the calls of the Gospel, those who have been dumb, in neglecting to offer the praises of their lips to God; that we would seek them out, and bring them by holy persuasion, and in holy intercession, to the Lord Jesus Christ! It is when we intercede with God in prayer, for our fellow-sinners, that we shew the highest and largest love to them. No distance can hinder this fruit of our devotion. Thus we may oblige those we may never see, those that can never thank us.

We should be quick of hearing in the things of God and of our peace, quick of tongue to call for help; but alas! we are naturally deaf and dumb to good. We have ear and tongue enough for the world; if that do but whisper, we hear it; if that do but draw back, we cry after it; we, naturally, have neither for God. Ever since the ear of man was lent to the serpent in Paradise, it has been spiritually deaf; ever since he tasted the forbidden fruit, his tongue has been naturally speechless to God. Every soul is more deafened, and made dumb by increasing corruptions, by actual sins. Those whose ears the infinite mercy of God has opened, those whose tongue he has untied by the influence of his Holy Spirit, would be deficient in love to their fellow-sinners, did they neglect to bring the spiritually deaf and dumb unto Christ.

All men are naturally deaf and dumb with respect to spiritual things; and various causes hinder them from being healed.

Some are so from wilfulness, they love darkness

rather than light; we have no help for them but our prayers. Some are so from worldly cares and pleasures; to such we should present the torments of hell, and the felicity of heaven.

Many are so from heedlessness, and such we may hope to rescue by inducing them to consider their latter end. All, like the deaf adder, stop their ears until the Spirit of God shews them their misery and danger. O! fearful condition of foolish men! How should we labour for them! how earnestly should we strive for them by fervent prayer, and by every holy means which the Lord Jesus has appointed to bring sinners to himself.

We should give thanks to God for preserving to us the sense of hearing, as we are thus capable of hearing the word of God; and the faculty of speech, as we are thus capable of speaking the praises of God; and let us look with compassion upon those who are thus deaf or dumb, and treat them with great tenderness.

They that brought this poor man to Christ besought Him that he would "put his hand upon him," as the prophets did upon those whom they blessed in the name of the Lord; thus "put his hand upon him," to take notice of his case, and to put forth his power to cure him as he pleased. His cure was solemn, and our Lord used significant actions in performing it. He "put his fingers into his ears," He spit, and then "touched his tongue." Our Blessed Lord used these forms, not, we may presume, as actually necessary to effect the cure, but in condescension to the senses of men. These were not the causes which contributed to the cure, but only signs of the exerting that power which Christ possessed, for the encouraging the faith of the afflicted patient, and of those who brought him. Though we find a great variety in the cases, the reception, and the

manner of relief of those who came to Christ, yet in one way or another, all who applied to Him, in faith, obtained the help which they sought.

It should be sufficient for us to be assured, that our Saviour had his own reasons for acting as he did ; it should be sufficient for us, who know him to be kind, gracious, merciful, to learn what is his will, knowing that this should be our will. Alas ! why do we, poor wretched dust of the earth, go about to measure his love by the spans and inches of our shallow thoughts ! Proud, vain men, in their folly, may think some of his actions trifling and unnecessary. They shall yet know that not the least action of Him who framed this great world, and by whom all things were created, shall fall to the ground.

The Spirit of God is the true Teacher, and it is by the influence of the Spirit, if we do hear the truths of God, that we hear them effectually. If we stop our ears to the kindly-inviting messages, or to the loudly-threatening denunciations of the gospel, trusting in our own wisdom or the wisdom of others, all our forms and principles of religion are but vain. We then shall but go about to establish our own righteousness, ignorant and careless about the righteousness of Christ. Hence the Jewish Rabbis as well as Heathen Philosophers, with all their hearing of human truths, were deaf to the invitations and threatenings of God. Be the power of the Spirit but applied, we shall hear the gentle whisperings of the mercy and grace of the gospel.

Christ is our anointed Saviour, anointed to be our King, our High Priest and our Prophet : our Prophet, teaching us the way of salvation, our High Priest, who atoned for us, and our King, to lead and to protect us in the way, and to bring us safe to the end of it. Thus is Christ's name full of sweetness and of comfort. It is, as an

ancient writer describes, honey in the mouth, melody in the ear, healing in the heart. It is a rich ointment, and is, in the preaching of the gospel, as an ointment poured forth, diffusing its fragrantcy, for which the purified souls of his faithful people love Him. How joyful should be the news then, to us, of such a Saviour; how should we, when our tongues are loosed by the influence of the Holy Spirit, sing, rejoice, give thanks, and declare to others, that "God so loved the world, that he gave his only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have everlasting life!"

There are those whose ears are open, but their tongues are not used for God. They understand, but they do not utter the praises of God, nor tell of his wonderful works. Such should look for more strength and courage from God, that they may declare His truth amidst an evil and perverse generation.

Whilst our Lord was thus applying the cure, His eyes were directed to heaven. Thou, O Lord, hast not only thy dwelling there, but thy seat of majesty. There the greatest angels adore thee. Every good gift, and every perfect gift, coming down from above, how can we look off from that place, whence we receive all good? Thou hast taught us to say, "Our Father which art in heaven." Then help us to look up to thee. Oh, let not our eyes or hearts grovel upon this earth; but let us fasten them above, whence cometh our salvation! Thence, let us acknowledge all the good we receive; thence let us expect all the good we want.

Christ "looked up to heaven," to give his Father the praise of what he did, for he sought his praise, and did his will; and in all this, acted according to the will of His Heavenly Father, and with regard to Him. Thus He signified,

also, that it was by a Divine power, a power he had, as the Lord from heaven, that he did this miracle. "Who hath made man's mouth? or who maketh the dumb or deaf, or the seeing, or the blind? Have not I the Lord?" (Exod. iv. 11.)

Why our Saviour looked up to heaven, though he had heaven in himself, we can see reason enough. But why did he sigh? Surely not for need. How could He but be heard of his Father, who was One with the Father? He was afflicted in the afflictions of man, and He is touched with the feeling of man's infirmities. This is not the first time that our Saviour spent sighs, yea, tears, upon human distresses.

And in our distresses we have a privilege of applying to our gracious Lord for help, in such a time of need. How does the publication of the gospel of Christ answer to its original name, which signifies "good tidings?" These good tidings are the best tidings that were ever heard in any age of the world. O happy shepherds! to whom this news was sent down from heaven! The angel of God said to them, "Fear not, for behold, I bring you good tidings of great joy, which shall be to all people. For unto you is born this day, in the city of David, a Saviour, which is Christ the Lord."

This is the Saviour, who, though we are so miserable, so justly miserable, yet would not have us to perish. He not only took upon himself our nature, but our sins also. We not only read that "the Word was made flesh," but also that He was made "sin for us, who knew no sin," and He was "made a curse for us," that from Him we might derive everlasting happiness and blessing. This spotless Lamb of God then died for us, and made an atonement to God in our stead. He not only delivers His people from the prison-house and from death, but he gives to them a kingdom, and

He sends down the Holy Spirit, the Comforter, into the hearts of His people: whose Divine office it is to cleanse their hearts from all unrighteous affections, and to lead them by His gracious influence into the narrow way of holiness, and in the way of obedience to the laws of God.

The exhortation of the Apostle is, "But as He which hath called you is holy, so be ye holy in all manner of conversation, because it is written, be ye holy for I am holy." (1 Peter i. 15, 16.) And that the same ambition is recommended to Christians by our Saviour, we may learn from the first sermon which He delivered when on the mount, saying, "Be ye therefore perfect, even as your Father which is in heaven is perfect." "Blessed are the pure in heart"—"blessed are the merciful." This is the true beauty of the heart, and its true nobility: but vice introduces degeneracy and deformity also. Our Lord came down to this earth, that He might restore the Divine image upon men; and in healing the deaf and dumb man, continued his work of mercy; and this too is written for our instruction. Let us endeavour to follow the example of our Lord in seeking out those who are in poverty, misery, and sickness, and afford to them the means of alleviating their distresses.

To the exalted dignity of sons of God, are admitted the poor, the obscure, the ignorant—barbarians, slaves, culprits, whom the world look upon with such contempt. It is not learning nor noble birth that raises man to this dignity, but it is a living faith which worketh by love, a faith in the crucified Redeemer. With regard to Christ, we are not bone of his bone and flesh of his flesh, if we do not so feel the smart of our brethren, that the fire of our passion break forth into expressions of tender concern.

Our Lord said "Ephphatha," that is, "be

opened.” This was nothing that looked like spell, or charm, such as they used that had familiar spirits, who peeped and muttered. (Isaiah viii. 19.) Christ spoke as one having authority, and power went along with His word. “Straightway his ears were opened and the string of his tongue was loosed,” and all was well: and happy he, who, as soon as he had his hearing and speech, had the blessed Jesus so near him to converse with. Our Lord was not silent when he cured this man. His Ephphatha was a divine command which gave efficacy to the cure. He could not command that which He made not. Ours is a word of petition, His of command.

Now this cure was a proof that Christ was indeed the Messiah; for it was foretold by the prophet Isaiah what should happen at his coming, and, amongst other things, that the ears of the deaf should be unstopped, and the tongue of the dumb should sing. (Isaiah xxxv. 5, 6.) It was a specimen of the operations of His gospel upon the minds of men. The great command of the gospel, and the grace of Christ to poor sinners, is “Ephphatha;” that is, “be opened.” Thus, the internal impediments of the mind are removed by the Spirit of Christ, as those bodily impediments were by the word of his power.

The compassionate Saviour will open the deaf ears, and loose the stammering tongue, and open the heart of him who prays in faith, as He opened the heart of Lydia, and will open the lips to shew forth His praise.

Our Lord charged the people that “they should tell no man, but the more He charged them, so much the more a great deal they published it.”

If God should bid us to hide the profession of His name and his wonderful works, we should fulfil His words, and not examine into his intentions. He knows how to gain more honour by

our silence than by our loudest declarations. The following a forbidden good against the command of God, differs not from evil. Let God take charge of His glory, let us pray for grace to take charge of His commandments.

They that told it, and they that heard it, were "beyond measure astonished;" they were much affected with it, and said, "He hath done all things well: He maketh both the deaf to hear and the dumb to speak." Whilst there were those that hated and persecuted our Lord as an evil-doer, here were others who were ready to witness for him, not only that he had done a great deal of good, and had done it well, done it modestly, and humbly, and devoutly, and all without money, and without price. He "maketh both the deaf to hear, and the dumb to speak," and that is well; it is well for them, and therefore they are without excuse who speak ill of him.

As we should look with an eye of pity and compassion upon the afflictions and sufferings of others, so should we regard and afflict ourselves concerning the disorders and diseases which sin brings upon the souls of our fellow-creatures. The more holy any person is, the more he is afflicted with the sins of others. David's eyes gushed out rivers of water, because men kept not the law of God. Those that can look coldly on, with dry and undispensed eyes, upon the sins of their fellow-creatures, never truly mourn for their own: did they but abhor sin as sin, offences committed against God would prove grievous to them. It is a senseless, impious heart that does not find itself concerned in the hatred which God bears to sin, and can laugh at that against which God frowns. My soul is nearest to me: my sorrow, therefore, for sin must begin at home: but it may not rest there; from thence it shall diffuse itself over a world.

WORKS AND FAITH; OR, THE STORY OF ALONZO.

“*Created in Christ Jesus unto good works.*”

(*From Abbott's “Way to do Good.”*)

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 119.)

Such was Alonzo's condition, during the winter before he was to be twenty-one. One evening during that winter, “a meeting” was appointed in the school-house. A stranger was to preach. On such occasions, the school-house was always filled. The congregation came from the farmers' families for several miles around; curiosity respecting the stranger, the pleasure of a winter evening's expedition, a sort of intellectual interest in the services, the exhilarating and animating scene which the room presented, the light from the great blazing wood fire beaming upon a hundred bright and cheerful countenances, and in some cases, at least, an honest desire to know and to do duty, constituted the motives which drew the assembly together. At six o'clock, Alonzo harnessed a strong, fleet, well-fed horse into a gaily painted sleigh, and handing his father and mother into the back seat, mounted himself, upon a higher one in front, and away they went jingling down the valley. They were lost to sight by the turnings of the road among the trees, and the sleigh-bells, sounding fainter and fainter, at length died away upon the ear.

A little before nine, Alonzo might have been seen returning slowly up the valley. The moon had risen, and it shone through the trees, casting a beautiful white light upon the snowy wreaths which hung upon them. The horse walked along slowly, and Alonzo was making crosses with his whip-lash upon the smooth surface of the snow which bordered the road. He was lost in thought. The subject of the sermon which he had heard,

was, the importance of preparation for another world ; and it happened, from some cause or other that Alonzo's mind was in such a calm, contemplative state that evening, that the discourse made a strong impression. It was not an impression made by any extraordinary eloquence. The preacher, in a very quite, unostentatious, simple manner, presented truths, which Alonzo had heard a thousand times before, though heretofore they had, as it were, stopped at the ear. This night they seemed to penetrate to his heart. He came out of the meeting thoughtful. He rode home silently. There seemed to be a new view opened before his mind. The future world appeared a reality to him ; it looked near, and he wondered why he was not making a preparation for it. He rode home thinking of these things silently. His father and mother rode in silence too, each unconscious of the thoughts of the other, but both thinking of their son. An unwonted influence was moving upon the hearts of all.

These serious thoughts passed away the next day, but they left behind a more distinct impression than he had been accustomed to feel, that he had a great work to do before he left the world, and that it was a work which he had not yet begun.

He was careful to say the prayer of his childhood that night, with great seriousness, and he made a great effort to think what it meant, while he was repeating it. It is true that there is a great, and, one would suppose, a sufficiently obvious distinction between having the *meaning* of a prayer in the *mind*, and having the *feelings* and *desires* it expresses in the *heart*. But Alonzo did not perceive this distinction. He thought very distinctly of the meaning of the several successive petitions and confessions, and that was all ; but it was enough to satisfy a deceiving and

deceitful heart; and Alonzo dismissed his cares on the subject of his preparation for death, as he went to sleep, feeling that he had made a good beginning.

Alonzo's attention was occupied early the next morning, by an excursion into the forest for a load of wood, with his father, and he entirely forgot his new religious resolutions until the evening. This discouraged him a little. He, however, again offered his prayer, with an effort to keep its meaning in his mind, though that effort was less successful than on the night before. His thoughts would slip away, as it were, from his control, and while he was saying, "My sins have been numerous and aggravated," or "lead me not into temptation," he would find that his mind was dwelling upon the past scenes of the day; it would be off in the forest where he had been at work, or surveying the smooth slopes of hay in the barn loft, or dwelling with pleasure upon the fat, sleek sides of Cherry, feeding in the stall.

Alonzo was so dissatisfied with his prayer, that he began again before he got through, though with not much better success than before. He was vexed with himself, that he could not confine his attention more easily. He could not understand the reason of it. The obvious explanation, a heart alienated from God, and eluding by its own spontaneous tendencies, every effort to bring it to him,—he did not see. Willingly deceived, he was spiritually blind.

However, he succeeded so well, that he thought his second prayer would do, and gradually fell asleep.

Weeks passed on, and Alonzo made, in the manner above described, feeble and intermitted efforts to become a religious man. He said nothing of his feelings to any one. In fact, he would not, for the world, have any body know that he had any

intention of serving God. Whether it was because he was ashamed to be seen in the service of such a Master, or, because he thought that his new feelings were of so high a degree of moral excellence, that modesty required that he should conceal them, we do not say. He was, at any rate, very careful to conceal them.

He made, however, little progress. Weeks and months passed away, and it seemed to him that he remained substantially in the same place. The truth was, there was a current carrying him down which he did not perceive, but whose effects at distant intervals, were very evident. He moved like the little water skipper, whose motions he had often watched on his father's brook, who now and then makes a convulsive and momentary effort to ascend, but who is borne continually backwards by a current steady and unceasing in its flow, so that notwithstanding his leaps, he drifts insensibly down towards the gulf behind him.

Alonzo was like the skipper, too, in other respects. He saw distinctly his own repeated efforts; but the slow, gentle, but continual operation of the current, was unperceived. His face was turned up the stream too, where all was smooth, and sunny, and beautiful. He did not see the dark gulf that yawned behind.

In a word, Alonzo made but little progress. The work was all up-hill. He perceived that on the whole he was not advancing, and yet he could scarcely tell why. There were several difficulties, the operation of which he felt, but there was something mysterious and unaccountable about them.

First, he was continually forgetting all his good intentions. He would, for example, reflect sometimes on the Sabbath, upon his duties and obligations, and would resolve to be watchful all the coming week to guard against sin, and to keep his

heart right. But he found it very hard to control the conduct of one day by the resolutions of the preceding. Saturday night would come, and he would wake up, as it were, from his dream of business and pleasure, and find that his spiritual work had been entirely neglected and forgotten during the week. Half ashamed, and half vexed with himself, he would renew good resolutions, to be again neglected and forgotten as before. What could he do? There was no want of good intention in his hours of solitude, but how to give these intentions an arm long enough to reach through the week; how to make the resolutions of retirement binding upon the conduct during the business and bustle of life, was a sore perplexity to him. If he did not think of his resolutions at the right time, of course he could not keep them, and he could contrive no way to secure thinking of them at the right time. There was another difficulty which very much perplexed and troubled Alonzo in his attempts to reform himself. Sometimes it seemed impossible for him to control his wrong feelings. When he became vexed and irritated, as he sometimes did, about his work, or when out of humour on account of some restraint which his mother laid upon him, he was conscious that his feelings were wrong, and he would struggle against them, as he said, with all his strength, but he could not conquer them. He thought he succeeded *partially*; but he was deceived. It was even worse than he supposed. For all the effect of his struggling was only to restrain the *outward manifestation* of his feelings, while they burned on, in his heart, the same. They were too strong for him, he perceived; and then in his despondency he would get lost in the metaphysical difficulties of the question, how far he could be blamed for what it seemed to him he could not help.

Thus, in ordinary temptations, Alonzo never could think of his resolutions, and in extraordinary ones, he never could keep them, and he knew not what to do. And yet he was not very solicitous or anxious about it. There was, indeed, a vague idea floating in his mind, that there was a great work to be done, which was involved in some peculiar difficulties,—a work which he was yet only partially performing. He determined to take hold of it soon, in earnest. In the winter, it was so cold that he could not conveniently spend as much time alone as he wished. He thought that when the warm spring evenings should come, he could enjoy more solitude, and that the spring, therefore, would be a more convenient season. When the spring came, they were pressed with work, and Alonzo looked forward for a time of a little greater leisure. But when planting was done, there was haying, and after haying, harvesting. Then, Alonzo thought that in a few months he should be free, and that he would make arrangements, as to have the more perfect command of his own time. Thus he passed on, thinking that he was watching for an opportunity to do his duty. But he was deceived. The secret was, an innate dislike and repugnance to the work of doing it. There was a strange inconsistency in his ideas. When he tried to purify and reform his heart, he found, or thought he found, that he could not do it. And yet he had an impression, vague and undefined, and yet fixed and confided in, that he could take it up easily at any time, and therefore it was of the less consequence that he waited for a little more convenient season.

This postponement of a thorough attention to the work, did not give him any particular uneasiness, for he was conscious that though he was not doing his duty quite in earnest enough, he still was not entirely neglecting it.

Alonzo's father had purchased for him a small farm, a mile or two from his own, and Alonzo was now, for some months, much interested in his preparations for taking possession of it when he should be twenty-one; and then, for many months afterwards, his whole soul was engrossed in his plans and labours for repairing the premises, getting his stock in good order, and putting the first seed of his own into the ground. During these months, he remained still a member of his father's family, his own little farm-house being empty and desolate. Occasionally, however, a piece of furniture was brought there, and he would carry it and fix it in its place, and then survey it again and again with a look of satisfaction. First came a stained birch bureau, then a half dozen of chairs, then a bedstead. A few simple implements for the kitchen followed, and a load of wood was piled up in the yard,—in short, the house began to look as if it was really intended to be occupied.

At length, one evening, lights were seen by the distant neighbours in both the rooms,—for there were but two. Busy preparations were going forward, and at eight o'clock, Alonzo drove up to his door in his own sleigh, and handed out, first, his sister, and then, the bride, whom he had brought to share with him the responsibilities of his new home.

Alonzo led his horse away to the barn, took off the harness, and fastened him to his crib, previously filled to the top with hay. While doing this, he could not help thinking of his obligations to God for the circumstances of prosperity, and the prospects of happiness under which his life had been commenced. He thought *he ought* to be grateful. But this, as he afterwards found, was a different thing from actually being grateful. At any rate, he could not help thinking of his obligations, and of the duty of gratitude; and this re-

mind him of the question whether he should commence, that evening, family prayer.

"It is your duty to do it;" said Conscience.

"You will not do it properly. You will be embarrassed and perplexed: you cannot begin to-night," said Distrust.

"Still," said Conscience, again, "it is your *duty* to do it."

"You had better wait a day or two, till you get settled; it will be much easier, and more pleasant then," said a lying spirit of evasion and delay.

"It is *your duty to do it to-night*," murmured Conscience, again.

Distracted by the discordant thoughts within him, Alonzo cut short their clamour, by saying to himself that he *could not* begin that night, and hurried in; and the murmurs of Conscience grew feebler and feebler, and at length died completely away.

(To be continued.)

A VISIT TO A SABBATH SCHOOL.

In the month of May, 1820, I was visiting a distant part of Ireland, where business had led me to a very small, but neat village, the scenery of which greatly struck me as I entered. It was situated in a valley richly cultivated, and the poor inhabitants seemed all industrious. The parish church and chapel were, at either end, on a rising part of the scene, and the little glebe-house just under the church. On my entrance upon this pretty scene, I made some general enquiries of a little girl, the first person whom I met; but as she did not answer me very satisfactorily, I went over to a neatly trimmed cottage, and knocking gently at the door, was pleased to hear the sound of many voices singing, which, however, shortly being ended, the door was opened to me by a rosy little

girl, of whom I enquired "who lived in the cottage." She quickly answered, with some surprise, "Why, Sir, this is our Sabbath School, it is just opened." I then followed her in, and an elderly lady approached, and kindly enquired, observing me to be a stranger, if I wanted any thing. I said that business had led me into that part of the country for a few days, and, attracted by the scenery, I had wandered a little farther than I had intended, and, passing this house, had heard the voice of children singing, and as I was myself a lover of Sabbath Schools, would take pleasure in listening to the manner in which the school was conducted. She observed, that a leading regulation with them was, that no visiter was to speak, either to teacher or children, during school hours, but that I was most welcome to take my place any where in the room and listen. She begged me to enter gently, and sit near the Bible Class. I did so, and a more pleasing sight I do not think I have witnessed for some time. The Class was composed of eight girls, the eldest of whom was about twenty, and the youngest twelve. They had been reading the 8th chapter of Genesis, which they had just finished, and were now, I was informed, looking it over to themselves to see how far they understood it. After a time, their teacher asked them, "In which verse here do we read of God's making a covenant of safety with Noah, and his family, and the beasts of the earth, and what does this covenant signify?" One of the younger girls answered, that it was in the 21st and 22nd verses.

Teacher.—Pray would you tell me what was the seal of this covenant, for as I have often observed to you before, to every covenant which the Lord our God has made, he has put a seal.

All the other girls turned their eyes to the head of the class, who seemed to be a thinking girl, well

informed on such matters, and they saw her turn to the 9th chapter, and read from the 13th to the 18th verse.

Teacher.—Do you recollect where again in the Bible this covenant is spoken of?

The same girl turned to Jeremiah, xxxi. 35, 36, xxxiii. 20. “Yes,” said the teacher, “and what a promise is there, that the seed of Israel can never cease from being a nation of the Lord’s. Now when I say the seed of Israel, tell me, Ellen, do you understand me to speak of the Jewish people alone?”

Ellen.—No, ma’am, for we are told in the epistle to the Romans, that all were not Israel that were of Israel.

Teacher.—Well, then, where do we read that there is no difference between the Jew and the Greek?

Ellen.—In the same epistle, 10th chap. 12th verse.

The other girls, also, soon pointed out other passages which declared the same truth. (Gal. iii. 28.) (1 Cor. xii. 13.)

Teacher.—Now, my dear girls, I would wish you to dwell on the chapter a little longer, and tell me, Susan, do you find any improvement from the reading of it, and particularly from what is told us of the dove returning to the ark?

I observed now that the teacher was very particular in addressing herself equally to all her class; but if she saw any of them attending more than the others, she then addressed her next question to them, which had the desired effect of bringing the rest to more attention.

Susan.—Why, indeed, I think it teaches me to keep my heart from wandering from the living God, and to be waiting on Him continually.

Teacher.—It is right to use it in that way to your own edification—it is well to find in all we

read, some motive, or principle, or example, to stir us up to seek holier and happier fellowship with God. Now, then, my dear girls, listen to what I would point out to you. By the remembrance which God had of Noah, we are immediately led to what God said—and the teacher paused as if anxious that some of the class should conclude the sentence.

“In the 6th chap. of Genesis,” said Susan, “With thee will I establish my covenant.”

Teacher.—The process which the Lord was pleased to appoint in the gradual decrease of the waters until the earth became dry, the opening the windows of the ark by Noah, the sending forth of the raven and the dove, furnish us with much improvement. We should, as Susan very properly answered, be always waiting on the Lord; as the dove found no rest for the sole of her foot, so the Lord’s people have no rest here in the world’s amusements and business, but like the dove returning to her rest, they will find it in Christ, and in the ordinances and privileges of His church.

Which of the apostles, asked the teacher, gives us an account of Noah, and tells us that all we have read this day was the fruit of his faith?

Susan, and indeed all the class, quickly replied, “Paul, in the eleventh chapter of the epistle to the Hebrews.”

Teacher.—Very right. Our next verse is, “And the Lord smelled a sweet savour.” It is to be remarked, that the Holy Ghost, by Paul to the Ephesians, saith the same of the Lord Christ, in the 5th chap. and 2nd verse; and, my dear girls, I would beg you to make the truth contained in the 22nd verse of our chapter, particularly the subject of your meditation this evening. It is now, I believe, four thousand years since the promise there contained was given, and graciously, indeed, has the Lord remembered it; and find out for me

by which of the prophets is this promise mentioned, besides Jeremiah. "I would now ask you, Jane," continued the teacher, "what you think we learn from the raven's not returning to the ark? You know the ark signifies the church, as Noah typifies Christ, and the waters the ordinance of baptism."

Jane.—Perhaps it shews us the character of worldly persons.

Teacher.—In the same way, for our own improvement, it may be regarded as an emblem of the carnal mind, which, though with great professions, perhaps can still live upon the carcase without, and feel no desire to enter into the ark. Thus, my dear children, is the spirit of the worldly exhibited in what is here told us of this unclean bird, while, as we observed before, the dove affords a lovely image of a gracious soul, which can find no rest but in the Lord Jesus Christ. And O! my children, that we none of us may be found among those who can be content to wander outside, but may the Lord give us that dove-like simplicity, and godly sincerity, which pants to enter within, and may the Almighty Saviour of his church and people, without whom we can do nothing, stretch forth his hand and take us to his ark, that we may dwell with him in a quiet and sure resting-place for ever and ever.

The lesson being ended, the teacher commenced a fresh work, which was to give each girl her task for the next Sabbath. After which, finding that the hour for closing the School had now arrived, she entered into conversation with her little class; she spoke to them of the preciousness of the Bible, which unfolds, not only the history of God's people in distant ages, and his dealings with them, but contains those exceeding great promises which enable us of this age to follow these worthies, who have, by faith and patience, inherited the comple-

tion of these promises in the kingdom of glory. She spoke to them of Him for whose sake these promises were given, and in whom they are all made to the believer, yea, and amen; and thus the happy theme beguiled the remaining moments till the bell rang, and the scholars were invited to join in the hymn,

“ Precious Bible ! what a treasure
“ Does the Word of God afford.”

Which having sung, they went to their respective homes.

EDWARD VI.

“ At his coronation, when the three swords, for the three kingdoms, were brought to be carried before him, he observed, that there was one yet wanting, and called for the Bible. ‘ That,’ said he, ‘ is the sword of the Spirit, and ought in all right to govern us, who use these for the people’s safety, by God’s appointment. Without that sword we are nothing; we can do nothing. From that we are what we are this day; we receive whatsoever it is that we at this present do assume. Under that we ought to live, to fight, to govern the people, and to perform all our affairs. From that alone we obtain all power, virtue, grace, salvation, and whatsoever we have of divine strength.’ Child as he was, so well had he been trained, and so excellent was his moral and intellectual nature, that he was capable of thus thinking, and thus expressing himself. One, who was about his person, says of him, ‘ If ye knew the towardness of that young prince, your hearts would melt to hear him named: the beautifullest creature that liveth under the sun; the wittiest, the most amiable, and the gentlest thing of all the world.’ ‘ No pen,’ says Fuller, ‘ passeth by him without prais-

ing him, though none praising him to his full deserts.'

There is a beautiful anecdote of this excellent prince, who, of all men that history has recorded, seems, in moral feeling, to have advanced the farthest beyond his age. Ridley had preached before him, and with that faithfulness which his preachers were encouraged to use, dwelt upon the pitiable condition of the poor, and the duty of those who were in authority to provide effectual means for their relief. As soon as the service was over, the king sent him a message, desiring him not to depart till he had spoken with him; and calling for him into a gallery, where no other person was present, made him there sit down, and be covered, and gave him hearty thanks for his sermon, and his exhortation concerning the poor. 'My Lord,' said, 'ye willed such as are in authority to be careful thereof, and to devise some good order for their relief; wherein I think you mean me, for I am in highest place, and, therefore, am the first that must make answer unto God for my negligence, if I should not be careful therein.' Declaring then, that he was, before all things, most willing to travail that way, he asked Ridley to direct him as to what measures might best be taken. Ridley, though well acquainted with the king's virtuous disposition, was, nevertheless, surprised, as well as affected, by the earnestness and sincere desire of doing his duty, which he now expressed. He advised him to direct letters to the lord mayor, requiring him, with such assistants as he should think meet, to consult on the matter. Edward would not let him depart till the letter was written, and then charged him to deliver it himself, and signify his special request and express commandment, that no time might be lost in proposing what was convenient, and apprising him of their proceedings.

The work was zealously undertaken, Ridley himself engaging in it; and the result was, that, by their advice, he founded Christ's Hospital, for the education of poor children; St. Thomas's and St. Bartholomew's, for the relief of the sick; and Bridewell, for the correction and amendment of the vagabond and lewd: provision also being made, that the decayed housekeeper should receive weekly parochial relief. The king endowed these hospitals, and, moreover, granted a license, that they might take in mortmain lands, to the yearly value of four thousand marks, fixing that sum himself, and inserting it with his own hand when he signed the patent, at a time when he had scarcely strength to guide the pen. 'Lord God,' said he, 'I yield thee most hearty thanks, that thou hast given me life thus long, to finish this work to the glory of thy name!' That innocent and most exemplary life was drawing rapidly to its close, and in a few days he rendered up his spirit to his Creator, praying God to defend the realm from Papistry."

The foregoing is extracted from Southey's *Book of the Church*, where ample justice is done to the exquisite moral beauty of young Edward's character, who, at the time of his coronation, was not ten years old, nor at his death sixteen. But the deep root of these fair outward blossoms was fixed beyond the sight of mortal man. Edward was spiritually-minded in a high degree: his Protestantism was drawn from the Bible, which he loved; nourished by a life of faith and prayer; and continually stretching forth to overshadow the kingdom committed to his youthful charge.

We have before us, at this moment, a fine original likeness of Edward, for which he sat to Holbein, and never did canvass more eloquently pourtray the lineaments of a countenance speakingly corroborative of what history has recorded

of an individual. At once noble and delicate, thoughtful and earnest, gentle and decided, it bears an impression of character so touchingly fine, that, even without a suspicion of its representing a person of known celebrity, no observant eye can be hastily withdrawn from contemplating it. The small velvet cap, with its diamond loop, and short curled ostrich plume, placed negligently on one side of the head, increase the evident resemblance of his father; while the softened beauty of every feature, disclaims participation in the ruder traits of Henry's vicious character. There is a placid majesty in the finely arched brow, and a contemplative meaning in the full, dark blue eye, scarcely bearing the stamp of that which "is of the earth, earthy:" and, indeed, allowing for the action of nearly three hundred years upon the tints, there is a palpable fading away, a decaying of the outward man, that tells of a near approach to things unseen, and eternal. This picture yields as full a testimony as portraiture can give, to the fond description of his attached attendant, "The beautifullest, the wittiest, the most amiable, and the gentlest thing of all the world."—*Christian Lady's Mag.*

THE PROTESTANT CATECHISM: SHEWING THE PRINCIPAL ERRORS
OF THE CHURCH OF ROME. IN FOUR PARTS.

PART I.

Of the Rule of Faith, and the Infallibility of the Church.

"Do ye not therefore err, because ye know not the Scriptures?"—Mark xii. 14.

Q.—*Are you a Christian?*

A.—Yes, by the grace of our Lord Jesus Christ.

Q.—*What do you understand by a Christian?*

A.—One who professeth to believe in Christ, and to obey him.

Q.—*To what Church or Society of Christians do you belong?*

A.—I thank God, I am a Protestant.

Q.—*What do you mean by a Protestant?*

A.—One who protests against the errors of Popery, and admits no rule of faith and practice but the holy Scriptures.

Q.—*What do you understand by a Papist, or Roman Catholic ?*

A.—One who acknowledges the Pope to be supreme head of the Church ; and, besides the Scriptures, receives whatever the Church of Rome directs, as the rule of faith and practice.

Q.—*Are the Scriptures a full and sufficient rule of faith and practice ?*

A.—Yes ; the Scriptures being the Word of God, cannot but be a sufficient and perfect rule, and “able to make us wise unto salvation.” (1 Tim. iii. 15.) “Ye are clean through the Word which I have spoken to you.” (John xv. 3.)

Q.—*May all people read the Scriptures ?*

A.—They not only may, but it is their duty to read them, or, as they have opportunity, to hear them read : for our Saviour has expressly commanded to search the Scriptures, (John v. 39) and St. Paul orders his epistle to be read to all the brethren, (Thes. v. 27) that is to all Christians ; and the Bereans are commended for searching the Scriptures. (Acts xvii. 11.)

Q.—*Doth the Church of Rome allow the free use of the Scriptures to the people ?*

A.—No ; which is not only very unreasonable, as they are the law by which all men are to be governed and judged ; but exceedingly wicked, as Christ and his Apostles have commanded us to read them.

Q.—*Why are the Scriptures kept from the people ?*

A.—That they may not see how contrary their religion is to the Word of God.

Q.—*Are not the Scriptures obscure, and hard to be understood ?*

A.—As to whatever is necessary to salvation, they are plain and easy to those that read them with due care, and suitable dispositions. “If the Gospel be hid, it is hid to those that are lost, in whom the God of this world hath blinded the minds of them that believe not.” (2 Cor. iv. 3.)

Q.—*What are those suitable dispositions ?*

A.—A humble desire of instruction, and a resolution to practise what we find to be our duty. “Receive, with meekness, the ingrafted Word, which is able to save your souls ; but be ye doers of the Word, and not hearers only.” (James i. 21, 22.)

Q.—*Do the Papists allow the Scriptures to be the Word of God, and Rule of Faith ?*

A.—They allow them to be the Word of God, but not the entire Rule of Faith, except as explained by their unwritten traditions, and the authority of their Church.

Q.—*On what do they found this doctrine ?*

A.—On the pretended infallibility of their Church.

Q.—*Where do they suppose this infallibility to be placed ?*

A.—In that point they are not agreed among themselves. Some place it in the Pope ; others, in general councils, approved by the Pope ; and others, in general councils, whether approved by the Pope or not.

Q.—*How do you prove that none of these are infallible ?*

A.—From many great errors into which several Popes and councils have fallen, and from the contradiction of their decrees ;

one Pope condemning what his predecessor had approved, and one council rejecting the decrees of another council.

Q.—*Does it seem to have been the intention of Almighty God, that there should be an infallible judge among men?*

A.—No; for, if an infallible judge had been intended, he would certainly have been declared in Scripture; but there, on the contrary, we are commanded to examine, and judge for ourselves. “Believe not every spirit, but try the spirits, whether they be of God.” (1 John iv. 1.) “Prove all things; hold fast that which is good.” (1 Thes. v. 21.)

(*To be continued.*)

THE POPISH CONFSSIONAL.

The following extract from the Rev. Mr. NOLAN’s third Pamphlet, gives a fearful picture of the iniquity and crime promoted by the Confessional in Ireland:—

“During the last three years I discharged the Duty of a Romish clergyman, my heart often shuddered at the idea of entering the confessional. The thoughts of the many crimes I had to hear—the growing doubt upon my mind, that confession was an erroneous doctrine—that it tended more to harden than reclaim the heart, and that through it I should be rendered instrumental in ministering destruction to your souls, were awful considerations to me in the hours of my reflection. The recitals of the murderous acts I had often heard through this iniquitous tribunal, had cost me many a restless night, and are still fixed with horror upon my memory. But, my friends, the most awful of all considerations is this, that through the confessional I had been frequently apprised of intended assassinations, and most diabolical conspiracies; and still, from the ungodly injunctions of secrecy in the Romish creed, lest, as Peter Dens says, the confessional should become odious, I dared not give the slightest information to the marked-out victims of the slaughter. But though my heart now trembles at my recollection of the murderous acts, still, duty obliges me to proceed, and enumerate one or two instances of the cases alluded to.

“The first is the case of a person who was barbarously murdered, and with whose intended assassination I became acquainted at confession. One of the five conspirators (all of whom were sworn to commit the horrid deed) broached to me the bloody conspiracy in the confessional. I implored him to desist from his intention, and of becoming an accomplice to so diabolical a design. But, alas, all advice was useless—no persuasion could prevail, his determination was so fixed; and his only reason for having disclosed the awful machination to his confessor, seemed to have originated from a hope that this wicked design would be hallowed by his previous acknowledgment of it to his priest. Finding all my remonstrances unavailing, I then resorted to stratagem. I earnestly besought of him to mention the circumstance to me out of the confessional, in order that I

might apprise the intended victim of his danger, or caution the conspirators against the committal of so inhuman a deed. But here ingenuity itself failed in arresting the career of his satanic obstinacy. The conspirator's illegal oath, and his apprehension of himself becoming the victim of brutal assassination, should he be known as the revealer of the conspiracy, rendered him inflexible to my entreaties; and awful to relate—yes, awful—and the hand that now pens it shudders at the record it makes—a poor inoffensive man, the victim of slaughter, died a most cruel death by the hand of ruthless assassins. O, my dear Protestant country, you will now naturally ask, whether am I, or the perpetrators of the bloody deed, most to be censured? I, who knew the murderers and the murdered previous to the act—I, who had met the intended victim of slaughter in the public streets but a short time antecedent to his death? But, my friends, the prejudices of my early life in favour of the doctrine of auricular confession, and the influence of subsequent education, instilling into my mind the inviolability of that iniquitous tribunal, must plead before my God and the public, as my only apologies for the concealment of the diabolical conspiracy. And now, you Romish priests, I ask you, could the Lord Jesus institute a doctrine so monstrous in its practice, and so subversive of the principles of humanity—a doctrine that beholds the dagger pointed at the human heart, but hushes the warning voice that would apprise the devoted victim of his danger? I must now proceed with the recital of another case, more revolting to humanity than even the former one. It is that of a female administering poison to her parent. Her first attempt at parricide proved ineffectual, owing to an immediate retching that seized the parent after taking the draught. The perpetrator of this foul deed afterwards came to confession, and acknowledged her guilt; but circumstances showed that she only sought for priestly absolution, to ease her mind, and prepare her for a speedy repetition of her heinous crime. Again she attempted the act, and it proved successful. I was called on to attend the dying parent. The unnatural throes and convulsive agonies of the unfortunate man, convinced me that the disease was of no ordinary nature. The previous confession of his daughter, who at this time made her appearance, rushed upon my mind, and suggested that the parent was a second time poisoned. From what I had known through the confessional, I could not even hint at the propriety of sending for medical attendance, for the Romish doctrine impressed an inviolable secrecy upon my lips, and prevented me giving the slightest intimation of the malady; whilst the poor patient, unconscious of the cause of his death, died in the most excruciating agonies of which humanity can form a conception. O! monstrous system of confession! Will you dare any longer to ascribe your origin to the Great Eternal, and thus affix to Nature's God the blasphemy of your tenets? Oh, thou iniquitous tribunal! thou cloak of crimes—thou abettor of wickedness, thou brutal murderer! A child attempts the most diabolical act against a parent, but thou, by presuming to erase the past transgression,

only encourages to a repetition of the crime. A parent suffers the most agonizing tortures, and dies in the most excruciating pains from poison, administered by an unnatural daughter; but thou, polluted tribunal, wilt not allow the priest acquainted with the circumstances to disclose the cause of his heart-rending death. O, my Roman Catholic countrymen, why not awaken from your lethargic slumbers? why not arise from the mystic spells that bind you, and cast off that unnatural yoke which would dare to unite your God in an unholy alliance with such monkish blasphemy? Should any, unacquainted with Romanism question the veracity of these statements, let him consult history, and he will find many similar facts. Did not the Romish priest, the Rev. Mr. Garnet, the provincial of the Jesuits, justify his concealment of the gunpowder plot, on the pretext of its being revealed to him at confession? Did not Father d'Aubiny, the French Jesuit, put forward a similar plea of justification for concealment, when the assassin, Ravillac, (that stabbed Henry IV.) in 1610, acknowledged to him, in the confessional, his plan of regicidal murder? But why need I refer to such circumstances, as every priest who has acted in the capacity of a confessor, must admit the fact of similar cases frequently coming before him at the confessional?"

MISSIONARY SOCIETY FOR THE NORTH OF AFRICA.

The object in forming this society is, to establish Protestant churches in the colony of Algiers, where a great number of Protestants from different nations have been residing for many years, without Bibles, churches, pastors, sacraments, or schools; consequently, without instruction, and destitute of consolation, or any means of edification. The society have been so evidently blessed, that they are disposed, notwithstanding the deep sense of their weakness, and the view of the numerous difficulties that must be encountered, to persevere in this work with humility; feeling that in doing so, they obey the command of our Lord—"Go ye into all the world, and preach the Gospel to every creature." They thank their brethren for the aid they have already granted, and would solicit a continuance of their co-operation and their prayers. Their hearts rejoice at the thought that their fellow-Christians, who were so long deprived of public worship and all other means of grace, are possessed of the advantages we enjoy—that they have the privilege of uniting round the table of the Lord, to commemorate the death of Christ; that they have schools and religious libraries; and that they can call on a minister of the Gospel to comfort their sick, and dissipate the horrors of the tomb, in speaking to them of Christ, the hope of life and immortality.

The following are extracts from the last report of this interesting Society:—

CHURCH AT ALGIERS.—On Christmas day, 1835, the Church was opened for public worship: notwithstanding the impossi-

bility of making it known to all the Protestants, there were assembled about 120. Mr. Roussel preached from these words, "For I am determined not to know any thing among you, save Jesus Christ and Him crucified." Emotion was visible on many of their countenances. What must it be attributed to, but the very affecting circumstance of the opening of public worship for persons who had been deprived of it for so many years? Since that time, on each Sabbath and festival days, the celebration of worship has taken place, the Sacraments are administered, Protestants are visited and exhorted, and adults are assembled to receive religious instruction. The population of Algiers, being in a great part Germans, M. Hoffman, who speaks that language, has his congregation considerably augmented, and his duties have increased.

WORSHIP AT THE HOSPITAL.—The establishment of divine worship has been authorised in the military hospital, where M. Roussel hastened on his arrival to bring the blessings of his ministry to the invalids. On each Thursday, worship is regularly celebrated. The hospital is visited during the week, and thirty Testaments have been left there. The civil hospital and prisons are also regularly visited. M. A. Gulielma, independently of his school, conducts a small class in the evening at the civil hospital for the overseers of the infirmary.

SALE OF RELIGIOUS WORKS.—At the market-place, a young Jew sells, daily, until ten o'clock, and the remainder of the day, from house to house, Bibles and religious works. The Spaniards purchase, most willingly the Word of God. We do not doubt but a Missionary, speaking the language of this nation, would announce with profit, the good news of salvation to these people, plunged, in general, in the depths of corruption. It is worthy of remark that, during the first six months of M. Roussel's sojourn at Algiers, he sold at a public place in this town, Bibles and Testaments in each language—in Spanish, Italian, German, English, Hebrew, and Arabic, and did not sell a single copy of the French Testament.

RELIGIOUS LIBRARIES AT ALGIERS.—Three Religious Libraries have been established; one for the town, one for the military hospital, and the third at Casba, (Caserne.) It is impossible to obtain sufficient supplies for the two last. The books have been read repeatedly and with earnestness. It would be desirable that these libraries should be increased; we therefore solicit the grant of some select religious works for them.

THE SCHOOL AT ALGIERS.—On the 25th of December, 1835, M. Albino Gulielma opened a school; he commenced with two scholars, but in less than three months after, the number had increased to sixty. Besides the usual instruction which is taught in schools, M. Albino endeavours to convey religious knowledge. Each day the Bible is read and explained, and this lecture is accompanied with prayer. There are, at least, forty Roman Catholics who attend the school; the scholars, in general, have acquired a taste for this study; and if it ever happens that the master omits the reading of the Testament, or prayer, they re-

mind him of it. We need only state one fact to assure you that this Christian education has already produced some fruit. Many of the parents, who were struck with observing that their children not only frequented the school with eagerness, but had renounced their bad habits, requested M. Albino to raise the stipulated salary from three to five francs per month. M. Albino is so beloved by the children entrusted to his care, that even on Sabbaths and Thursdays, they delight to surround him to listen to his instruction, and sing psalms. He accompanied them to walk on these days, and nothing can equal the joy which this good master experiences on finding himself in the midst of his pupils. On M. Albino being placed at the head of a Jewess's school, he expresses himself thus:—"On leaving my school, I make a sacrifice to my mind, greater than that of Abraham; (he at least was assured of receiving from the Eternal his only son Isaac,) but I sacrifice not only my liberty, my interests, my independence, but the affections of a father. I commit them to the care of my brother Bauman, notwithstanding the murmurs of the children and their parents, which I stifle by the testimonials that I render to his knowledge and zeal."

THE PRINCE OF MIR.—This extraordinary man, by the greatness of his views, and the wisdom of his mind, after having, in a very short period, united around him three hundred European settlers, and formed alliances, more or less intimate, with four hundred Arab families, requested our general agent to procure him a Christian minister, who would become the pastor of the European colonists, and the instructor of the Arab children. We have undertaken to seek a devotedly pious man; and this shall be, if it please God, the first seed of the Gospel thrown amongst the disciples of Mahomet in the North of Africa.

FAITH IN CHRIST.

"If we believe that Jesus died." O that important IF! All our saving interest in his death and resurrection turns on this point—Have we obtained precious faith in him? Righteousness was imputed to Abraham through faith; and the apostle says, (Rom. iv. 24,) it shall be imputed to us also, if we believe on him that raised up Jesus our Lord from the dead. The scriptural statement is perfectly clear:—"He that believeth on the Son hath everlasting life, and he that believeth not the Son shall not see life, but the wrath of God abideth on him."

What is faith? Receiving the Divine testimony as altogether true, and hence, relying, notwithstanding all the accusations of law, conscience, and Satan, on the Saviour, as our complete Redeemer from the guilt and power of sin. Faith, thus acting, is the gift of God, and enables the soul to leave every other ground of hope, and to cling only to Jesus Christ for pardon, righteousness, strength, holiness, deliverance from damnation, and everlasting life and glory. When God gives us this faith, he gives

therewith the Holy Spirit, raising the soul from the death of sin unto newness of life. Thus, St. Paul says, (Rom. viii. 11.) "If the Spirit of him that raised up Jesus from the dead dwell in you, he that raised up Christ from the dead shall also quicken your mortal bodies by his Spirit that dwelleth in you."

It is this living, vital faith, which fills the soul with joy and peace, quenches the fiery darts of Satan, and gives solid comfort in the near view of death, the presence of God, standing before him in judgment, and having our state fixed for eternity.—*Bickersteth.*

VARIETIES.

RUSSIAN SUPERSTITION.—An odd ceremony takes place at Petersburg, during winter, namely, that of pronouncing a benediction on the Neva! This religious rite, at which the Imperial family are present, is marked with extraordinary pomp. A temple of wood is erected on the ice, with an effigy of John the Baptist, and ornamented with painting, representing various acts connected with the life of our Saviour. In the centre, is suspended a figure of the Holy Spirit, over a hole perforated in the ice, around which carpets are spread. The military are formed into line along the river, the bells of the churches are rung, a cannon fired, while the metropolitan, accompanied by a number of dignified ecclesiastics, enter this *sanctum sanctorum*. The metropolitan dips a crucifix into the aperture in the ice three times, uttering, at the same time a prayer or ejaculation; and on this occasion, St. Nicholas comes in for his share of adoration, as an indispensable part of the ceremony; a prayer being especially addressed to him. The pontiff then sprinkles the water on the people around, and also on the colours of the regiment. On the departure of the procession, a scramble takes place among the crowd, each striving to kiss the sacred aperture. Nor do they omit, likewise, to carry to their homes, some of the water itself, to which they ascribe great virtue, particularly for purifying those infected with certain diseases. It may also be mentioned, that it is a practice in the Greek church, to extend its blessings to inanimate objects; and it is supposed, that the safety or destruction of these depend on the degree of fervour with which the benediction is bestowed. But it must not be supposed, that well informed persons put the least faith in such absurdities; and as for the vulgar, they are pretty nearly the same every where; witness the mass of superstitious rubbish, the farrago of ribaldry and imposture that has been published in England in the shape of almanacks. This ceremony is an expedient most admirably calculated to promote devotion, if we can for a moment allow ourselves to bestow that name on such absurd and puerile mummary, which, whilst it cherishes abject superstition among the vulgar, produces a no less deplorable hypocrisy among those who are educated.—*Rae Wilson.*

THE FIRST HOSPITAL.—Hospitals are an offspring of Christianity: no such things were known before the religion of the loving and merciful Jesus infused something of his own spirit into the hard heart of humanity, and taught it to feel for the sufferings of the wretched, and endeavour to “do good unto all men,” for the love of Him who said, “It is more blessed to give than to receive.” The first hospital for the reception of the diseased and infirm, was founded at Edessa, in Syria, by the sagacious and provident humanity of a Christian Father. The history of this memorable foundation is beautifully given by Sozomen, in his account of St. Ephrem Syrus:—

“A grievous famine, with all its inseparable evils, having befallen the city of Edessa, its venerable deacon, at the call of suffering humanity, came forth from the studious retirement of his cell, whither he had long withdrawn, that he might devote his latter days to meditation on the deep things of God. Filled with emotion at sight of the misery which surrounded him, with the warmth of Christian charity, he reproved the rich men of Edessa, who suffered their fellow-citizens to perish from want and sickness; and who preferred their wealth, at once, to the lives of others, and to the safety of their own souls. Stung by his reproaches, and awed by his reverend virtues, the citizens replied, that they cared not for their wealth; but that, in an age of selfishness and corruption, they knew not whom to intrust with its distribution. ‘What,’ exclaimed the holy man, ‘is your opinion of me?’ The answer was instant and unanimous, ‘Ephrem was every thing that was good and just.’ ‘Then,’ he resumed, ‘I will be your almoner. For your sakes, I will undertake this burden.’ And, receiving now-willing contributions, he caused about three hundred beds to be placed in the public portions of the city, for the reception of those suffering under fever: he relieved also the famishing multitudes, who flocked into Edessa from the surrounding country; and rested not from his labour of love, until famine was arrested, ‘and the plague was stayed.’ Then, once more he returned to the solitude of his beloved cell; and, in a few days after, breathed his last!”

SPIRITUAL FOOD.—Two friends, living in the country, met together at the village church, a little way from their dwelling. “What is the use of going to church so often,” said the younger to his companion, “since we always hear nearly the same thing?” “What is the use,” replied the other, “of taking your meals so regularly every day, since they are composed of nearly the same dishes?” “The cases are very different. I must eat to nourish my body, which would otherwise perish.” “Not so different as you suppose; for what food is to the body, the exercises of worship are to the soul; and spiritual life will languish, if we cease to support it by the means which God has graciously given us.” “But how happens it,” says the younger, “that all men have not the same relish for these exercises as they have for their food?” “You mistake again,” replied his friend: “all men, it is true, re-

ceive their food with pleasure *when they are in health*; but when they are sick, food becomes not merely tasteless, but disgusting. It is the same with the soul: that is, in health, while it has peace with God through the redemption that is in Christ Jesus our Lord—then it desires the exercises of religion, it enjoys them, and cannot consent to omit them. It is sick, when it is hardened in sin; it has then no appetite for spiritual food, it avoids opportunities of receiving it; the sanctification of the Sabbath is a burden, and the conversation of Christians is unpleasant. The resemblance goes further still; for, as sickness of the body, if not cured by medicine, ends in death, so also the corruption of the soul—that disease with which all men are infected, ends, unless God heals it, in spiritual and eternal death; that is, in the exclusion of the soul from the presence of its God.”

NATURE, REASON, RELIGION.—Nature bids me love myself, and hate all that hurt me; reason bids me love my friends, and hate those that annoy me; religion bids me love all, and hate none. Nature sheweth care; reason, wit; religion, love. Nature may induce me, reason persuade me, but religion shall rule me. I will hearken to nature in much, to reason in more, to religion in all. Nature will make me careful of myself, but hateful to none; reason shall make me wise for myself, but harmless to all; religion shall make me loving to all, but careless of myself. I subscribe to some things in all, to all things in religion.
—*Warwick.*

TEMPTATION.—Christ never wilfully exposed himself to temptation, pure and sinless as he was, and all-powerful to resist it, as he knew himself to be. Jesus did not go of his own choice into the wilderness to try his strength against the tempter. Wherever that event is mentioned, it is distinctly said, “He was led of the Spirit into the wilderness;”—an expression peculiar to those passages, as if on purpose to distinguish that act from every other of his life, and shew us that he, even he, went not willingly to meet his Father’s enemy, and listen to the language of seduction! What a lesson! what a reproof! We, predisposed as we are to sin, incapable of resisting it as we know ourselves to be, do we go boldly, and without necessity, where Satan keeps his court, where he spreads his blandishments, where we know we must meet him, and either defeat his wiles, or be seduced by them? Do we venture to say, that if our principles are good, there is no risk to us in any company—in any place? Can we walk side by side with God, and sit in the councils of sinners, without any danger of being seduced from our allegiance to God? Jesus was not thus bold, though he might have been. If we set one step into the wilderness of temptation, without the leading of the Spirit, for the fulfilment of some known command, we follow not the footsteps of our Lord. God took him there, that he might in all things be more than conqueror. God may take us there; and if he does, it will be to conquer too. But of those who

go there unbidden, to break a lance with the enemy for pastime, or, knight-errant-like, to free the world from his enchantments, let no one think he does as Jesus did.—*Caroline Fry.*

POETRY.

TO A DEPARTED CHILD.

We think of thee, dear child,
When the winter fire is bright,
And all around the hearth
Are gilded with its light :
Each placid face forgets its glee,
To speak of thee—to think of thee.

We think of thee, dear child,
When the summer day is done,
And twilight closes fast
Round each beloved one :
When all is calm as can be,
We speak of thee—we think of thee.

We think of thee, dear child,
At the still hour of pray'r,
That we are trav'ling on
To heav'n—whilst thou art there :
And, rising from each bended knee,
We speak of thee—we think of thee.

We'll think of thee, dear child,
When other thoughts are fled,
When we are placed between
The living and the dead :
Just as the spirit rises free,
We'll speak of thee—we'll think of thee. J. S.

CHRIST AT THE POOL OF BETHESDA.

Brightly the glorious Sabbath shone
On Israel's city fair ;
And holy was the calm that morn,
For God had breath'd it there.
The risen sun look'd forth on high,
And plum'd his wings of light ;
While trav'ling onward through the sky,
He fast dispell'd the night.

Onward the blessed Saviour went ;
While on his work of love,
Each well-train'd thought was full intent,
Nor ever sought to rove.
He pass'd the gorgeous Temple by,
All Israel's boast and pride ;
Nor met his now abstracted eye,
Aught other scene beside.

But hark ! there is a mournful cry
Arrests the Saviour's course ;
See, at the wail of misery,
The "man of sorrows" pause.
Bethesda's pool beneath him lay,
And well might he repair,
Upon this holy Sabbath-day,
To ease the suffering there.

Group'd in the porches wide, were seen
The lame, the halt, the blind ;
Who thus for many years had been,
Nor yet relief could find.
But wherefore do they tarry here ?
Behold it is the hour
When Heaven's angel shall appear,
Array'd with healing power.

And he shall touch Bethesda's wave,
Such virtue to bestow,
That they who first their limbs can lave,
Shall free from suffering go.
Though mourning long hath been their lot,
Hope whispers it shall cease ;
And sorrow is almost forgot,
In prospect of release.

But one afflicted much is there,
Who eight and thirty years
Hath borne, and yet without despair,
The aspect anguish wears.
On him the Saviour's gaze doth rest,
Nor shall it turn aside,
Till he in rich reward hath blest
This patience, so long tried.

"Wilt thou be heal'd ?" in accents bland,
Fell on the sufferer's ear ;
"I would, but while the time's at hand,
No kind friend doth appear
To bid me haste my feeble gait ;
And so another goes,
Before me goes,—and I must wait,
Nor yet obtain repose."

He knew not 't was the Saviour's eye
Bent on him full of love ;
Nor little deem'd repose so nigh,
Denied him from above.
But list ! 't was JESUS heard him talk,
And thus his answer made,
"Arise, take up thy bed, and walk ;"
And lo ! he quick obey'd.

THE
COTTAGE MAGAZINE ;

OR,

Plain Christian's Library.

No. VI.] JUNE, 1838. [VOL. XXVII.

SERMONS BY THE LATE REV. J. BUCKWORTH, M. A.
VICAR OF DEWSBURY.

No. 9.

“Except a man be born again, he cannot see the kingdom of God.”—John iii. 3.

Nicodemus, a ruler of the Jews, being convinced by the miracles of Jesus, that he was a teacher sent from God, came to him by night, with a view, probably, of learning privately, what were the doctrines which he taught. Jesus, in reply, made use of these emphatic words—“Verily, verily, I say unto thee”—thereby pointing out the great importance of the doctrine which he was about to lay down—“except a man be born again, he cannot see the kingdom of God.” This, therefore, being evidently one of the fundamental doctrines of Christ’s Religion, it becomes an object of the highest consequence to ascertain from the Scriptures, *its real meaning*. The expression, *being born again*—or, *born from above*, clearly implies, that the change signified thereby must be great. Hence, it is styled in Scripture, being born of God—begotten of God—begotten again—a new creature—a passing from death unto life—a being turned from darkness to light; and in our catechism, a death unto sin, and a new birth unto righteousness. I shall, therefore, endeavour to shew—

I. *What this new birth is; and,*

II. *The necessity of experiencing it.*

I. Then what is this new birth? What does it mean? I will endeavour to illustrate the meaning of it, by comparing the spiritual birth, which is a great and thorough religious change in a man's mind and conduct, by our natural birth. And 1st, A new-born child is possessed of *every limb of the human body*, as completely as a grown person; but the limbs are comparatively feeble, and the use of them very imperfect. Now, faith in Christ, love to God and man, spiritual knowledge, humility, peace, and all other graces of the Holy Spirit, are the limbs, as it were, of the new man. They exist as really in the new-born babe of grace, as in the persons justly called Fathers in Christ, but they are comparatively weak and feeble. His faith in the atoning obedience and death of his Saviour is wavering and unstable—his knowledge of divine things is exceedingly limited and indistinct—his hope in the promises of the Gospel is fluctuating, and mixed with many a misgiving doubt and fear—and his love to his heavenly Father is far from being a pure and steady flame. In proportion, however, as the new-born soul increases in religion, all these graces of the Spirit become stronger and stronger. Further—the first exercise of natural life in a new-born infant is crying, under a feeling of need and helplessness. So, likewise, the first exercise of a person when he is born again of the Spirit of God, is that of crying unto the Lord in earnest prayer. Before he was born again, he felt neither his sinfulness nor the spiritual wants of his soul; but, now, he is convinced of his entire need of pardon, of sanctification, and of all the blessings of salvation. Hence, he earnestly prays to his Almighty Parent for these blessings. A spirit of grace and supplication is poured into his heart, and it may

be said of him as it was said of Saint Paul, immediately after he was divinely changed, "Behold! he prayeth." He finds, indeed, that he knows not what to pray for as he ought, but the Holy Spirit helpeth his infirmities, and enables him to live a life of prayer, and communion, and fellowship with God. Again, when a child is born, it spontaneously feels and manifests *a desire for the food, which in the wisdom of God is wonderfully provided for its support.* Thus when a person is born again, he begins to feel and manifest a desire for the spiritual food which God has provided for the souls of his children. As new-born babes, he desires the sincere milk of the word, that he may grow thereby. Hence arises, in a great measure, his earnest attendance on all the means of grace. He is diligent in waiting upon God in private devotions, in family religious duties, in the public services of the sanctuary, in the ordinance of the Lord's Supper, and in the social exercises of devotion. He hungers and thirsts after righteousness, feeds on the heavenly manna of God's word, and finds the communications of divine grace sweet to his soul. The ordinances of religion, instead of being as before, mere lifeless, dull, and self-righteous forms, become the means of supplying him with spiritual sustenance. And, as the natural life of a child is supported, its strength increased, and its growth carried on, by the food which it receives; so, through a divine blessing on the means of religion, the child of God grows in grace, and the inward man is renewed day by day, until he becomes a man in grace. A new-born child, moreover, usually resembles its parent in its mind and person. In like manner, the child of God that is born again of the Spirit, is made a partaker of the holy nature of its heavenly Father. Hence, the people of God are said to be transformed into His image, and are described as being

partakers of the divine nature. God stamps his likeness, as it were, upon their hearts. They are created in righteousness and true holiness, and are renewed in knowledge, after the image of him that created them. O, blessed transformation! Then, all the faculties of the mind undergo a spiritual change. The understanding is divinely enlightened—the affections are placed on God, and Christ, and heavenly objects—the will receives a sanctified and holy bias—and every feeling of love and hatred, hope and fear, joy and sorrow, is under the direction of a new principle of grace. Thus, the man that is born again is a new creature—old things are passed away—“Behold all things are become new.” He is a new man, not in his outward person, but in his mind and conduct. He takes new ways, he chooses new companions, he experiences new pleasures, is influenced by new motives, and walks in that new and living way which Jesus hath consecrated by his blood, and which leads to the kingdom of heaven. I will only just add on this head, that as a new-born child derives its existence from the *wisdom and power of God*, so those who experience the new birth, derive that birth from the Almighty. Hence they are said in the fifth verse of this chapter, to be born of the Spirit, and at the thirteenth of the first chapter of this Gospel, they are described as being born, not of blood, nor of the will of the flesh, nor of the will of man, but of God. And the meaning of the original Greek word which we translate in the text *born again*, means *born from ABOVE*. As it is a new creation, none can effect it but God: as it is a spiritual resurrection, no power can accomplish it but the power of Omnipotence: as it is a passing from death unto life, none but he who breathed into the soul the breath of life at first, can make the dead sinner live. It is the special work of God the Holy Spirit, to produce

this change. It is the Spirit that quickeneth, saith our Lord. It is the Spirit that convinces of sin, that enlightens the dark understanding, that sanctifies the polluted soul, that puts heavenly life and vigour into its faculties, and makes the dry bones, to which natural men are compared, to live. Thus, my brethren, I have shewn you what the new birth is, by comparing it with our natural birth. The subject is so plain, that I hope you have all clearly understood it; and if so, you will be able to judge whether you are born again yourselves. It is no trifling matter that you should be able to know this; for your condition hereafter to all eternity, depends upon whether you are born again or not. Jesus Christ, who cannot deceive, has thus spoken:—"Verily, verily, I say unto you, except a man be born again, he cannot see the kingdom of God." This, therefore, will lead me to speak a little of the necessity of being born again, the second particular to be considered.

Now, *why* is this new birth necessary? Because, before we are born again, we are in an unpardoned state. Whilst we are in our natural unconverted condition, we are said to be children of wrath. We are born in sin; we live in sin; we do not keep the commandments of God, and therefore are exposed to his tremendous curse and displeasure. And, although he has provided a Saviour who bore this curse for us, yet, in our natural unconverted state, we neglect this Saviour, and do not seek by faith and prayer, the salvation of our souls through his merits. We therefore of course, before we are born again, are unpardoned—our sins are not forgiven, and we are exposed to the just and everlasting displeasure of the Almighty. Now, are we fit for the kingdom of heaven in this state? Is it not most unreasonable to suppose that a man whose sins are not forgiven,

can enter the kingdom of God? As, therefore, it is absolutely necessary for a man to be born again before he can be forgiven, so it is absolutely necessary for him to be thus born, before he can enter heaven. There is another reason for the necessity of this new birth. It is this: before a man is born again, he has not a disposition to enjoy God's kingdom. The unconverted sinner has no relish for pure spiritual exercises. He may like some of the external appendages of religion, which affect his natural feelings, but for pure spiritual devotion he has no taste. Private communion with God, adoring thoughts of his glorious attributes and perfections, and love to the Saviour, he has no relish for. Now, if he has no disposition for these things on earth, is he in a fit state of mind to enjoy them in heaven? It cannot be. Heaven would be a strange place if unconverted men were admitted there. They would find no delight in the holy exercises of that celestial world. It is, therefore, strikingly evident, that we must be born again, or we cannot see the kingdom of God. And then again, the God of Truth himself declares that it is necessary. Verily, verily, *I*, the great *I AM*—the Saviour of the world—the Judge of all men—the God that cannot lie—verily, verily, *I* say unto you, "Except a man be born again, he cannot see the kingdom of God." Now, this declaration, more than ten thousand arguments, will prove the necessity of this change. If God says it, we are sure it must be so. Besides, he has not said it merely once, but very frequently, in the Holy Scriptures. Hear what he says in the seventh verse of this chapter, "Ye must be born again." In the eighteenth chapter of St. Matthew, he says, "Except ye be converted, ye shall not enter into the kingdom of heaven." The declaration, therefore, is past, never to be repealed; for the word of our God must stand for ever.

There is, therefore, an absolute, indispensable, perishing necessity for it. If, therefore, my dear brethren, you have any real desire to get to heaven at last, you will be in earnest with God in prayer, and in all the means of grace, that you may be born again of his Holy Spirit. O, that some of you, that all of you who now hear me, may be brought, with humble and devout supplications, to the blessed Redeemer. It would fill my heart with joy to behold you shaking off the bonds of iniquity, and fleeing from the wrath to come. It would revive and gladden our hearts to hear you ask the way to Zion, with your faces thitherward. Those pure spirits who bathe in bliss, and bask in the glory of paradise, yearn with pity, and glow with benevolence, towards you. There is joy in heaven over one sinner that repenteth. Let me, then, hope that many of my dear young hearers will, from this night, cry unto God, saying, "My Father, thou shalt be the guide of my youth."

Lastly. I am, I doubt not, addressing some who are born again. My beloved friends, suffer me to exhort you to gratitude and thankfulness to God. If you are partakers of this new birth, you have derived it solely from his free, preventing, and converting grace. It is not by might, nor by any power of your own. Let him, therefore, that glorieth, glory in the Lord. Let the language of every converted soul be that of gratitude and love, and let him anticipate the blessed time, when the top-stone shall be brought forth with shoutings of Grace, Grace unto it. For, although those who are not born again cannot see the kingdom of God, yet those who are shall surely enter there: they are begotten again to an inheritance that is incorruptible, and that fadeth not away. That you and I, my beloved brethren, may reach that blessed state, and join its favoured throng, may God, of

his abounding mercy, grant, for Jesus Christ's sake ; to whom, with the Father, and the Holy Spirit, be all praise, and glory, might, majesty, and dominion, for ever. Amen.

WORKS AND FAITH ; OR, THE STORY OF ALONZO.

“ *Created in Christ Jesus unto good works.*”

(*From Abbott's "Way to do Good."*)

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 161.)

Alonzo was not to blame for his diffidence,—he was not to blame for shrinking from embarrassment, or for considering the duty before him a real trial,—but if he had actually been grateful to God for his goodness, instead of merely *thinking that he ought to be so*, he would have pressed forward with alacrity to the fulfilment of this duty towards him, even if it had been ten times as painful to perform.

Alonzo found it harder and harder to begin, the longer he postponed it. A month passed away, and the duty continued to be neglected. It was his design to read the Bible every day, but it seemed rather awkward to sit down before his wife, and read it silently and alone, and he gradually neglected that. At night, as he went to bed, he usually offered a sort of brief ejaculation, which was, in fact, though he did not perceive it, a sort of compromise to Conscience, to induce her to let him rest in peace. He did not, however, feel happy in this mode of life. Uneasiness and anxiety rankled in his heart more and more, and one evening, after hearing a plain and heartfelt sermon from his minister in the school-house near his farm, heard him with pleasure appoint, what in New England is called, “an enquiry meeting,” the next evening at his house. The design of

such a meeting is, to afford an opportunity for more plain, and direct, and familiar religious instruction to those who feel a personal interest in it, than the formal discourse, offered to a promiscuous assembly, can well obtain.

Alonzo and his wife resolved to go,—and early in the evening, they took their seats with twenty others, around their pastor's fireside. Such a meeting is one of great interest and solemnity. It is understood that all present feel a direct personal interest in respect to their own salvation, and they come together with a stillness and solemnity, which scarcely any other assembly exhibits.

The pastor sat by the side of the fire. First he read a hymn. It was not sung. Then he offered a short and simple prayer. He then addressed the little assembly much as follows:—

“The most important question which you can ask respecting yourselves, is, ‘Am I the friend or the enemy of my Maker?’ Now, probably, there is not one here, who really feels that he is his Maker's enemy, and yet it is very possible that there is not one who is not so.

“God justly requires us all to love him,—that is, to feel a personal affection for him, and to act under the influence of it. They who do not, he considers as not belonging to his spiritual family. They are his enemies. Not that they are employed directly and intentionally in opposing him;—they make perhaps no demonstrations of actual hostility; but, in heart, they dislike him. To determine, therefore, whether we are the friends or the enemies of God, we must ascertain whether our secret hearts are in a state of *love*, or of *dislike* towards him.

“Methinks, now, I hear you say to yourselves, while I make these remarks, ‘I am sure I love God *in some degree*, though I know I do not love him as much as I ought. I pray to him, I try in

some things to do my duty; I am, in some degree at least, grateful for his goodness, and I cannot perceive in myself any evidence of a feeling of dislike or hostility.’”

The pastor was right, at least in one instance; for these were exactly the thoughts which were passing through Alonzo’s mind.

“Now, it is a difficult thing to tell,” continued he, “what the state of our hearts is,—or rather it is a very easy, and a very common thing to be deceived about. I will tell you how.

“1. By mistaking *approbation* for *love*. We cannot help *approving* God’s character. We cannot deny the excellence of justice, mercy, and holiness, any more than we can the directness of a straight line which we look upon. Approbation is the decision of the intellect or of the moral sense, which is entirely independent of the feelings of the heart. I once asked a young man whether he thought he loved God? ‘O yes,’ said he, ‘certainly. I think our Maker is worthy of all our praise and gratitude.’ He was blind to the distinction, you see, completely. He thought his Maker *was worthy*. Of course,—he could not help thinking so. The question is not, whether God is worthy of love and gratitude, but whether, in our hearts, we really render these feelings. Now, it is very possible that if you look honestly into your hearts, you will find that all your supposed love for God, is only a cold, intellectual admission of the excellence of his character. This may exist without any personal feelings of affection towards him.

“2. The second delusion is similar. We pray, and we make effort to confine our attention to our prayers,—or, as we term it, to think what we are saying. This we mistake for really feeling the desires which we express. I doubt not that many of you are in the habit of prayer, and that you

often strive to confine your mind to what you are saying. Now you may do all this, without having in the heart any *real desires* for the forgiveness, and the holiness, and the other blessings you seek. In fact, the very effort you make to confine your mind, proves, or rather indicates very strongly, that the heart is somewhere else ; for the mind goes easily where the heart is, and stays there, without any great effort to confine it.

“3. There is another delusion, similar to the foregoing. Thanking God without gratitude. We see that he is our Benefactor, and that he deserves our gratitude. We say this, and feel satisfied with it,—never reflecting that this is a very different thing from actually feeling gratitude.

“For instance, we may rise in the morning, and look out upon the pleasant landscape before us, in the midst of which we are to work during the day, and think of our pleasant home, our friends, and all our comforts and means of happiness, which we are now to enjoy for another day,—the thought of all these things gives us pleasure. We feel a kind of complacency in them, which, connected with our knowing that they come from God, we mistake for gratitude. We thus often think we are grateful, when the only feeling is a *pleasant recognition of the good enjoyed*. The difference is shown in this, that this latter feeling has no effect upon the conduct ; whereas real gratitude will lead us to take pleasure in doing our Benefactor’s will. Even a painful duty will become a pleasant one, for we always love to make a sacrifice for one who has been kind to us, if we are really grateful to him.”

Alonzo here recollected the evening when he took possession of his new home, thinking that he was grateful to God for it, while yet “*he could not*” do that evening what he knew was God’s will.

“In a word,” continued the pastor, “we mistake

the convictions of the understanding, and of the moral sense, for the movements of the heart ; whereas, the former may be all right, and the latter all wrong.

“ I will tell you, now, some of the indications that a person really in heart dislikes God, even if his understanding is right in respect to his character and his favours.

“ 1. When his feelings do not go forth spontaneously and pleasantly towards him. Payson once said to his child, ‘ Have you not sometimes felt, when thinking of some person whom you loved, and who was away from you, as if your heart *went out* to that person, and then it seemed as if the distance between you was lessened, though it was not in reality ? On the other hand, when you think of a person whom you do not like, your heart draws back, as it were, and shrinks coldly from him. Now tell me in which of these ways it is affected, when you think of God.’ ”

Alonzo recollected how readily, when he was at work on the hill side, or in the distant forest, his thoughts and affections would roam away to his wife and his home, and hover there. He saw too clearly, also, that his heart never thus sought God.

“ Another evidence of our disliking God, is, when we escape from his presence as soon as we can. When we cut short our prayers, and our thoughts come back with a spring to our business or our pleasures, as if we had kept them on God for a few minutes, by force ;—when the sabbath is a weariness, and secret communion with him a burden.”

Alonzo felt that the pastor was describing his feelings, exactly.

“ 3. Also, when we hold back a little from cordial acquiescence in God’s justice, and in his fearful decision in punishing sin, both as exhibited in

his daily dealings of mankind, and in the Bible. We shrink from some things in his administration, just as one condemned malefactor is shocked at what he calls the cruelty of the government in executing another.

“Now do you, examined by these tests, love God, or dislike him?”

It was plain from the appearance of the assembly, that they felt condemned. The pastor perceived that they pleaded guilty. He closed his remarks by these words:—

“You ought to love God. He commands you to do it. You ought to have loved him all your lives;—you ought to love him now. He will forgive all the past for his Son’s sake, if you will now simply turn your hearts to him. Ought you not to do it?”

“I will do it,” thought Alonzo, as they kneeled once more, to offer their parting prayer. The pastor uttered expressions of penitence, gratitude, affection; but Alonzo perceived that, notwithstanding his determination, *his* heart did not follow. The more he tried to force himself to love God, the more clearly he perceived the distinctions which the pastor had been drawing, and the more painfully evident it was to him, that he had no heart to love God. He rose from his knees, with a thought,—half impatience and half despair,—“I do not love him, and I *cannot* love him. What shall I do?”

For many weeks, Alonzo was much discouraged and distressed. He saw more and more clearly, that he did not love God, and that he never had loved him. Conscience upbraided him, and he had little peace. Yet he would not come and yield his heart to his Maker. He thought he wished to do it; as if it were possible for a person to *wish to love*, without loving. He struggled,—but struggling did no good. What God

commands us to do, is to love him, not to struggle against our hatred of him. He set a double watch over his conduct; he was more regular in his prayers, more attentive to the Scriptures, and to every means of instruction. But all seemed to do no good. His heart was still alienated from God, and it seemed to him to become alienated more and more.

There were three great difficulties which he experienced, and which perplexed and troubled him exceedingly.

First—it really seemed to him that he could not change his heart; he could not force himself to love God and repent of sin. He also could not help the wrong and wicked feelings which often raged within him, on occasions of peculiar temptation. I am aware that the theological philosophers disagree on this subject, but it really seemed to Alonzo, that his wicked heart was too strong for him. This thought, however, did not make him easy. Conscience upbraided him the more, for being in such a state of heart towards God.

Secondly—the more he thought of the subject, and the more he tried to make himself fit for heaven, the more hollow, and superficial, and hypocritical, he found all his supposed goodness to be. The law of God claiming his heart, had come home to his apprehension, and brought a new standard before him. His supposed gratitude and penitence, his prayers, and all the virtues on which he had prided himself, resolved themselves into elements of corruption and sin, under the powerful analysis of the Spirit.

Thirdly—in trying to correct his sinful habits, his progress in discovering his sins went on far in advance of his success in purifying himself from them, so that in his attempts to reform his heart, he was continually alarmed at new and unexpected exposures. In fact, the law of God had come

home to him ; and as oil upon the fresh surface of a variegated wood, brings out the dark stains which had before been invisible, it developed corruptions and sins in his heart, which he had never supposed to be slumbering there. He was alive without the law once, but when the commandment came, SIN REVIVED and he died ;—his heart sunk within him, to see his sad spiritual condition. In a word, Alonzo opened his eyes to the fact that the excellences of character which circumstances had produced in him, were eternal and superficial ; and that he was in heart, and that he always had been, the enemy of God, and the miserable, helpless slave of sin.

Though he was thus, in some degree, aware of the condition of his heart, yet that condition was not altered. The trouble with him was, that he still disliked God, and loved the world and sin ; but conscience pressed him with the guilt of it, and he feared a judgment to come. Instead, however, of throwing himself fully upon God, and giving him his heart, he still kept away, alienated and miserable.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

A FALLEN PROFESSOR.

No difference of circumstances, situation, or rank in life, can make any alteration whatever in the authority of the word of God. To “the king on his throne, and the beggar on the dunghill,” to the moral and amiable, as well as to the openly daring sinner, Jesus says, “Verily, verily, I say unto thee, except a man be born again, he cannot see the kingdom of God.” And thus, when a course of religious profession is entered upon, the rules given by our blessed Saviour apply to all alike. To him who is naturally kind, charitable,

and liberal, as well as to him who is covetous, hoarding, niggardly—to the temperate as well as the lover of pleasure—Jesus again says, “If any man will come after me, let him deny himself.” Now I am afraid that this is a rule little thought of in this day of profession; and it is the neglect of it, which makes so many unsound professors, so many stony and thorny-ground hearers, so many of whom we are obliged to say, that we “stand in doubt” of them, whether they are for Christ or against him; and so many more, who end with turning their backs upon the religion which they had taken up too hastily, and are found at last among the open enemies of Christ. There is a cost in religion, and a cost that must be counted by those who would endure unto the end. And that cost is, “Deny thyself.” Now there are many appearances of self-denial which will not stand the test. A person may go very far in denying himself, and yet may “keep back part of the price:” and therefore all that he has given up will “profit him nothing.” It is the favourite pursuit, the darling pleasure, the secret reserve, that the Lord calls for, when he gives this command; and it is the giving up of this above the rest, that is the proof of a heart right with God. Probably our Saviour would not have required the young man, of whom it is read that “Jesus beholding him, loved him,” to have sold all that he had, and given to the poor, if any thing short of this could have proved the sincerity of his heart. But to prefer any thing to God, to be able to withstand the checks and prickings of conscience, rather than deal honestly with ourselves, to set a higher price upon some earthly good, than upon him, “in whose favour is life,” is to rob God of his glory, to dethrone him from our hearts, and to prove that our profession is such as will not stand in the great day.

The history which has suggested these remarks, and which came under my own knowledge, is, I fear, no uncommon instance of the deceitfulness of the heart in the matter of religion; and of the truth of that Scripture, "Strait is the gate and narrow the way that leadeth unto life, and few there be that find it."

A. L. was nearly grown up, when her mind underwent a very great change. She was deeply impressed under the preaching of the Gospel, and became extremely earnest about her soul. Her Bible was opened and read, and prayed over. She often shed tears at the remembrance of her past life, and appeared to know many a hard conflict with the in-dwelling sin of her heart. And her religion was not hid in a corner. She seemed anxious to do what she could for God, and became a regular attendant at the table of her Lord. She was not ashamed of joining herself to the people of God, and of separating from those worldly pursuits in which, before, she thought there was no harm; and though she was never forward to let every body know that she was become different to what she had been, yet I do not think that she would have been ashamed of confessing Christ before scoffers, if she had been called upon to do it. Thus did A. L. go on for some years, a steady, consistent, pains-taking professor. But her road had hitherto, for the most part, been smooth and plain. She was now to be put to the test. The Lord, in the course of his providence, said to her, "If any man will come after me let him deny himself." She made acquaintance with a young man in the village, and allowed herself to continue the acquaintance, until it grew into a strong attachment, although there seemed nothing in him to attract her, but the prospect of a little of this world's glitter; and he was living altogether without God in the world, and in utter carelessness

about his soul. He did not even scruple to express his doubts as to the truth of the Bible; and though from fear of losing her affection, he refrained from scoffing at religion, the real enmity of his heart to godliness was too plain to be hid.

Poor girl! Perhaps the wretchedness of an awakened conscience struggling to be heard, was never more felt! It was impossible that she could be happy while she was sinning against her God, and turning her back upon him. Conscience must have often said to her, "what hast thou to do with peace?" Yet though she confessed that this was the case with her, nothing could turn her from her purpose. She was mad upon the idol which she had set up in her heart, and began to find out all sorts of reasons why she should accept the offer which was made to her. The comfort that her parents would feel in seeing her happily settled in life, their approbation of her choice, and the pleasure she would find in helping them—these were some of the sad worldly reasons that she gave for encouraging his acquaintance. I need hardly say that her choice gave the greatest pain to her friends. They did not indeed fail to warn her most affectionately of the danger into which she was rushing, but she received their advice very coldly, and avoided every opening for its being repeated. Her minister, to whom she had been always ready to open her mind, when she wanted counsel, set before her, in the strongest light, the sin which she was indulging; that in yoking herself to an unbeliever, she was flying in the face of God, and in thus sowing unto the flesh, "could only expect of the flesh to reap corruption." But all that could be said was in vain. She had, she said, made it a matter of prayer, that she might be made the means of his conversion; that though she feared he had not yet felt the great change, yet he was well-disposed, and had ex-

pressed a wish for instruction; that he was too kind to oppose her, and had indeed promised never to interfere with her in religion, until he came to think as she did. Thus poor A. L. reasoned, the victim of the desperate deceitfulness of a heart left to itself. She could not give up all for Christ. She could not say, "what have I to do any more with idols?" She made her choice, and shortly after was married. But hers was not the union of two persons who might hope to "dwell together as heirs of the grace of life." The real truth, to which, before, she was utterly blinded, too soon shewed itself. Her little labours of love, one after another, were given up to please her husband. For the same reason she forsook the Lord's table; and by degrees became satisfied with attendance upon church once a day. The weekly lecture, where, before this unhappy period, she had seldom been missed in her place, was entirely given up. The decline in the spiritual affections of her first love was plain from the attempt she had been making to serve the Lord with a divided heart. Perhaps, however, the worst symptom about her was, her unwillingness to confess that she had done wrong. When her pious friends went to see her, she expressed no doubts, no misgivings, but used the same language of religion as before. When she spoke of herself, it was in a very general way, "how cold and dead she felt, and how much unbelief she had," without asking her own heart, "is there not a cause?" But her friends heard from other quarters, that this "backslider in heart" was beginning to "be filled with her own ways." It was more than suspected that her husband's affections were cooled towards her; and the unsteadiness of his conduct made their worldly prospects doubtful. Indeed she was known to have confessed to others, what she was careful to conceal from those whom she was afraid to face,

that she was not happy with him. "Such must have trouble in the flesh," where the Gospel rule is broken—"Only in the Lord." (1 Cor. vii. 39.) About a twelvemonth after her marriage, her husband and she left the village; and though I have made many inquiries after her, I have never been able to hear any tidings of her, and probably never shall, until I meet her at the bar of God.

And what shall I say further of A. L.? She seems to remind me of our Saviour's declaration: "Whosoever will save his life shall lose it; but whosoever shall lose his life for my sake and the Gospel's, the same shall save it."

Poor A. L. was once a flourishing professor of godliness. But her desire to escape the cross led her to step aside into bye-paths, brought discredit upon her profession, proved a stumbling block to the weak, and caused her best friends to stand in doubt of the reality of the work of grace in her heart. If she does not come short at last, she "*seems to come short.*" Her graces are dull, her evidences are clouded, and many precious opportunities of glorifying her God, and of enlivening her fellow-Christians, are lost to her. One cannot help asking "*where is the blessedness she spake of? Where is the comfort of her religion? Where is her peace and joy in believing?*" Her minister, who, in earlier times, used to feel his soul quickened and refreshed by communion with her, does not remember to have received one ray of comfort into his heart from his latter intercourse with her. He always came from her latterly with this anxious inquiry respecting her: "Are the consolations of God small with thee? *is there any secret thing with thee?*" Then too, how many crosses has she laid in her own way by avoiding the cross of Christ. My hope for her is this, that the afflictions and trials which most probably are her lot through life, may prove the rough and

thorny way in which this wandering sheep will be brought back to the fold: and O! may her history be the means of strengthening some weak and wavering soul, in choosing and continuing in the strait and narrow path, which leadeth to life eternal!—*Christian Examiner*.

SCENES OF MISSIONARY LIFE.

(*From the Achill Missionary Herald.*)

THE DISCOMFITED PRIEST—THE LAY CHAMPION.

The visits of our Missionary to C—— Island had not been vain in the Lord. One and another of the inhabitants began to inquire into the truth of their religion. A few were confirmed in their errors, but many doubted; the misgivings of some amounted to more than doubting. One declared he never again would put on a scapular; another, a most respectable inhabitant, originally from near Dublin, had all but publicly professed pure Christianity as maintained in the Church of England. The alarm which filled the breast of the priest was manifested by making the “Protestant heresy” the exclusive topic of his sermons.

Our English readers probably picture to themselves a priest’s controversial sermon as an appeal to Scripture in proof of his doctrines; an examination of Protestant arguments; and something like an exercise of reasoning powers. A little experience would soon undeceive them. A striking illustration of their mode of controversial preaching occurred in our neighbourhood lately, and made a deep impression upon many. The priest, arrayed in his “blessed vestments,” after having concluded the awful blasphemy of offering up a wafer “for the sins of the living and the dead,” and the usual prayers to saints and angels, thus addressed the people:—“Do you

think I would give my oath to a lie? I give my solemn oath that our religion is right. I call to witness the stones of this altar, against the day of judgment, that no Protestant will ever enter the kingdom of heaven. At the awful day of judgment I call the stones of this altar to rise up against me if I am not speaking the truth,—out of the Holy Roman Church none will ever be saved. Every one that joins the heretics will surely be damned.”

In the same style were the Sabbath addresses of our Island priest, with this additional circumstance, that he happened to be out of the Island when the Missionary had visited it. This formed a feasible pretext for boasting. “Ye see how that Baylee watches his opportunity of coming here when I am out. He knows well what I could do to him. It is easy enough for him to talk to one of you. Why doesn’t he come when I am here?”

This seemed so reasonable, and so coincided with their ideas of a priest’s power, that a decided impression was made, unfavourable to the Missionary’s influence. On his next visit, it so happened that the priest was in Westport; and this strengthened the impression. The former discussion with “Father Eny” was forgotten. He was a priest under suspension for incessant drunkenness, even at mass; and this might have restricted his powers; although they knew the old saying “once a priest, and for ever a priest.” The Missionary went through the Island, as before, and was civilly received. There was something, however, in the manner of the people, that told of diminished confidence in his assertions, and yet he could not ascertain the cause. At length he sat down in the house of a Protestant, into which a few of the islanders followed him. After some conversation, one of them, a very ignorant person, but of a talkative, and by no means retiring dis-

position, observed, "Sir, it is very easy for you to talk to us. We are poor, ignorant people. But if the priest was here, he could answer you."

"I would be very glad to meet the priest."

"You say so to us," he observed, laughing, "but if you wish to meet him, why do you take an opportunity of coming here when the priest is away."

"Well, I will show you whether I do or not: when will he return?"

"To-morrow."

"It is inconvenient for me to delay, as to-morrow will be Saturday, and I cannot well be spared from our church on Sunday. However, to prove to you that I am anxious to meet him I will remain, upon condition that you take a letter to him."

"With all my heart."

The report soon spread that Martin had promised to take a challenge to the priest. They came in to hear the letter read. Amongst the rest his wife came, and insisted on his not taking the letter. While this was going forward, the Missionary wrote the following letter:—

TO THE REV. EDMOND WHELAN.

"Clare Island, June 25, 1837.

"The Rev. JOSEPH BAYLEE presents his compliments to the Rev. EDMOND WHELAN, and begs he will give him the favour of an interview in the presence of some of his flock, who are anxious to see whether the following doctrines of the church of Rome can be proved from the Douay Bible:—

"Praying to the Virgin Mary.

"Adoration of the Host.

"Wearing of Scapulars.

"They also wish to be informed whether our (the Protestant) church teaches erroneous doctrine respecting the justification of a sinner before God, and the true preparation of the soul for heaven.

“Mr. BAYLEE begs to assure Mr. WHELAN that he is anxious to meet him with the courtesy of a gentleman and the meekness of a Christian.”

When the letter was read, all present approved of it. Joy was depicted in many countenances; and the feeling appeared universal, that the priest would at once consent to a meeting, and that a satisfactory adjustment would be effected. Martin, however, refused to take the letter, and no one else would undertake to do what he had declined. At length the Missionary determined upon leaving the letter in person at the priest's residence.

On leaving the house, a Romanist policeman, who was paying his addresses to the priest's sister, walked before him, and gave timely notice of the invasion that was about to be made. The hall door was open, and our Missionary had no sooner come up to it than a young woman hastened to it and shut it violently, and so suddenly as almost to strike him with it. The priest's sister stood in the window, grinning and clapping her clenched hands.

Half civilized as the islanders were, they were not prepared for this. They had always seen Church of England ministers treated with the respect, to which, not merely their clerical character, but their birth and education entitled them. They knew that priests are universally taken from the lowest classes of persons, and often received their education from the bounty of the parish.

The Missionary addressed a few words to the people on the impropriety of such conduct, and retired to his lodgings. Early the next day he visited the newly opened school, and was pleased to find several children in attendance. Many villagers crowded in, and a long conversation ensued.

In the course of it, the letter to the priest came

under consideration, and was warmly approved of. Could our miscalled liberals witness the anxiety exhibited by these simple islanders that the priest and the minister should have a discussion, they would cease to talk of the difficulty of introducing Scriptural education amongst the Irish peasantry, and be constrained to acknowledge, that the only bar in the way is the wicked determination of the Romish priests to keep it from them.

The Missionary pressed upon the people the danger of yielding up their souls implicitly to the teaching and guidance of a fellow mortal, without examining the grounds of his supposed authority over them. They assented to the truth of his remarks, but none had courage to undertake to convey the invitation to discussion to the priest. They feared the ill-will of bigotted neighbours as well as the anger of the priest. After some further conversation he took his leave of them, with mutual civilities, and proceeded towards the quay, which was two miles distant. One islander, a warm friend to the cause of truth, accompanied him, and on the road introduced a person whose case was a striking, though not a singular illustration of the polluting effects of Romish covetousness. He wished to marry a young woman with whom he had been living in a state of sin.

The excuse he had to plead for his past sin was, that he was too poor to pay thirty shillings to the priest, and he anxiously enquired what the Protestant Minister would charge. The Missionary gave him a note to the curate of the neighbouring mainland parish, who would marry him without charge, when the banns had been regularly published.

The islander already alluded to, took an affectionate leave of the Missionary near the old Abbey, who pursued his way to the quay, accom-

panied by a faithful Scripture-reader, the beloved companion of many a joyous, as well as many a perilous scene.

On their arrival at the quay, they found the priest, surrounded by a crowd of the islanders, where occurred a scene of no common interest—a priest actually flying from the face of a poor unprotected Missionary, and his place supplied, during a discussion of about two hours, by a lay champion, in the midst of a dense crowd of deeply attentive auditors.

Reader, what think you of those sketches? They are the unvarnished statements of real life. They are the scenes into which a faithful witness for Jesus brings his servants. O think not that it is merely on wild coasts, and amidst romantic mountains, that such employment can be found. You also are surrounded by immortal, perhaps, perishing souls. Amongst them, you may be a Missionary. Put not away, then, this paper without asking yourself, Can I do nothing for Christ? Have I no place in his household, no talent to employ, no lips to speak his praises, no feet to have shod with the preparation of the gospel of peace, no hands to execute the promptings of a heart overflowing with love to Him, who has so highly privileged, so richly blessed, and so tenderly loved me?

Dear Reader! think of Jesus, think of perishing souls, think of his love to them, and then go and imitate Him who went about doing good.

J. B.

A HELP TO THE PERFORMANCE OF THE PLAIN, YET NEGLECTED
DUTY OF SELF-EXAMINATION: CONTAINING A SELECTION
FOR EACH DAY IN THE MONTH.

Preface.

The following pages are offered in the hope that those who have hitherto been unaccustomed to the work of self-examination, may be induced, by a perusal of them, (however inadequate to

the designed end,) to adopt so useful and important a branch of Christian duty; and that those who have happily habituated themselves to it may derive some help from this written form.

It has been judged, that by taking in four weeks, the diversity of states would be better brought into notice; and the hints which appear most adapted to the particular state and disposition of the reader, will, of course, be most entitled to serious and fixed attention. It may also be perused throughout, as a series of inquiries calculated to search and lay open to every one his own heart.

If to pursue a dark and doubtful path without inquiry,—to engage in an enterprise without examining into the probable means of success,—or to risk an immense treasure on an uncertain issue, would, in ordinary cases, be deemed acts of folly; how great must his fatuity be who travels through the mazes of life without inquiry; who acts at random, without proposing to himself any certain point; and who risks his soul, with all its immortal interests, without calling himself to account frequently, seriously, and as in the sight of that God, to whom hearts are without a covering, and before whose judgment-seat all must shortly appear!

First Day.

How do I perform the great and difficult work of self-examination? Do I take a strict scrutiny and close survey of the whole estate of my soul? And do I minutely look into every separate part thereof? Do I go to the root and groundwork, by a diligent search into the *motive* and *principle* of my desires, and feelings, and tendencies?

What is the *quality* of my religion? Is it humble, teachable, patient, thankful? To what *degree* is it possessed? Is it universal, or partial and limited? Do I freely and frequently enter on the necessary and important duty of self-examination? Or am I very loath to engage in it? Do I yield, to or conquer that reluctance? Do I consider that the more irksome and grievous I find it, the more occasion there is to drag my poor, stupid, negligent spirit to the performance of it? Am I aware, that if my accounts stood fair, I should not hesitate to look into them? and that the longer I omit to do so, the deeper I shall be in arrear, till the view will become too appalling to be endured? Am I conscious to whom I stand indebted for the least glimmering of light to discern my spiritual state?—that it is a ray from heaven, and intended to conduct me thither? Does the light shine through my darkness, and do I not comprehend the merciful design of it? Am I afraid of it? Do I dislike it? Would I rather it were withdrawn, that darkness might again cover me? Do I shut my eyes upon this ray from heaven? Is sinful self so dear to me that I cannot bear to be shown its deformities? Do I then not know, that the evils which I *will not now see*, must be bound upon me for ever?

Second Day.

Do I ever ask myself, “Will God forget my sins because I am not willing to remember them? Will he excuse my unfaithful-

ness because I find palliatives for it?" What do I take as the *rule* of self-examination? Do I take that comprehensive one, "Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, with all thy mind, with all thy soul, and with all thy strength, and thy neighbour as thyself?" Or do I ever examine myself by the thirteenth chapter of the first epistle to the Corinthians? Do I enter upon the duty with prayer to God for the light and teaching of his Spirit? And when that light is bestowed in a peculiarly clear and efficient manner, do I open my heart to its *searching* influence? Do I willingly endure the painfulness of the mortifying discoveries which it makes? Am I thereby better instructed in *what* self-loathing consists? Do I perceive to what an extent it ought to reach, so that *I* live not; self has no longer an existence? Is it Christ, who is the life, that lives in *me*; and, whilst I leave self, do I cordially and intimately embrace the Saviour? Do I see that He it is who must rescue me, if ever I am rescued, from the blindness, the misery, the guilt and destruction which are all I can properly call *my own*? Do I see him as having satisfied offended justice? as standing between deserved wrath and me? And have I fled to *him* for righteousness?

Third Day.

Do I as cheerfully submit to Jesus as my king, as I receive Him as my atoning sacrifice? What are my actings of faith in him as my propitiation? What is my dependance on him? Can I commit soul and body, without care or fear, to his love? Can I rejoice in him as my heavenly bridegroom? Can I confide in him as my unchangeable friend? Can I love him as my tender father? Can I make him my *wisdom*, so as to let him manage all things for me? Does my foolishness at length desist from prescribing to him? Do I give up my own contrivances? And do I see and *feel* that creature-skill is little better than diabolic subtlety? Can I leave that which most nearly concerns me to the direction of unerring Wisdom, without those many anticipations and guesses at what the issue will be, which only serve to perplex the mind, and are the effect of secret unbelief? Can I calmly *wait*, as well as confidently hope, for a favourable result? And though that result should be contrary to my expectations, can I still yield to it as *favourable*? Or rather, can I so depend on God as not to lose time in conjecturing how circumstances may terminate, but simply assuring myself, that, having left all to the disposal of God, I have only to stand in readiness to acquiesce in that disposal without solicitude; since all solicitude creates perturbation, and thus unfits the mind for the right improvement of the present moment? And am I here on my guard against two snares: do I perceive and guard against inertness and apathy, to which this very submission may lead, on the one hand; and self-approbation, into which a supposed but unreal submission may lead me, on the other; especially if my natural temper incline to a comparative disregard of intermediate contingencies by its eager intentness upon its ultimate object? Have I learned what my heart is? And can I feelingly subscribe

to the Scriptural description of it? Wicked,—desperately wicked? Yea, and deceitful also,—deceitful above all things?

Fourth Day.

Am I as much concerned for the due regulation of my inward temper as for my outward walk? Can I assure myself that the motions of my heart are as assiduously watched over as the whole or any part of my external behaviour? And are the actions of my life but the natural fruits of faith working by love? or are they a constrained obedience, without that life-giving principle? Are they performed because they are in themselves becoming and suitable to my profession, or because I am impelled by an ever-prevalent desire to please God? Do I propose *His* glory in all things and at all times? Am I willing to be abased,—calumniated,—despised,—that *He* may be glorified? Can I bear, and glory in bearing the cross, for *His* sake? and yet renounce, all glorying, save in *that* cross on which my suffering Lord bowed his sacred head for me?

THE PROTESTANT CATECHISM: SHEWING THE PRINCIPAL ERRORS
OF THE CHURCH OF ROME. IN FOUR PARTS.

(Continued from page 171.)

PART II.

Of the Pope's Supremacy, and the Treatment of Heretics.

“But he turned, and said unto Peter, Get thee behind me, Satan; for thou savourest not the things that be of God, but those that be of men.”—St. Matthew xvi. 23.

Q.—On what pretence does the Pope claim to be Supreme Head of the Church?

*A.—*As successors to St. Peter, whom their new creed asserts to have been Bishop of Rome.

Q.—Was St. Peter Bishop of Rome?

*A.—*It does not appear from Scripture that he was, and it is very doubtful from other history, whether he was or not.

Q.—Had St. Peter any supremacy or power over the rest of the Apostles?

*A.—*None at all. The Apostles, at Jerusalem appointed Peter to go to Samaria. (Acts viii. 14.) They, likewise, call him to an account for his behaviour, which they could not have done if he had been their superior. (Acts xi. 2.) And St. Paul, speaking of himself, says, “he was in nothing behind the very chiefest of the Apostles; and that he withstood Peter to his face, because he was to be blamed” (2 Cor. xii. 11. Gal. ii. 11.) And, in the council of the Apostles, held at Jerusalem, it was not St. Peter, but St. James that presided. (Acts xv. 19.)

Q.—What do you understand by the Catholic Church?

*A.—*Not the Roman, or any other Church in particular, but the whole Church of Christ; that is, the Society of all Christian people in every part of the world.

Q.—*How can people, who differ so much from one another, as many Christians do, be part of the same Church ?*

A.—As a flourishing and a withered branch may be part of the same tree.

Q.—*Is the Church of Rome a sound and uncorrupt part of the Catholic Church ?*

A.—No. It is extremely corrupt, in doctrine, worship, and practice.

Q.—*May salvation be had in the Church of Rome ?*

A.—There may be persons in the outward communion of that Church, who do not believe in her false doctrines, Christians at heart, though still Papists in name. They will be saved.

Q.—*Do the Papists allow salvation in the Protestant Church ?*

A.—No ; but that gives them no advantage over us. It only proves their own presumption and uncharitableness.

Q.—*Is the Protestant Church a sound and uncorrupt part of the Catholic Church ?*

A.—Yes ; for it is a certain mark of a sound Church, to teach no doctrines but such as are agreeable to the Word of God.

Q.—*Was not the Protestant Church founded by Luther and Calvin, and King Henry the Eighth ?*

A.—No ; “Jesus Christ himself is the author and finisher of our faith.” (Heb. xii. 2.) The Reformers set up no new religion, but restored the old one to the purity and perfection it had, before it was corrupted by Popery.

Q.—*Where was the Protestant Religion before the Reformation ?*

A.—In the Bible ; where it is now, and where alone all true religion is to be found. But we have more reason to ask, where Popery was for several hundred years after Christ ; the Church of Rome being very different now from what it was in those days.

Q.—*Which, then, is the most ancient church ?*

A.—The Protestant ; for, instead of being founded lately, as the Papists pretend, it is, in fact, much more ancient than their own ; being a truly primitive apostolic church, “built on the foundation of the Apostles and Prophets, Jesus Christ himself being the chief corner stone.” (Eph. ii. 20.)

Q.—*Why do the Papists call us Heretics ?*

A.—It is a bold and groundless charge, which we justly despise and protest against ; for, “after the way which they call heresy, we worship the God of our fathers, believing all things which are written in his Holy Word.” (Acts xxiv. 14.)

Q.—*In what manner do the Papists treat those whom they call Heretics ?*

A.—They hold that faith is not to be kept with heretics, but that they should be persecuted and destroyed ; and that the Pope can absolve subjects from their oath of allegiance to Protestant Princes.

Q.—*Hath the Pope the power to absolve subjects from their oath of allegiance to Protestant Princes ?*

A.—No ; for that would encourage subjects to rebel against their lawful Sovereigns, and is contrary to the express command of Scripture, “Let every soul be subject unto the higher powers. The powers that be are ordained of God.” (Rom. xiii. 1.)

Q.—*Hath the Pope ever exerted such a power in these kingdoms ?*

A.—He hath exerted it frequently, particularly in the reign of King Edward the Sixth, and Queen Elizabeth.

Q.—*Have Christians a right to persecute and destroy one another on account of Religion ?*

A.—No; the religion of Christ is a religion of peace and charity. “By this shall all men know that ye are my disciples, if ye love one another.” (John xiii. 35.)

Q.—*How have the Papists been guilty in this respect ?*

A.—It is well known that liberty of conscience is denied in all Popish countries; and that, wherever Popery prevails, they endeavour to root out all who differ from them by fire and sword.

Q.—*What instances can you give of this ?*

A.—The murder of many godly Bishops and others in England, in the reign of bloody Queen Mary, and the cruel massacre, of about a hundred thousand Protestants in Ireland, in the year 1641, besides many severe persecutions in France and other countries.

Q.—*What, then, do you think of a religion that commands and countenances such a practice ?*

A.—It is, in this respect, not only contrary to true religion, but must be abhorred by all good men.

VARIETIES.

SUPPOSED ADVANTAGES OF A QUIET RETREAT.—“I have always fancied that if I could secure to myself such a quiet retreat as I have now really accomplished, that I should be wonderfully good; that I should have leisure to store my mind with such and such maxims of wisdom; that I should be safe from such and such temptations; that, in short, my whole summers would be smooth periods of peace and goodness. Now, the misfortune is, I have actually found a great deal of the comfort I expected, but without any of the concomitant virtues. I am certainly happier here than in the agitation of the world, but I do not find that I am one bit better; with full leisure to rectify my heart and affections, the disposition unluckily does not come. I have the mortification to find, that petty and (as they are called) innocent employments, can detain my heart from heaven as much as tumultuous pleasures. If to the pure all things are pure, the reverse must be also true, when I can contrive to make so harmless an employment as the cultivation of flowers stand in the room of a vice, by the great portion of time I give up to it, and by the entire dominion it has over my mind. You will tell me, that if the affections be estranged from their proper object, it signifies not much whether a bunch of roses or a pack of cards effects it. I pass my life in intending to get the better of this, but life is passing away, and the reform never begins. It is a very significant saying, though a very odd one, of one of the

Puritans, that 'Hell is paved with good intentions;' I sometimes tremble to think how large a square my procrastination alone may furnish to this teselated pavement."

JOHN'S GOSPEL.—What lover of the Bible can fail to perceive the truth of the following beautiful extract from a German author!

"I like to read in the Gospel of John. There is something so very wonderful in it—twilight and night, and through them the quick flash of lightning! a soft evening cloud, and behind the cloud, lo, there is a large full moon! There is in it something so melancholy, so sublime and foreboding, that you cannot get tired of it. When reading John, I always feel as if I saw him before me lying on the bosom of his Master at the last supper; as if his angel were holding my light, and at certain passages wishing to embrace me, and to whisper something into my ear. I am far from understanding all I read; still, it often seems as if that which John meant were floating before me in the far distance; and even when I cast my eyes upon a place that is quite dark, I have, nevertheless, a presentiment of a great and beautiful meaning, which I shall understand at some future time, and therefore do I take up so joyfully every interpretation of the Gospel of John. True it is, that most of them are only playing with the evening cloud, and leave the moon behind it entirely out of sight."

The man is to be pitied who can rise from the perusal of this inimitable record of incidents in the life of Jesus, unaffected by the surpassing beauty, and unconvinced of the divinity of the origin of these thrilling narratives, penned by the unlettered Galilean fisherman. Much more is he to be pitied and prayed for, who perceiving this beauty and divinity, suffers not his heart to be drawn out in penitence and love to Him, whose life and death are here so exquisitely portrayed, by those melting appeals that fall from the lips of the loving, bleeding, dying, rising Son of God!

THE DRUNKARD RECLAIMED.—The following anecdote was related by John Eastward, of Yorkshire, a hawker:—As I passed through a village in Yorkshire, I asked a poor woman to buy a religious tract. She replied, "Away with you and your tracts." I turned round and threw one in at the door, and the wind carried it under the table. The man of the house came home, saw it, took it up, and read the title, "Wonderful Advantages of Drunkenness;" he left his dinner, and put it in his pocket. After he got to his work, he read it again. In the evening, his companions missed him at the alehouse; and when they saw him, they inquired where he was on the preceding evening. He said he had been reading a religious tract. At this account of himself, they one and all laughed, and said he was going to turn Methodist. His neighbours said, "John P. was sober last night;" which

quite surprised them, as this seldom occurred. But from this time he kept from the public-house, and began to pay his debts. His wife told all who inquired about him, that the cause of this great change, was reading a religious tract, entitled, "Wonderful Advantages of Drunkenness," which a poor man had thrown in at their door. After being away two years, I returned to that neighbourhood again. I stopped at a public-house, about two miles distant from the village before named, and offered my tracts for sale. One of the persons in the room, with a dreadful oath, said I was one of those Ranters or Methodists that had made their companion mad. The woman of the house said, "Do you call him mad? Then I wish you were like him; then you would pay the five pounds you owe me; for he has paid me every farthing he owed me, and all in less than two years." On entering a house, about a mile further, I was informed, that the tract I had thrown, two years before, into a poor man's house, had made him another man. At length I arrived at the village. A woman looked very hard at me, and said, "Are you not the man who sold me some tracts about two years ago?" I said I was. "Then," she said, "I have eighteen-pence, which a friend left for you, and now you must go with me to the house where you threw the tract in, which the wind carried under the table, and I am quite sure the woman will not tell you to go away now." As soon as I entered, the woman informed her I was the old man she so much wished to see. She cried out, "What! that dear man who threw in the tract?" and, running, she took hold of my hand, and said, "I humbly beg your pardon for what I said; I was in a passion, and vile, and wicked." She bade me sit down to dinner, and said her husband would be there in a few minutes. As soon as he came in, she told him who I was. He took me very kindly by the hand, and said, "Blessed was that hour when you threw the tract into my house, and thrice blessed is that God who directed you to one so wicked. I was then poor and wretched; spent most of my time in the alehouse; but now, thank God, I have a house of my own; and it is my greatest delight to come home after the labours of the day, and talk of the goodness of that God which directed me to the reading of that tract, 'The Wonderful Advantages of Drunkenness.'"

THE POWER OF THE WORD.—In the parish of the late Rev. L. Richmond, was a dissolute, thoughtless man, who bitterly persecuted religion in those who professed it. He had formed a secret resolution never more to enter the church. Circumstances, however, constrained him to alter his determination. Mr. R. preached from Psalm li. 10. "Create in me a clean heart, O God, and renew a right spirit within me." Sharper than a two-edged sword is the Word of God; and in its application by the power of the Spirit to this poor man, it proved to be "the hammer that breaketh the rock in pieces." He confessed, that immediately on his return home, he, for the first time, fell on his knees, and with

crying and tears poured forth the strong emotions of his heart in the language of the publican, "God be merciful to me a sinner!"

THE PRIDE OF HUMILITY.—Self will bid some men confess themselves sinners, that they may be considered as saints; to take them at their word would mortify and displease them.—*Serle.*

INCORRUPTIBLE SEED. (1 PETER i. 23.)—A bulb which for 2000 years had been grasped in the dry hand of an Egyptian Mummy, was found to have retained the principle of life. Having been placed in proper earth it began to sprout, and has at length displayed some green leaves. How wonderful that during such a long period of time, shut up from light, air, and moisture, and condemned, we might suppose, to be a lost and forgotten thing, it should not have perished, but been brought into especial notice, and given rise to many a reflection on the wisdom, power, and providence of Him who only hath life in himself. It was the purpose of God that this bulb should thus grow; and, instead of being like its fellow, used merely as an article of food, should serve to the end of promoting his glory, by attracting the observation of philosophers and Christians. His purpose therefore hath stood, and no circumstances, however unfavourable, could have prevented its fulfilment. If God then hath thus preserved the grass of the field, and, in his own time and way, hath shewn that even a bulbous root receives life from him, the believer may surely see herein an illustration of that incorruptible seed which dwells through grace in the heart of God's people. The spiritual life which God the Spirit grants to the soul is an indestructible life, or it could not have been to his glory to have granted it. It was granted by God upon a covenant of promise and power, and after the counsel of Him who worketh all things after his own will. It cannot therefore perish, but liveth and abideth for ever. Yes, there are those who for years may seem as dead in spiritual things, who are shut up from all the means of grace, and buried in vanity, and grasped by the stiffness of earth, that yet, to the joy and wonder of believers, and, to the riches and glory of God's grace, these, after a while give proofs that the root of the matter is in them, that they have been quickened by the Spirit, and that nothing is too hard for the Lord; they are brought from darkness into marvellous light, delivered from the bondage of corruption, and kept by the power of God through faith unto salvation.—*Cornish Parochial Visitor.*

CHRISTIAN LIGHT.—There is a spirit of light and knowledge flows from Jesus Christ into the souls of believers, that acquaints them with "the mysteries of the kingdom of God," which cannot

otherwise be known. And this spirit of knowledge is withal a spirit "of holiness;" for purity and holiness are likewise signified by this "light." He removed that huge dark body of sin that was betwixt us and the Father, and eclipsed Him from us. The light of his countenance "sanctified by truth;" it is a light that hath heat with it, and hath influence upon the affections, warms them towards God and divine things. This darkness here, is indeed the shadow of death, and they that are without Christ, are said, till he visit them, "to sit in darkness and in the shadow of death," (Luke i. 79;) so, this "Light is life," (John i. 4;) it doth enlighten and enliven, begets new actions and motions in the soul. The right notion that a man hath of things as they are, works upon him, and stirs him accordingly; thus this light discovers a man to himself, and lets him see his own natural filthiness, makes him loathe himself, and fly from himself,—run out of himself. And the excellency he sees in God and his Son Jesus Christ, by this new light, inflames his heart with their love, fills him with estimation of the Lord Jesus, and makes the world, and all things in it that he esteemed before, base and mean in his eyes. Then, from this light arise "spiritual joy and comfort," which are frequently signified by this expression, as in that verse of the Psalmist, (the latter clause expounds the former,) "Light is sown for the righteous, and joy for the upright in heart!" (Psal. xcvi. 11.) As this "kingdom of God's dear Son," that is, this kingdom of "light," hath righteousness in it, so it hath "peace and joy in the Holy Ghost." (Rom. xiv. 17.) It is a false prejudice the world hath taken up against religion, that it is a sour melancholy thing; there is no truly lightsome and comfortable life but it. All others, have they what they will, live in darkness; and is not that truly sad and comfortless? Would you think it a pleasant life, though you had fine clothes, and good diet, never to see the sun, but still to be kept in a dungeon with them? Thus are they who live in worldly honour and plenty, but still without God; they are in continual darkness with all their enjoyments.

It is true, the light of believers is not here perfect, and therefore neither is their joy perfect; it is sometimes overclouded; but the comfort is this, that it is an everlasting light, it shall never go out in darkness, as it is said in, (Job xviii. 5,) the light of the wicked shall;" and it shall within a while be perfected; there is a bright morning without a cloud that shall arise. The saints have not only light to lead them in their journey, but much purer light at home, "an inheritance in light," (Col. i. 12.) The land where their inheritance lieth is full of light, and their inheritance itself is light; for the vision of God for ever is that inheritance. That city hath no need of the sun, nor of the moon, to shine in it, for "the glory of the Lord doth lighten it, and the Lamb is the light thereof." (Rev. xxi. 23.) As we said, that uncreated Light is the happiness of the soul, the beginnings of it are our happiness begun; they are beams of it sent from above, to lead us to the fountain and fulness of it. "With Thee," says David, "is the fountain of life, and in Thy light shall we see light." (Psal. xxxvi. 9.)—LEIGHTON.

POETRY.

SONNETS TO THE ENGLISH MARTYRS.

AGNES BONGEOR.

And thou didst weep for martyrdom ! the tears
 In showers were poured upon thy tender cheek,
 And when thy anguish'd soul its grief could speak,
 It told not of a feeble woman's fears,
 Nor partings from the joys of passed years,
 Nor life's fair flower, dissever'd in its prime,
 Nor bright thoughts floating on the stream of time,
 Nor shadows stealing o'er the hope that cheers ;
 But to be separate from the martyr'd throng
 When the bright crown was just within thy view,
 And heaven had ting'd thy face with its own hue,
 And thou hadst almost heard the nuptial song :
 For this—for this—thy gushing tears were shed ;
 But the fire came, and thou hast triumphed.

MRS. LEWES, OF MANCHESTER.

Dear saint, who out of weakness wast made strong,
 And in the depths of sorrow couldst rejoice ;
 Cheer'd by the Holy Spirit's inward voice
 To bear a husband's superstitious wrong ;
 By his fierce hand to torture dragg'd along,
 The place where thou didst dwell is consecrate
 To sweet remembrance of thy glorious fate,
 Whilst thou art joining in the blissful song :
 The darts of Satan pierc'd thy holy soul,
 The fire burst forth around thee, but thy cheek
 Was brighter than a mortal tongue can speak,
 And soon thy spirit speeded to the goal :
 Oh ! glorious triumph of almighty power !
 The storm is gone—for ever blooms the flower.

JOAN WASTE.

Blind, and a woman ! cursed be their rage,
 For it was cruel : it hath shed the blood
 Of saints till earth grew sick of the deep flood,
 And would not hide it ; upon every page
 The volume of that dark ensanguin'd age
 Shews like the den of some fierce ravenous beast,
 Where the rude monster howls at his red feast,
 Then stalks with guilty joy across the stage.
 The light was hidden from thy sightless eyes,
 But He, who saw thee poor, and weak, and blind,
 Shed such a flood of truth upon thy mind,
 As made thee hate proud Rome's impieties :
 He caught thee to the skies His bliss to share,
 To bask within the " real presence " there. J. S.

THE
COTTAGE MAGAZINE ;

OR,

Plain Christian's Library.

No. VII.]

JULY, 1838.

[VOL. XXVII.]

SKETCH OF THE LIFE AND CHARACTER OF THE
REV. THOMAS T. BIDDULPH, M.A.

Late Minister of St. James's, Bristol.

The subject of this brief memoir was the only son of the Rev. Thomas Biddulph, incumbent of Padstow, Cornwall, by Martha, his first wife. He was born July 5th, 1763, and baptized shortly after, in the parish of Claines, in the county of Worcester, to which neighbourhood his father had removed for the benefit of his health.

At the proper age, Mr. Biddulph entered at Queen's College, Oxford, and proceeded in due course to the degree of Master of Arts.

Mr. B. was admitted to Deacon's Orders by the Bishop of Exeter, September 26th, 1785, almost a year before the usual age, a special favor which used sometimes to be shewn to the sons of clergymen—and was ordained Priest by Dr. Shute, Bishop of Salisbury, May 18th, 1788; so that the term of his ministry, from his admission to *full* orders, was exactly half a century.

He preached his first sermon at Padstow, and opened his commission with a declaration of the same gospel truths which, throughout his whole course, he has unswervingly and unchangeably maintained, and to his full reliance on which he has just set the seal of his dying testimony.

The scenes of Mr. Biddulph's early ministry were *Ditchett*, in Somersetshire; and *Wansbo-*

rough, in Wiltshire; *Bengeworth*, in Worcestershire; and at a much later period, *Congresbury*, near Bristol.

In February, 1789, he was married, in the church of Bradford, Wilts, to Miss Rachael Shrapnel, daughter of Zachariah Shrapnel, Esq. of that place, by whom he had fourteen children, ten of whom have preceded him in their entrance into the mansions prepared for them in their Heavenly Father's house.

Not long after his marriage, Mr. Biddulph removed to Bristol, where he became assistant to the Rev. W. Tandy, then Minister of St. Mary-le-Port, with whom he shared not only the ministry of the Cross, but the *reproach* of the Cross also;—for, whilst an eminent blessing attended the preaching of the gospel by those two faithful servants of Christ, such was the obloquy excited by a simple enunciation of the doctrines contained in the Articles and Homilies of the Church of England, that even some piously disposed persons were ashamed to be seen entering the church where these stigmatized principles were inculcated; and specific cases are recollected, of respectable parties quitting their carriage at the distance of a street, that they might steal, unobserved, into the proscribed resort of reputed fanaticism.

In the early part of the year 1796, the Sunday evening lecture of St. Werburgh's was established, and Mr. Biddulph was appointed the first lecturer.

On the resignation of Dr. Small, Mr. Biddulph was nominated to the incumbency of St. James's, Bristol, to which he obtained institution 21st September, 1799. He preached his first sermon in St. James's church from Acts xxiv. 14. "*But this I confess unto you, that after the way which they call heresy, so worship I the God of my fathers, believing all things which are written in the law and in the prophets.*"

This sermon he published, dedicating it to the Vestry and Inhabitants of the Parish, as the ground-work of his after ministrations. Those ministrations it has pleased the Great Head of the church to prolong through a period of more than thirty-eight years, during which he has gone on labouring in the word and doctrine, through evil report and good report, the happy instrument of spiritual good, as well as the dispenser of temporal succours, to an incalculable extent—growing in the esteem of all around as years advanced, until his sun has at length set in the mild beamings of an honoured and peaceful old age.

To one who has only contemplated the latter portion of Mr. Biddulph's career—ministering as he has been to a devout and attentive audience, gathered around him from all quarters of the city, his preaching listened to with avidity by many of the more refined and polished of society, whilst a numerous body of clergy sedulously employed in inculcating the same divine truths, have looked to him for advice and counsel, and venerated him as their best earthly exemplar—whilst, too, the prelates, who, for the last twenty years have successively filled the see, have seemed to vie, each with his predecessor, in the kindest expressions of their confidence and esteem to one so worthy of them—to an observer who has only witnessed these halcyon days of Mr. Biddulph's ministry, it might seem almost incredible that only thirty years ago, the same truths, uttered by the same lips, did but render the promulgator of them a byword amongst the people. But the like thing has happened to a Milner at Hull, to a Simeon at Cambridge, and to many other faithful servants of Christ, who, by patient continuance in well doing, have lived down opposition, and stopped the mouths of gainsayers. And it should encourage the Christian, and especially the Christian minis-

ter, to go on steadily and perseveringly in his work, even when assailed with unmerited reproach—not being afraid of the fear of man, but “in meekness instructing those that oppose themselves, if peradventure God will give them repentance, to the acknowledgment of the truth.”

From this general view of Mr. Biddulph’s course, we may now turn to the consideration of some particular traits which will serve to fill up the outline, and place his character in bolder relief.

Mr. Biddulph was a most attached member of the Church of England. He held very high views of the apostolic character of the Church and its ministry. He employed his pen most successfully in the elucidation of her formularies, and was ever found in the foremost rank of her defenders. The peroration of his sermon, preached at the primary visitation of the Archdeacon of Bristol, contains a most animated passage, the reiterated burden of which is, “I LOVE MY CHURCH.” It was, and it was felt to be, the *cygnea vox*, the last testimony of a true lover of our venerable Establishment, and those who were privileged to hear him can bear witness with what fervency it was uttered. Mr. Biddulph’s principles and conduct as a firm member of the church, afford a striking refutation of the calumny once extensively prevalent, but which the recent current of events has tended pretty effectually to wipe away—that Evangelical preachers are necessarily low churchmen, or in other words, that those who preach according to the letter of the Church’s Articles and Homilies, must needs be disaffected to her constitution and discipline!

Closely allied in Mr. Biddulph’s character with his attachment to the church, were those inseparable concomitants of true churchmanship, *loyalty and patriotism*.

He regarded Popery as the *Upas* under whose pestilential droppings the fair fields of Ireland are withering; and he laboured, by means of scriptural instruction, and the dissemination of the word of God, to uproot the poison-tree, and plant in its place that tree of life "whose leaves are for the healing of the nations." Nor did he restrict his support to those efforts for the maintenance of Protestantism, which are merely defensive. He knew well that it was by employing the sword of the Spirit in direct attacks upon the strong-holds of Popery, that Luther and his compeers became the instruments of emancipating whole regions from its thralldom: he therefore inferred that God's blessing may be looked for on similar means in the present day, and that it is the duty of churchmen not only to defend truth, but to expose error. On this principle he not only supported the *Reformation Society*, which is in its character strictly theological, but it was one of the last acts of his life to have his name enrolled on the lists of the newly-formed *Protestant Association*; thus in a most marked manner recording his final protest against Popery.

The desire to give due prominence to the foregoing important subjects, will necessarily circumscribe the notice to be taken of other interesting topics in connexion with Mr. B.'s character and labours.

As a *Preacher*, he has, throughout the whole course of his ministry, been very effective. His style of preaching was peculiarly impressive, but it owed its power, not to any laboured rhetorical arts, but to soundness of doctrine, perspicuity of thought, felicity of illustration, and gravity of diction; above all, to that spiritual savour which ran through the whole, and which may best be described in the language of the Apostle, "his speech and his preaching were not with the en-

ting words of man's wisdom, but in the demonstration of the Spirit and of power."

The most honorable testimony that can be supplied in regard to the efficiency of Mr. B's preaching is to be found in its actual results. The known instances of spiritual benefit derived by his hearers are very numerous; and not a few who are or have been useful and even eminent preachers of the gospel in the Church of England, have owed their first impressions, under God, to his ministry.

It has been a common occurrence with him to be applied to for counsel, by young men under serious impressions, wishing to enter the ministry, with the declared single object of labouring to promote the glory of God and the salvation of men. In such cases, when in the exercise of a sound discretion, Mr. B. considered that the applicants were sincere and single-eyed in their professions, he encouraged them with his counsel and influence; and when a defect of pecuniary resources was the sole bar to the progress of the candidate for the holy office, he was often enabled by the help of a few friends, to remove that impediment. Perhaps not fewer than a hundred clergymen have entered the church under his auspices, many of whom are at this time faithfully dispensing the word of life in different parts of the kingdom.

As a *Writer*, too, Mr. B. has rendered great service to the cause of vital religion, as well as to the Established Church. His object in this, as in every department of his labours, was to serve his Divine Master, and not to rear a monument to his own fame. His writings have been, for the most part, either doctrinal and practical, or else of a polemical nature, and drawn forth by the theological controversies which incidentally arose.

Among the former class of his works, his

“Essays on the Liturgy” stand deservedly high, even by the admission of adverse criticism. Amongst his controversial writings, his answer to Dr. Mant, on the subject of baptismal regeneration, his “Defence of Evangelical Preaching,” against *Warner*, and his “Search after Truth in its own field,” directed against the errors of certain seceding clergymen, are the most prominent.

A long series of letters in the *Christian Guardian* of 1819—20, under the signature of *Physico-Theologus*, in which the Hutchinsonian system of philosophy is explained and defended, came from his pen, as may indeed be traced by the identity of some of its views and statements with those of Mr. B.’s acknowledged work on the Theology of the early Patriarchs. His work on the Spirit is another of those memorials by which he, being dead, yet speaketh. It is hoped that materials may be supplied to give to the world some specimen of his admirable discourses, and there can be no doubt but his writings will be more generally read now that the Church has been deprived of his oral testimony.

His connexion with, and influence over, the religious and benevolent institutions of this city was most extensive. Of several most valuable institutions, he was either the originator or one of the earliest promoters; amongst these may be mentioned *The Church of England Tract Society*, an institution which has been sanctioned by successive Bishops, and whose publications are characterized by such soundness of doctrine, sobriety of style, and genuine Church of England principle, as entitle them to the warm support of the friends of the Establishment. Not a few of the tracts of this Society, and some, too, which have been extensively useful, came from his pen. Amongst these may be mentioned, “*The Churchman on a sick-bed*,” a tract which has carried instruction

and consolation to many a dying sinner; the "*Address to a Convalescent on his recovery from sickness*;" most of the tracts connected with the offices of the Church; and (though last-mentioned not least in importance,) the well-known "*Sixteen short Sermons*," which have been translated into fifteen languages.

It would occupy far too much space to attempt even an enumeration of the religious and benevolent societies and institutions in which he took an active part.

But it is time to come to the closing scene. There had for months been a visible decline in Mr. Biddulph's health; as, however, he had previously recovered from a severe attack, it was hoped that he would again rally; but on Sunday, the 29th of April, there was an accession of disease, followed by symptoms which strongly indicated that his course was nearly run. The desire which is naturally felt to know the particulars of the last hours of so eminent a servant of Christ, will doubtless be more fully gratified by some of those who were privileged to wait beside his couch. A few particulars which have transpired must suffice to close this hasty memorial.

It appears that Mr. Biddulph's malady was of such a distressing kind as to deprive him of the power of lengthened converse, or of the fixed exercise of thought; but there were intervals of recollection and self-possession, and those intervals served to demonstrate that he was in the sensible enjoyment of the presence of his Saviour. There was nothing of extacy or transport, but there was that which is perhaps more desirable—*peace*,—peace undisturbed by doubt or fear. His own expression was, "*I am in great peace*." The text on which his mind dwelt, and to which he clung, was that saying of the Saviour, "Father, I will that those whom thou hast given me be

with me where I am, that they may behold my glory." His renunciation of self-dependence was entire. "Grace reigns," (he exclaimed on one occasion,)—"that is my word—grace reigns!" One who watched his bed added, "through righteousness." "Yes," he replied, "but not my righteousness," (lifting up both his hands, and expanding them suddenly, as if casting something from him), "I nauseate it!" In the same strain, he said to a medical friend, "I have often dwelt upon the words of the Apostle, 'though I be nothing, but I never felt their full meaning till now—I am indeed 'nothing'—I feel annihilated.'"

On Friday, the 18th, the last day but one of his mortal existence, he said, "do tell me something of Him who came to save sinners." A near relative read to him Heb. iv. 14-16. "Seeing, then, that we have a great High Priest," &c. "Let us, therefore, come boldly to a Throne of Grace, that we may obtain mercy, and find grace to help in time of need;" to which he added his fervent "AMEN."

He suffered exceedingly from thirst; on water being given him, he quoted the words—"To him that is athirst will I give to drink of the waters of life freely." The last day (Saturday) was freer from pain, but passed in a state of *coma*, and at five o'clock. p.m., he fell asleep in Jesus.

Thus terminated the career of a man, who, for nearly half a century, has been a blessing and an honor to our city,—who, whilst he boldly proclaimed the gospel with his lips, adorned it with his life,—who possessed and exercised, almost without being conscious of it, a powerful and most salutary influence over a large portion of the community,—that influence the simple result of his sound judgment, genuine piety, and urbane deportment,—who might have been a greater man in man's esteem, had he possessed less of that which constitutes true greatness, namely, *humility*.

Mr. Biddulph did not take the station which of right belonged to him ;—he ever sat down in the lowest room ; but the Great Master hath at length said to him, “ *Come up higher.*”

In the Rev. THOMAS TREGENNA BIDDULPH, late Minister of St. James’s, in this city, not Bristol only, but the Church of England at large, has lost one of its most valued and venerated ministers. His character exhibited a rare assemblage of diversified excellencies ; among which, humility and dignity, erudition and spirituality, pathos and serenity, the renunciation of merit and the pursuit of holiness, were blended in harmonious contrast. Never, perhaps, has any preacher more remarkably delighted or excelled in abasing the sinner, exalting the Saviour, exploring the secret treasures of the scripture mine, or delineating the varied features of religious experience. Never has the Episcopal Church possessed a more devoted son—the Throne a more loyal subject—or those institutions of Christian benevolence which so happily distinguish the present age, a more steadfast and effective friend. Consistency and circumspection, discretion and decision, quiet energy and untiring perseverance in duty, were pre-eminent in the constellation of his virtues. The benefits, which, during half a century, he was the honoured instrument of conferring on this city and its neighbourhood, it is impossible to estimate : replete with consequences which stretch into eternity, they can be ascertained only at the day of final account.

To Mr. BIDDULPH may be appropriately transferred much of the beautiful eulogium so generously pronounced by the devout and eloquent ROBERT HALL on an equally distinguished clergyman, Mr. ROBINSON of Leicester. “ Who ever heard him, without feeling a persuasion that it was the man of God who addressed him, or

without being struck by the perspicuity of his statement, the solidity of his thoughts, and the rich unction of his spirit? He, being dead, yet speaks: he speaks by his writings; he speaks from his tomb. His name will long combine with the mention of this place a train of solemn recollections; and many a visitor of this city will indulge a pious curiosity in inspecting the spot where he dwelt, and the church where he exercised his ministry."

Others, imbued with the same spirit, will henceforth occupy that pulpit, from which (during thirty-eight years) have issued the purest streams of evangelical truth: but long will the majestic aspect, and the impressive accents of their departed pastor, haunt the memory of those who appreciated the privilege of *such* a ministry. With the contemporary names of NEWTON, CECIL, ROBINSON, SCOTT, and SIMEON,—names endeared to the church of Christ, and embalmed in a sacred immortality,—is now enrolled the congenial name of BIDDULPH.—*Bristol Journal*.

Clifton, May 21, 1838.

WORKS AND FAITH ; OR, THE STORY OF ALONZO.

"Created in Christ Jesus unto good works."

(From Abbott's "*Way to do Good*.")

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 195.)

Alonzo had certain excuses with which he unconsciously deceived himself, and was gradually lulling his conscience to rest, when one day he had a private interview with his pastor, in which he presented his excuses, and they were answered. These excuses, and the replies made by the pastor to them, were, in substance, somewhat as follows.

"I do feel, sir, that I am a most miserable sin-

ner, but I do not know what to do. I have been now seeking religion for many years, and the more I seek it, the farther I seem to be from it."

"What more, then, can you do?"

"I am sure I do not know."

"Then why does not your heart rest quietly in the consciousness of having been faithful to the utmost in duty? God requires no more."

Alonzo hung his head. He perceived the absurdity of his excuse.

"No," said his pastor; "you show by that remark, how easily and completely the heart deceives itself. Upbraided as you are by conscience, for guilt in disliking and disobeying God,—reproached so severely and continually too, that you cannot rest, you yet say to me that which implies that you have done and are doing all which God requires."

Alonzo sighed; it was too true.

"I know it" said he; "it is just so. I continually find some new proof of the corruption and deceitfulness of my heart. I want to change it, but it seems to me that I cannot."

"You speak as if your heart were one party, and you another, and as if you were right, and all the blame rested upon your heart, as an enemy that had insinuated itself by some means into your bosom. Now what is your heart?—why it is simply yourself;—your moral character and moral feelings."* To talk of a contention between yourself and your heart, is a complete absurdity, for the parties in the contest are one and the self-same thing. The struggle, if there is any, is between the claims of God's law, urged by his Spirit, on the one side, and you or your heart resisting on the other. He commands you to give him your heart, that is, *yourself*,—your affections, your love, and you do not do it."

* Payson.

"I know it, but it seems to me that I cannot help it. I am conscious that my affections are not given to God,—they will cling to the world and sin, and I cannot help it."

"The feelings, however, which you cannot help, you admit to be wrong feelings."

"Yes, Sir, I feel and know they are wrong, and that is what makes me miserable."

"Then you are more guilty than I supposed. What should you say, if you knew of a man who said he had such an uncontrollable desire to steal, or to kill, that he could not help continually committing these crimes? Should you think him worse or better than those who sinned occasionally under strong temptation?"

"But I struggle against the feelings, and cannot conquer them."

"And suppose such a man as I have described, should meet you in a lonely place, and should tell you that he must rob and murder you—that he had been struggling against the disposition, but it was too strong for him. What would you think of him? Why plainly, that he was a man of extraordinary depravity. The greater the struggle, the greater the evidence of the wickedness which could not be overcome. Our duty is to feel right towards God, not to struggle with wrong feelings."

"I feel that that is true. But what to do, I do not know. It does seem to me that I want to repent of sin and forsake it, but—but—"

"But you do not, and therefore it is impossible that you should want to. There is no force applied to you, to continue you in sin. If there was, your conduct would not be sin. To wish to repent, without repenting, is as impossible and absurd, as to wish to be sorry for something for which you are really glad. I have no doubt you really think you wish to repent, but I think you

deceive yourself. What you wish for, is some *of the results which you suppose would follow* from repentance. This is what the desires of your mind rest upon; but repentance itself looks disagreeable and repulsive; and, as you cannot gain those results in any other way, you are troubled and distressed."

Alonzo saw at once by a glance within, that this was true. He longed for peace of mind—relief from the reproaches of conscience—the reputation and the standing of a Christian here, and assurance of safety and happiness hereafter; but he perceived that he did not long for penitence itself. It was a disagreeable means of obtaining a desirable end. He was silent for a few moments, and then he said, with a sigh,

"O, how I wish I could begin life anew. I would live in a very different manner from what I have done."

"That remark shows how little you know, after all, of your own character, and of the way of salvation. It is not by purifying ourselves, and thus making ourselves fit for heaven, or by any such ideas as should suggest the plan of beginning life anew. If you should begin, you would undoubtedly be again as you have been.

Alonzo saw this was true. He was ashamed that he had expressed such a wish; and at length asked, in a sorrowful, desponding tone, whether his pastor could say nothing to aid or guide him.

"I do not know that I can," was the reply. "The difficulty is not the want of knowledge of duty, but the want of a heart to do it. If you had the right desires, your difficulties would all be over in a moment; but as you have not, I cannot impart them. Since you are thus bent on sin, God alone can change you.

"I will ask you, however, one question. Do you clearly understand what this verse means,

‘For they, being ignorant of God’s righteousness, and going about to establish their own righteousness, have not submitted themselves to the righteousness of God; for Christ is the end of the law for righteousness to every one that believeth.’ ”

“No, sir, I have never thought of it particularly.”

“You feel, in some degree, the hopelessness of your condition, if God should leave you to yourself. You have been neglecting your highest duty all your days, and in your efforts to seek religion, you have been endeavouring to set yourself right, with an idea of thus recommending yourself to God’s favour. You have been discouraged and disheartened by this hopeless labour; for the farther you proceed in your efforts to repair your character, the more deep and extended do you find the proofs of its inherent corruption and depravity.

“You are like the man attempting to repair a house gone thoroughly to decay,” continued the pastor, and as he said these words, he took down from a little set of shelves behind him, a small volume, from which he read the following passage.

“‘The sinner going about to establish a righteousness of his own, is like a man endeavouring to repair his house, which had thoroughly gone to decay. When he begins, there is a tolerably fair exterior. It appears as if a few nails to tighten what is loose, a little new flooring, and here and there a fresh sill, will render all snug again; and that by means of these, together with paint, and paper, and white-wash, to give the proper superficial decoration, all will be well,—or at least that his building will be as good as his neighbour’s. When he begins, however, he finds that there is a little more to be done than he had expected. The first board that he removes in order to replace it by a better, reveals one in a

worse condition behind it. He drives a nail to tighten a clapboard, and it slumps into decayed wood behind, taking no hold; he takes away more, by little and little, hoping at every removal to come to the end of what is unsound; but he finds that the more he does, the more disheartened and discouraged he feels; for his progress in learning the extent of the decay keeps far in advance of his progress in repairing it; until at last he finds to his consternation, that every beam is gone, every rafter worm-eaten and decayed, the posts pulverized by the dry rot, and the foundations cracked and tottering. There is no point to start from, in making his repairs, no foundation to build upon. The restoration of the edifice to strength and beauty, can never be accomplished, and if it could, the expense would far exceed his pecuniary power. His building only looks the worse for his having broken its superficial continuity. He has but revealed the corruption which he never can remove or repair.'

"Now does not this correspond with your efforts and disappointments during the last few months?"

"Exactly," said Alonzo.

"And your case is hopeless if God leaves you to yourself. *You cannot be saved.* It is not that you cannot come and be the child of God if you wish to, but you cannot come, *because you do not wish to.*

"Now this being your condition, you need a Saviour. There is one for you. If you wish, you can come and unite yourself with him. If you do, through his sufferings and death, you may be freely forgiven. The responsibility, the liability, so to speak, for the past will be cut off. The Saviour assumes all that burden, and you may go free. By coming and giving yourself up wholly to him, you bring your past life as it were to a

close, and begin a new spiritual life, which comes from union with him. The burden of past guilt is like a heavy chain, which you have been dragging along, until it is too heavy to be borne any longer. Union with Christ sunders it at a blow, and you go forward free and happy, forgiven for all the past, and for the future enjoying a new spiritual life, which you will draw from him. In a word, *you abandon your own character*, with the feelings with which a man would abandon a wreck, and take refuge with Jesus Christ, who will receive you, and procure for you forgiveness for the past, and strength for the future, by means of his own righteousness and sufferings."

Alonzo had heard the way of salvation by Christ explained a thousand times before, but it always seemed a mysticism to him, as it always does to those who have never seen their sins, and felt the utter hopelessness of their moral condition. As long as man is deceived about his true character, he needs no Saviour; but when he detects himself—when his eyes are opened, and his deep-seated corruptions are exposed—when he feels the chains of sin holding him with a relentless gripe in hopeless bondage—then he finds that utter self-abandonment, and flying for refuge to union with a Saviour crucified for his sins, making thus, as it were, common cause with a Divine Redeemer, whose past sufferings may be of avail to ransom him, and who will supply new spiritual life to guide him in future; he finds this prospect opens to him a refuge just such as he needs.

As Alonzo walked home from this interview, his heart dwelt with delight on the love of Christ to men, in thus making arrangements for taking lost sinners into such a union with him. His heart was full. There was no struggling to feel this love and gratitude: it was the warm, spontaneous movement of his soul, which no struggling

could have suppressed. He longed for an occasion to do something to evince his gratitude. It was evening, and he looked forward with delight to the opportunity of calling together his family to establish family prayers. He almost wished that the exercise was twice as embarrassing as it was, for it seemed to him that an opportunity to suffer some real pain or sacrifice in the cause of his Saviour would be a high enjoyment to him, as a gratification of the new feelings of love which burned within him.

As he walked along, his heart clung, as it were, to the Saviour, with a feeling of quiet happiness. In former days, he *thought* he loved him—deceived as we have already shewn; now, he *knew* he loved him. He saw “God in Christ, reconciling the world unto himself,” and the Saviour whom he there saw was all in all.

When he opened his Bible, old familiar passages, which had always seemed to him mystical and unintelligible, shone with new meaning.

“Christ has redeemed us from the curse of the law, being made a curse for us.” “Being justified by faith, we have peace with God by our Lord Jesus Christ.” “I am crucified with Christ, nevertheless I live,—but the life I now live in the flesh, I live by faith in the Son of God, who loved me and gave himself for me.”

Alonzo made greater efforts to do his duty after this than he did before, but it was for a different object, and in a different way. Then, he was trying to establish his own righteousness, so as to fit himself for heaven. He abandoned this altogether now, having hope only in Christ—undeserved mercy in Christ. He however made great efforts to grow in grace and do good to others, but it was now simply because he loved to do it. Then, he made these efforts as an unpleasant, but a supposed necessary means to a desired end.

Now, he hoped to secure that end in another way ; and he made these efforts because they were delightful on their own account. He was, in fact, a *new creature* ; a “NEW CREATURE IN CHRIST JESUS ;” changed, not by his vain efforts to establish his own righteousness, but by the regenerating influences of the Holy Spirit, altering, fundamentally, the desires and affections of his inmost soul.

ARARAT.

“ Here the blessed Saint landed in a new world ; so may I, safe in Christ, outride the storms of life, and land at last on one of the everlasting hills.”

H. MARTYN.

This celebrated mountain was the resting place of Noah’s Ark. (Gen. viii. 4.) It is situated in the Greater Armenia, is of very great height, and covered with perpetual snow. Both the Turks and Armenians reverence it as the haven of the great ship which preserved Noah from the waters of the deluge. It rises into two distinct tops, resembling the lesser Sugar Loaf Mountain in the County of Wicklow. Neither of these summits has ever been trodden by the foot of man, since the days of Noah ; nor, perhaps, even then, for, it is presumed that the ark rested in the space between these heads, and not on the top of either. The distance from peak to peak is about 12,000 yards. The form of the greater is similar to that of the less, only broader and rounder at the top, and shews, to the north-west, a broken and abrupt front, opening, about half way down, into a stupendous chasm, deep, rocky, and black.

Such is the account which travellers have given of the mountain of Ararat, where righteous Noah and his household found a safe resting place, after the waters had prevailed so exceedingly on the

earth, that every living substance was destroyed which was upon the face of the ground, both man and cattle, and the creeping things, and the fowl of the heaven. (Gen. vii. 3.) There the pious and venerable patriarch obtained the mighty deliverance which had been foretold, and experienced that the Lord's promise is faithful and true. And who can tell what pleasure the holy man enjoyed in his soul when the ark first rested on the dry land? What overpowering feelings of love, and joy, and thankfulness must have suddenly been awakened within him? The faithfulness of his God so marvellously evinced; his mercy so richly displayed; and his own safety so graciously secured! And how justly did these mingled feelings manifest themselves immediately afterwards; for no sooner was Noah come out of the Ark, than he built an altar; not a house for himself, but an altar to the Lord. (Gen. viii. 20.) In all this, may we not see, "as in a glass, darkly," the Believer in the Lord Jesus Christ? When the troubled waters of sin, and sorrow, and danger, and sickness may perhaps have been long wearying the child of God, and, it may be, have given additional gloom to the shadowy valley of death, who can conceive of his happiness when his foot first touches the peaceful, happy shore—when he that was so lately weary, now finds himself at rest—when all trouble, he knows, has ceased for ever, and he finds himself in "a building of God, a house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens," in the act of offering his first sacrifices of joy, and love, and thankfulness; in the blessed company of angels. The name of Jesus had, even here, ever sounded sweet in his ears, though heard in the midst of much that was jarring and discordant; but who can tell the sweetness of it when first heard there, when all discord has ceased, sounded forth by ten thousand thousand tongues which have

all learned the new song, "Glory to him that sitteth on the throne, and to the Lamb for ever and ever?"

In vain our fancy strives to paint
The moment after death,
The glories that surround the saint
When yielding up his breath.

Thus much, and this is all we know,
They are completely blest—
Have done with sin, and care, and woe,
And with their Saviour rest.

But let us remember that while Noah was thus piously celebrating his deliverance, there was another scene in view, there was a visitation, as awful in wrath, as this was glorious in grace and love. And who can conceive what a quickening pang of horror would have seized upon the soul of some poor, perishing sinner, if any such could have lived in the flood till he had just witnessed the uplifted hands of the devout patriarch, and heard the first breathings of his soul to his gracious deliverer, and had time to contrast the blessedness which he saw in Noah, with the ruin and misery which he felt in himself. And in the day of judgment, when those on the right hand are moving upwards with their Lord and Saviour to the everlasting mansions, what sensation will arise among that other company on the left hand, at the view of such blessedness, now lost to them for ever—at the distant sounds of the joyous hallelujahs which they hear, while they themselves are departing far away to the place prepared for the devil and his angels—the place of weeping, and wailing, and gnashing of teeth.

While the gospel solicits us, the door of the true ark is open, through faith in the Lord Jesus Christ; if we neglect the time of grace, in vain shall we seek it with tears. We may suppose that many came to Noah, and asked him what he meant by his strange work—whether he meant to sail on the dry land: and when he told them of

God's purpose and his own design, perhaps they went away laughing at his supposed folly, and told one another in sport, as men say in this day, that too much religion had made him mad. But the same scoffers, when they saw the violence of the waves descending and ascending according to Noah's prediction, probably came wading, middle deep, to the ark, and importunately craved admission: but as they formerly rejected God, so are they now justly rejected of him. Ere vengeance begin, repentance is seasonable; but if judgment be once gone out, prayer is too late. No doubt, others, more bold than these, hoped to escape the judgment; and, climbing up to the high mountains, looked down upon the waters with more hope than fear. And when they saw their hills become islands, they climbed up into the highest trees; there, with paleness and horror, at once looking for death, and studying to avoid it: but the waves overtook them at last, half dead with famine and with fear, while they descry the ark floating on the waters, and behold with envy that which, before, they had beheld with scorn. In vain does he fly whom God pursues. There is no way to escape from his judgments but to receive his mercy, by turning to him through Jesus Christ. How secure is Noah amid this uproar of heaven, earth, and water! He hears the pouring down of the rain above his head, the shrieking of men and bellowing of beasts on both sides of him, the raging and threats of the waves under him; he sees the unavailing shifts of the distressed unbelievers; he neither feels nor fears evil, knowing that He who rules the waters can direct his course—that He who shut him in will preserve him. O! how happy is he who lives by faith! What a quiet repose, what a heavenly peace doth it impart to the soul in the midst of all the trials and distresses of life!

Now the word of God, which cannot lie, has spoken of this visitation by water in the days of Noah, as typical of that visitation by fire which is yet to come upon the earth, when the hills and the mountains shall be called upon by the Lord's enemies to hide them from the wrath of the Lamb; but these shall fail and disappoint them, for they shall be cast into the lake that burneth with fire and brimstone. Thus saith the prophet to the Edomites. "The pride of thine heart hath deceived thee, thou that dwellest in the clefts of the rock, whose habitation is high, that saith in his heart, who shall bring me down to the ground? though thou exalt thyself as the eagle, and though thou set thy nest among the stars, thence will I bring thee down, saith the Lord." (Obad. i. 4.) But, for our exceeding great consolation, we may remember, that had any repented at the preaching of Noah, who is declared to have been a preacher of righteousness, that soul should have been saved; and had the waters arisen, and the floods come, and the winds have blown never so furiously, he would have smiled in the midst of the calamity. So is it now; if any repent at the preaching of the gospel of the Lord Jesus Christ, and turn to him, he shall find a sure resting-place; and when the Lord's judgments come upon the earth, when the heavens are dissolving, and the elements melting away with fervent heat, he shall obtain a blessed entrance into the new heavens and new earth, wherein dwelleth righteousness. But, as God Almighty shut the door of the ark of Noah, (Gen. vii. 16.) so, when the master of the house is risen up, and hath shut to the door, and sinners begin to stand without and to knock, saying, Lord, Lord, open unto us, he shall answer and say to them, I know you not whence ye are. (Luke xiii. 25.) Then, as among the wretched outcasts from the ark, there shall be weeping, and

wailing, and gnashing of teeth, amongst those who shall see Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob, and all the prophets in the kingdom of God, and they themselves thrust out. (Luke xiii. 28.)

A FRIEND INDEED !

Reader, do you want a friend? yes, a *friend*. How soul-cheering the name! How blessed the reality! Rob you of the last friend, and where could you find a bright spot on earth? I want to direct you to one whose friendship will be of more value to you than that of all others in the world. But before I tell you his name, let me point out to you some of his excellencies.

1. He is a *tried friend*. He has been tried for thousands of years by millions of individuals, and he has never, in a single instance, proved treacherous, or deserted one in the hour of need or peril. "A cloud of witnesses" can be brought forward to attest this truth. Reader, you have tried many friends. Some of them probably have proved to be real friends—but, alas, how many have you found to be "rotten at the core"—they have flattered only to deceive.

2. He is a *powerful friend*. Other friends may really desire to help you—but how often are you in circumstances where they cannot render you the assistance you need. But this friend can afford you the needed help in all possible circumstances in which you can be placed. He can shield you from the most powerful enemies, and amid the greatest dangers. Though the whole world should combine for your destruction, yet flee to him, and beneath the protection of his arm you are safe.

3. *He is always at hand, and ready to help*. Other friends may be far from you at the very

time you most need their assistance. Between them and you, perhaps, oceans may roll. But not so this friend. He never leaves nor forsakes those who trust in him. He is always by their side to protect them from the most unexpected dangers, and to provide at all times for their wants.

4. *He is rich, and able to supply your wants.* How many wants for your body and soul which no earthly friend can relieve! But this friend has a rich supply for every want, of body and soul, for time and eternity. Though you had the friendship of the mightiest earthly monarch, yet even his wealth and resources might fail, and his throne crumble to ruin. But this friend has resources for the supply of your wants which are absolutely exhaustless. And though he has supplied the wants of millions of his friends, yet his treasures are not in the least diminished.

Some of my readers may be among the number of those whose earthly treasures, at this time of wide-spread calamity, "take to themselves wings and fly away." At this time, when our country is rocked as with a tempest, and agitated as on a volcano, perhaps all your friends are sharing with you in the general wreck. Do you not then particularly need this friend? Will you not make him yours?

5. *He is a sympathizing friend.* Perhaps you have known by experience how cheering it is to have a friend to sympathize with you in the sad hours of your affliction. Surely this of itself was "like cold water to the thirsty soul," even if they could do nothing more. Perhaps, too, at such times, you have seen professed friends stand aloof, and you could almost say, "Lover and friend have I none." But this friend has always proved "a friend in need,"—one who is always "touched with the feeling of our infirmities." "His heart is made of tenderness, his bowels melt with love."

6. *He will be a friend when all other friends fail.* All other friends can go with you but a little way in your future journey. Death is just ahead of you. That is an hour when all earthly friends must part. This friend alone can stand by you as you grapple with the "king of terrors"—as you go down the lonely and dark vale of death.

And, then during that long eternity beyond, how friendless, how wretched must you be, unless this friend is yours.

Do you ask the name of this friend? *His name is Jesus.* Reader, will you now make this friend your own?

THE PROTESTANT CATECHISM: SHEWING THE PRINCIPAL ERRORS
OF THE CHURCH OF ROME.—IN FOUR PARTS.

(Continued from page 211.)

PART III.

Of Errors in the Worship of God.

"I am the Lord, that is my name, and my glory will I not give to another, nor my praise to graven images."—Isaiah xlii. 8

Q.—*Do the Papists pray to any other beings besides Almighty God?*

A.—They pray to angels and Saints, to intercede for them, and save them by their merits.

Q.—*Is this doctrine contrary to Scripture?*

A.—Yes. "There is one God, and one Mediator between God and man—the man Christ Jesus; who gave himself a ransom for all." (1 Tim. ii. 5, 6.) "Neither is their salvation in any other; for there is none other name under Heaven given among men, whereby we must be saved." (Acts iv. 12.)

Q.—*In what does the sin of this practice consist?*

A.—In dishonouring Christ our only Mediator, and giving to creatures the worship due to God alone; which is direct idolatry.

Q.—*Are there any cautions in Scripture against the worship of Angels.*

A.—There are several. St. Paul expressly forbids the practice. "Let no man beguile you of your reward in a voluntary humility and worshipping of angels." (Col. ii. 16.) "See thou do it not," saith the Angel to St. John; "I am thy fellow-servant: worship God." (Rev. xix. 10.)

Q.—*Are there any cautions in Scripture against the worship of Saints?*

A.—Yes. St. Peter forbade Cornelius to worship him, saying,

“Stand up; I myself also am a man.” (Acts. x. 26.) And St. Paul and Barnabas said to the people of Lystra, “Sirs, why do ye these things? We also are men of like passions with you.” (Acts xiv. 15.)

Q.—*May we not worship the blessed Virgin, the Mother of our Lord?*

A.—Though the Papists address many more prayers to her than to Almighty God himself, yet there is neither command nor example to support such worship in the Word of God, and, as she is but a creature, it is downright idolatry.

Q.—*Did our Saviour’s behaviour to his Mother, when he was upon earth, encourage the worship of her?*

A.—Far otherwise; for, though he was subject to her in his youth; as he was also to Joseph, and, doubtless, treated her at all times with due respect, yet he allowed her no authority in any thing that related to his ministry. (Luke ii. 51.) Much less can we imagine that she hath any power or influence over him now, that he is at the right hand of God in heaven, exalted above every name that is named in heaven and earth.*

Q.—*If the worship of the Virgin Mary and other saints be unlawful, what pretence can there be for worshipping their images or pictures?*

A.—None, certainly. It is moreover, expressly forbidden in the second commandment: Thou shalt not make to thyself any graven image, nor the likeness of any thing. Thou shalt not bow down to them, nor worship them.” (Exod. xx. 45.) Yet all this the Papists do without scruple.

Q.—*Are not the Papists sensible that such a practice is contrary to this commandment?*

A.—They seem to be so; for, in several of their catechisms, they leave out the second commandment, and, to make up the number, they split the tenth in two.

* The following instances of our Saviour’s behaviour to the blessed Virgin seem to have been providentially recorded in the New Testament, on purpose to discourage the idolatry, which God foresaw the Church of Rome would fall into by worshipping her. Being told, as he was preaching to the people, that his mother and his brethren were desirous to speak with him, he answered, without taking further notice of them, “Who is my mother, and who are my brethren? Whosoever shall do the will of my Father which is in Heaven, the same is my brother, and sister, and mother.” (Matt. xii. 46—50. In like manner, when a woman, in admiration of his doctrine, cried out, “Blessed is the womb that bare thee, and the paps which thou hast sucked,” he said, “Yea, rather blessed are they that hear the Word of God, and keep it.” (Luke xi. 27, 28.) And his answer to his mother at the marriage feast is very remarkable: “Woman, what have I to do with thee?” (John ii. 4.) As also, when she found him disputing with the doctors, and told him that Joseph, his reputed father, and she, “had sought him sorrowing. “How is it,” said he, “that ye sought me; wist ye not that I must be about my (heavenly) Father’s business?” (Luke ii. 49.) All which passages are so many plain proofs, that she had no authority or influence over him in any thing that regarded the business of his ministry, or the salvation of mankind.

Neither doth St. John, to whose immediate care she was recommended by Christ upon the cross, nor any of the Apostles, mention her with any extraordinary respect; nay, so far were they from giving her the title of Queen of Heaven, and worshipping her, as the Church of Rome doth, that even her name is not to be found in any of the Epistles.

Q.—Do they not declare, that they do not direct their worship to the images themselves, but pray to Christ and his saints through the images?

A.—That, indeed, is said, by some of them; but it is no more than the Heathens said for themselves, and cannot excuse them from the sin of idolatry; for the Word of God is express:—"Thou shalt not make to thyself any graven image: Thou shalt not bow down to them. Neither shalt thou set thee up any image, which the Lord thy God hateth." (Deut. xvi. 22.)

Q.—What do you think of the veneration that is paid by the Church of Rome to relics?

A.—It is, at best, a groundless superstition, and has given occasion to much fraud and imposture; many of the pretended relics having never belonged to the persons whose names they bear.

Q.—What do you think of the frequent crossings, upon which the Papists lay so great stress in their divine offices, and for security against sickness and ill accidents?

A.—They are vain and superstitious. The worship of the crucifix, or figure of Christ upon the cross, is idolatrous; and the adoring and praying to the cross itself, is, of all the corruptions of the Popish worship, the most gross and intolerable.

Q.—Is not praying for the dead another Popish error?

A.—Yes: the Scriptures give no countenance to that practice, and it is inconsistent with reason to think they can be helped by our prayers. For, "we must appear before the judgment seat of Christ, that every one may receive the things done in his body, according to that he hath done, whether it be good or bad." (2 Cor. v. 10.)

Q.—Is it agreeable to the Word of God, to offer up public prayers in Latin, where that language is not generally understood by the people?

A.—That practice is expressly forbidden. "If I pray in an unknown tongue, my understanding is unfruitful. How shall the unlearned say Amen, if he understood not what thou sayest? If there come in those that are unlearned or unbelievers, will they not say ye are mad?" (1 Cor. xiv. 14. 16. 23.)

Q.—Is that practice consistent with reason?

A.—No. The duty of prayer is ordained for the improvement of our souls, and increase of grace; but repeating a set of words by rote, without understanding what we say, cannot possibly answer that end.

A HELP TO THE PERFORMANCE OF THE PLAIN, YET NEGLECTED
DUTY OF SELF-EXAMINATION: CONTAINING A SELECTION FOR
EACH DAY IN THE MONTH.

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 209.)

Fifth Day.

How have I borne the cross? Have I thought it enough to deny myself by the endurance of what I could not escape from,

and thus stopped short of the farther duty of *taking up* the cross? Have I taken it up grudgingly and of necessity, or cheerfully as unto the Lord? Have I taken up every one which I have been called to take up? Have I herein imitated Him who went before, leaving me an example? Did I take up and bear every cross without complaining, or did I think it too heavy, or that it continued too long? Did I wish to throw it off as an intolerable burden? and did I actually yield to the reluctance of nature, instead of bowing down my shoulder, and submitting, not only to bear, but to be nailed to it? Or, if the cross has been sustained with more courage than formerly, is the inward cross as patiently sustained as the outward, especially as it respects self? Is there, within, the crucifixion of self-will, self-complacency, self-seeking, self-dependence? Is that cross which is most of all galling to the pride of human nature as often taken up as those crosses which are rather less humiliating? Do I perceive that I greatly fail? Am I then sensible of the *patience* which is and has been exercised towards me? *Is it not* patience that bears so much, and has borne so long, with one less willing to be saved than God has been to save? And do I feelingly adore my suffering Lord, who endured crosses of every possible kind, and immediately before his bitterest conflict was seen *hastening* to Jerusalem?

Sixth Day.

If I have, by the grace of God, been indeed enabled to deny myself and take up the cross, now let me ask my heart if I attend to the farther injunction—“*Follow me.*” Even self-denial, and taking up the cross will not do, without I follow Christ. Do I follow him, first, by offering up myself as a willing sacrifice? Can I say, in my humble measure, “Lo, I come to do thy will, O God?” And, having voluntarily entered upon a course of obedience to His will, can I add, “It is my *meat and drink*” to do it? Do I follow my meek and lowly, patient, resigned, unchanging, loving Lord in meekness, in humility, in patience, in constancy, in resignation, in love? In which of these graces am I most defective? and to which of the opposite tempers do I most frequently yield? Wherein have I this day felt or shewn pride? In what instance have I betrayed impatience, and in what degree was it inwardly working in my heart, though not outwardly manifested? In what particulars have I swerved from, instead of following Christ? or, if I have seemed to follow him, has it not been as with lame feet? Let him not number my departures from His side, nor enter into judgment with me for the errors of my closest walk!

Seventh Day.

Have I this day had occasion to cut off a right hand, or to pluck out a right eye? If I have, let me ask myself how I acted:—Did I retain that which God demanded of me, or did I, with meek submission, though trembling, say, “No longer mine, but thine?” Did I try to keep back what was required, and sub-

stitute a promise that it should be given? Did faith fail in the hour of trial? or was I carried through, feeling that strength was afforded according to my day? Can I now say, "I daily press toward the mark—am crucified with Christ—live not, but Christ liveth in me?" Am I willing to be nothing, that Christ may be all in all? Or wherein is self more exalted—sought after—indulged? How far, and in what instances, have I this day attended to the duty of self-denial? Have I especially denied harbour to such thoughts as were suggested by, and agreeable to self? Have I done this with much difficulty, and felt reluctant to the duty, or have I found power to make a willing sacrifice of this nearest and most concealed self-indulgence? In what instances have I denied self, by cutting off superfluous discourse, and especially by abstaining from every unsavoury word? What discipline have I exercised over the wandering of the eye? Have I looked on any object of vain curiosity, or on any allowable and useful one till it became unprofitable to my soul? Have I denied self all slothfulness and needless repose, and all desire which had not a sanctifying tendency? Have I at length, after ten thousand treacherous wounds, learned to suspect *myself*—to set a watch upon *myself*—to guard against *myself*, as my nearest and deadliest foe? Have I learned the *strength* of self, and do I fly from it in its open or more secret assaults? Whither do I fly? Is *God* my refuge, and is *prayer* my armour? Do I expect as much as God has promised? Is ease or victory my aim? and, if victory, where would my soul lay down its latest honours?

Eighth Day.

Have I deeply reverential thoughts of God? Are my nearest approaches to him attended with the clearest perception of his Majesty, and my own misery? If not, am I thereby led to doubt of my case as yet unhumbled? Have I frequently, or ever, closely examined into the use and improvement made of the talents committed to my trust? How are they employed for others—how for myself—but, especially, how for the Lord? What has been the character of my endeavours for the good of my fellow-creatures? Has it been universal, (according to my ability,) or confined within narrow limits? Have favourites been selected, on whom to exercise the law of kindness, or have all within my reach been the objects of it? Has it as truly sympathized with mental and spiritual, as with bodily want? Have I sought to reclaim the vicious—to raise up the fallen? Have I been gentle with the obstinate and refractory—unwearied with the careless and the supine—or do I soon give them up, forgetting how very long God has had patience with me? If I have, in any respect, done as I ought, do I know my proper place to be in the dust? Do I adore Him of whom cometh salvation in all its parts, and instead of being lifted up as if I were better than others, acknowledge myself only the more deeply indebted to the free grace that flows to me through Jesus Christ my Lord?

TIME AND THE TRAVELLER.

AN APOLOGUE.

A traveller contemplating the ruins of Babylon, stood with folded arms, and amid the surrounding stillness, thus expressed the thoughts which the scene inspired:—"Where, oh where, is Babylon the great, with her impregnable walls and gates of brass, her frowning towers, and her pensile gardens? Where are her luxurious palaces, and her crowded thoroughfares? The stillness of death has succeeded to the active bustle and joyous hilarity of her multitudinous population, scarcely a trace of her former magnificence remains, and her hundreds of thousands of inhabitants have long been sleeping the sleep of death in unknown and unmarked graves! Here thou hast been busy, O Time, thou mighty destroyer!"

The traveller having finished his soliloquy, there appeared before him a venerable person, of mild aspect, who thus accosted him:—"Traveller, I am Time, whom thou hast called the mighty destroyer, and to whose ruthless sway thou hast attributed the melancholy desolation which is here spread out to the view. In this charge thou hast wronged me. Mortals have mistaken my character and office. In their pictorial representations, I am always exhibited as wielding a scythe, as if my only purpose was to mark my way with havoc. But, behold me!—although aged, my step has the elasticity of youth; my hands grasp no instrument of destruction; my countenance expresses no fierce and cruel passions. Deeds of devastation are wrongfully attributed to me, and here I appear to vindicate my name. Since this beautiful world has sprung from chaos, I have lent my aid to perpetuate its beauty, and to impart happiness to its inhabitants. My reign has been mild and preservative. I have marked the course of the sun, the moon, and the stars, and during the thousands of years in which they have rolled in mighty expanse, I have diminished naught of their lustre; they shine as bright and as sweetly—they move on their course as harmoniously as they did when the world was in its infancy. Look at the everlasting hills; they stand as proud and as permanently as they did when they rose at the command of their mighty Creator. Contemplate the ocean in its ceaseless ebb and flow; I have not diminished its mighty resources. But the works of man, you will say, are corroded by my touch, and the beauty and life of man flee before my reproach. Even in this you wrong me. I have witnessed the rise and fall of empires, and have seen countless generations of men pass from the stage of human life, but in neither case have I hastened their doom. Sin has been the great destroyer—the vices of men have scattered desolation over the fair face of creation. The thousands who have fallen on that battle field, have not fallen by my hand; the scattered ruins of these once mighty cities, whose memorial has nearly perished, have not been strewn by my hand, but by the hands of earthly conquerors, who have trodden down, in their march of conquest, the palaces of the

rich and the hovels of the poor. The great works of man originating in pride, have been subverted by folly and cruelty. Cities once proud, populous, and magnificent, have utterly disappeared, not by the operation of time, but in the conflicts of men, and in the execution of the just judgments of God.

Most diseases derive their origin or their virulence from human vice or folly; and wars, resulting from the lustre of men, swell the lists of the dead. Many a furrow is marked on the brow of man, which is attributed to Time, in which Time has had no agency; and many totter to the grave, who go there prematurely, and not by the weight of years. Men once lived nearly a thousand years, and now they seldom fulfil three score years and ten. It is not because I am now more emphatically a destroyer, but because their sins and follies have curtailed the term of their existence. Even the works of men in ancient days might have still stood to be gazed upon, if no other influence than mine had been exerted. The stones of Jerusalem's Temple are no longer recognised; but they might now have occupied their place in the glorious structure, had not God otherwise decreed in punishment of man's sins. Look at the Pyramids of Egypt; there they still stand, the lofty and strong monuments of former ages; I have merely effaced the names of their vainglorious builders. Traveller! I am not a mighty destroyer. I am the friend of man; I afford him precious opportunities; I mitigate his severest woes; I afford him seed time and harvest, summer and winter, in agreeable vicissitudes: let him be virtuous, and then it will no longer be said I mar his works." The venerable personage disappeared, when he had thus spoken; and the traveller, mentally acknowledging the justice of his vindication, pursued his travels, to mark, with greater discrimination, the wide-spread desolation which had been brought into the world by human crime.

VARIETIES.

THE BRANCH.—One of those sudden and violent gales, that occasionally sweep over the fair face of summer to wrinkle and deform it, had blown so strongly during the night, that morning presented the unwelcome spectacle of a branch—the only one left by the woodman's axe on an aged elm before my window—broken from the trunk, and hanging suspended by a merely external connexion, which could convey no nourishment to it. During the day, I watched with regretful looks, the evident fading of those leaves that had formed so graceful a screen to the window of my study: while, tossing more wildly every fresh gust of wind, the broken branch seemed hastening to its final fall.

Towards evening, a party of idle boys congregated on the open space; after trying various pastimes, took it into their heads to enjoy a swing, as they said, on, or rather with, the drooping branch. By turns they seized it, springing from the ground, or climbing by the trunk; and struggling as high as they could, set the bough

in motion by their weight, waving to and fro, in desperate glee, at such a distance from the ground, that had the slender strip of rind given way, the consequences must have been dreadful. Emboldened by impunity, each foolish lad endeavoured to surpass his predecessor in this wanton exposure of life and limb; until, alarmed at the scene, I privately sent to a person sufficient-authorized, who, placing a ladder against the trunk, mounted, and with one blow of an axe rendered the separation complete. The withering branch, thus cut off, fell, and was borne away to be cast into the fire and burned.

Perhaps few seasons are more friendly to solemn thought than the closing eve of a summer's day, clouded over and ruffled by the stormy wind. Here was a text, that would require very little skill to spin it out to a long discourse: a similitude clear to the dullest apprehension, and fraught with humbling considerations. Likening my elm to the "True Vine," how could I fail to follow up the comparison? A fair professor, with much to invite the good opinion of men, unable to withstand the trial of trouble and persecution arising because of the word, and virtually broken off through unbelief, yet maintaining that outward hold, which includes no spiritual participation in the root and fatness of the tree; hanging on, with weak though vaunting tenacity, and pointing downward, while every living branch bears its head towards the sky; the very abundance of his leafy professions only rendering more conspicuous his progress towards utter corruption, and holding out a perilous temptation to thoughtless souls. They, perhaps, not stopping to investigate the reality of his union with the tree, and delighted to find him tending to their own earthly region, from which his fellows labour more and more to rise, catch at him as a sort of connecting link—professing to rely on the stock that he seems to spring from; clinging to him rather than to that stock; and, by the weight of their worthless fellowship, hastening the fall that may prove as fatal to themselves. I marked how the grasp of those climbers continually tore down the leaves, which lay heaped beneath, until a very rude, short gust of wind swept them off in a moment, amid clouds of dust. Here was the positive reality of the prophet's touching image, "We all do fade as a leaf; and our iniquities, like the wind have carried us away."

I turned from the window at length, overpowered by the thought—how awful is the responsibility of a branch, a recognized member of the visible church! Either it is good, pleasant, profitable, doing honour to the stem that bare it; or a blemish, a disgrace to that stem, and to those who behold it, a snare. And O! how mysterious is the union which, abiding, gives life, strength, beauty, and fertility; but which may be destroyed without immediately breaking the outward tie. May not such a branch, under the power of self deception, conceive that still it lives, though palpably withering in its place? It is an impressive call for deep searching of heart, when, for aught we know, the axe may be sharpening that is to lay us in the dust. As these ideas occupied me, I happened to glance on a favourite green-

house plant, the principle part of which had once, by a fall, been apparently broken as hopelessly as the elm-bough; but my anxiety to save it had prompted so many expedients, that, by dint of propping, binding, and other careful helps, the injury was repaired, and my plant stood vigorously blooming as ever.—Sweet lesson! I mentally said; may it be mine to become a healer whenever I see a weak branch in danger of separating from the tree. Many a wounded spirit is utterly broken by the injudicious harshness, or unbelieving hopelessness, of those who might bind it up, if they would heartily set themselves to the work. Surely this, one of the blessed offices of the Saviour, well becomes his followers. To crush a weak brother is an easy, and to our corrupt nature, congenial task; but to raise the fallen is a difficult task, and one which requires much grace to accomplish.

THE HEART.—“The heart of man is his worst part before it be regenerate, and the best afterwards; it is the seat of principles and fountain of actions. The eye of God is, and the eye of the Christian ought to be, principally fixed upon it. The greatest difficulty in conversion is to win the heart to God, and the greatest difficulty after conversion is to keep the heart with God. Here lies the very pinch and stress of religion; here is that which makes the way to life a narrow way, and the gate to heaven a strait gate. To keep the heart necessarily supposes a previous work of sanctification, which hath set the heart right by giving it a new spiritual bent and inclination, for as long as the heart is not set right by grace, as to its habitual frame, no duties or means can keep it right with God. Self is the poise of the unsanctified, which biasses and moves it in all its designs and actions; and as long as it is so, it is impossible that any external means should keep it with God. Man, by creation, was of one constant uniform frame and tenor of spirit, held one straight and even course; not one thought or faculty ravelled or disordered; his mind had perfect illumination to understand and know the will of God, his will a perfect compliance therewith, his sensitive appetite and other infirm powers stood in a most obedient subordination. Man, by degeneration, is become a most disordered and rebellious creature, contesting with and opposing his Maker, as the First Cause, by self-dependence; as the chiefest good, by self-love; as the highest Lord, by self-will; and as the last end, by self-seeking; and so is quite disordered, and all his acts irregular: his illuminated understanding is clouded with ignorance, his complying will full of rebellion and stubbornness, his subordinate powers casting off the dominion and government of the superior faculties. But, by regeneration, the disordered soul is set right again; sanctification being the rectifying and due framing, or, as the Scripture phrases it, the renovation of the soul after the image of God—in which self-dependence is removed by faith, self-love by the love of God, self-will by subjection and obedience to the will of God, and self-seeking by self-denial. The darkened understanding is again illuminated—the refractory will sweetly subdued—the re-

bellious appetite gradually conquered—and thus the soul which sin had universally depraved, is again, by grace, restored and rectified. This being pre-supposed, it will not be difficult to apprehend what it is to keep the heart, which is nothing else but the constant care and diligence of such a renewed man, to preserve his soul in that holy frame to which grace hath reduced it, and daily strives to hold it; for though grace hath, in a great measure, rectified the soul, and given it an habitual and heavenly temper, yet sin often actually discomposes it again; so that even a gracious heart is like a musical instrument, which, though it be never so exactly tuned, a small matter brings it out of tune again.”—*Flavel*.

DREADFUL SUPERSTITION.—The Rev. Richard Knill, the agent of the London Missionary Society, at a meeting lately held in Leeds, gave a thrilling and dreadful account of a superstition which has recently been discovered to prevail in a part of the Madras presidency, India, where the farmers are in the habit of fattening and killing boys, and cutting their flesh from their bones whilst they are yet alive, and sending a piece of their flesh to each of their fields or plantations, that the blood may be squeezed out of it on the soil before the child dies—this being done with the view of making the soil more fertile. Twenty-five boys, amongst the finest that could be found, were discovered by the British soldiery, in one place, under the care of the priests, fattening for slaughter; and in another place fifteen were found! They were, of course, rescued, and put under the care of the collector; and it was believed that the missionaries will take charge of the poor infants, and bring them up in the Christian religion.

POETRY.

A MOTHER IN HER LONELINESS.

A Mother in her loneliness,
Whose gentle child is gone
From pain, and sickness, and distress,
To put the garment on
Which is as pure as pure can be,
On fire with immortality.
A thousand thoughts are in her mind
Of that sweet child, so fair and kind,—
Of how she talk'd, and look'd, and slept,
Beguiling many a lonely hour
Till evening shed her dews, and wept
Upon each slumbering flower.
Oh! what was in that mother's heart
No human tongue can tell;
Fountains of sorrow, that would start
Afresh, and make her go apart,
To hide the tear that fell;
Still depths of feeling, only known
To Him who calls the heart His own.

A Mother in her loneliness,
 But all her tears are dried;
 Her grief hath lost its bitterness;
 The spirit hath not died.
 It lives beyond this outward scene,
 A veil of flesh is all between,
 And were that veil but torn aside,
 Horses of fire, and they that ride!
 And angels, seen to come and go
 From heights above to depths below!
 And scenes by mortal foot untrod,
 And harpers with the harps of God!
 And hosts that evermore rejoice,
 Like many waters' thundering voice!
 What wonder that the Mother's eye
 Is lifted to the quiet sky,
 And faith hath leap'd the rapid stream,
 And heaven is in her dark eye's gleam,
 And life is like a passing dream!

J. S.

 IN HEAVEN THERE'S REST.

"In heaven there's rest," that thought hath a power
 To scatter the shades of life's dreariest hour;
 Like a sunbeam, it dawns on the stormy sky;
 Like the first glimpse of home to a traveller's eye:
 'Tis the balm of the heart, of sorrow the cure;
 The hope that deceives not, the promise that's sure.
 How sweet to the weary! "In heaven there's rest;"
 The tears are all dried from the eyes of the bless'd;
 And the smiles that succeed are so dazzling and bright,
 That none but a spirit could dwell in their light.
 O! not like the smiles that here glow on the cheek,
 But to hide the deep anguish, no language may speak.
 "In heaven there's rest:" earth's happiest hour
 Fades softly away, like a morning flower;
 There, fadeless the bowers, unclouded the skies,
 There, joy hath no end, and time never flies;
 There, nature is freed from its earliest stain,
 There, love hath no sorrows, and life hath no pain.
 "In heaven there's rest:" oh, how deep that repose!
 Life's bitterness pass'd, with its follies and woes;
 Its passions all hush'd, like the waves of the deep,
 When tempests expire, and winds are asleep;
 And only soft airs and sweet odours arise,
 Like the evening incense that soars to the skies.
 Those sounds breathe sweet music, "In heaven there's rest:"
 I long to escape to that land of the bless'd,
 Inspired by the prospect through life's busy day,
 To act and to suffer, to watch and to pray;
 Then gladly exchange; when the summons is given,
 The tumults of earth for the calmness of heaven.

THE
COTTAGE MAGAZINE ;

OR,

Plain Christian's Library.

No. VIII.] AUGUST, 1838. [VOL. XXVII.

SERMONS BY THE LATE REV. J. BUCKWORTH, A. M.
VICAR OF DEWSBURY.

No. 10.

“Godliness is profitable unto all things, having promise of the life that now is, and of that which is to come.”—1 Tim. iv. 8.

Godliness is the sum and substance of that religion which God has revealed to mankind in the holy Bible. It comprehends an embracing of its doctrines, a reception of its promises, and an obedience to its precepts. It is the exercise of deep humility of heart, of a lively faith in the Saviour, of a sincere love to God and man, and the unreserved dedication of our whole selves to his service. It is the practice of every Christian temper and every moral virtue towards our fellow-creatures, doing all in our power for the glory of God, the holiness of our own hearts and lives, and the temporal and spiritual welfare of mankind. Now, a godliness of this kind has been too often considered as hurtful to man's temporal interests. They have thought that if they should attend to it strictly, it would injure their worldly concerns. But this is a most mistaken notion, for godliness is profitable unto all things. It has the promise of the life that now is, as well as of that which is to come. Let us try to make it evident that this is the case. I observe, then, that godliness is profitable in this life—

1st. In a personal point of view. Godliness, it

is true, prevents persons from giving up their whole time and attention to worldly objects; but then it allows sufficient time for them. Although the time that God requires for private and family devotions do lessen the period that would be devoted to secular employments, yet surely nothing would be lost by this! Is it not the blessing of the Lord that maketh rich? and hath he not said, "Seek ye first the kingdom of God and the righteousness thereof, and all other things shall be added unto you?" Godliness, moreover, prevents persons from practising dishonesty and falsehood in their commercial transactions; and thereby, it is true, hinders them from acquiring unjust gains; yet the respectability of character which an honourable and upright conduct secures, far more than compensates for the loss of the gains of injustice. And then, how much greater peace of mind does that man enjoy, whose worldly pursuits and acquisitions are bounded within the compass of moderation, and directed by the principles of equity and uprightness! Surely it is said with great truth, that "Godliness with contentment is great gain!" It may be said, that godliness hinders the enjoyment of worldly pleasures. It does. It allows no indulgence of sinful pleasures, but then, it conducts its possessor to the enjoyment of other pleasures. It gives him pleasures which the world knows nothing of, a peace which passeth understanding; consolations which are neither few nor small, and occasionally a joy that is unspeakable and full of glory. It may be said again, that godliness exposes its possessor to ridicule and contempt. Be it so, it is only the ridicule and contempt of those whom God abhors, and consequently whose esteem is not worth having. The godly may say, although we are despised and ridiculed by such men, we consider their reproach an honour, for we share the ap-

probation of the eternal Jehovah. Angels rejoice over us to do us good, and we are esteemed and loved by those that excel in virtue. Godliness therefore in this respect is profitable to its possessor. Now, if it be thus beneficial to them under disadvantageous appearances, how much more must it be so in their general experience! How many have fallen victims, ere they have lived out half their days, to excessive drinking! How many from an extravagant and thoughtless spirit and conduct, have plunged themselves into poverty, debt, and even imprisonment! How many, from their peevishness, impatience, or violence of their tempers, are almost perpetually disquieted themselves, and disquieting all around them? Well, but godliness removes these wretched and baneful effects. It renders the most dissipated sober; it makes the most thoughtless and extravagant steady and careful; it re-invigorates the constitution, emaciated by vice, with the bloom of health, and converts the violence of the Tiger into the gentleness of the Lamb. Is not godliness, then, even if there were no hereafter, a profitable, a most beneficial thing? But this is not all. Not a thousandth part of the benefits of godliness have yet been told. It softens the rocky heart of the sinner, it arrests the wandering prodigal, and restores him to his heavenly Father's house and heart; it lights up a sacred flame in the breasts frozen with formality, and diffuses a spirit of pure benevolence through hearts long contracted by the most stingy selfishness. It bursts the bonds of the spiritual captive, it makes the self-conceited Pharisee to sit, like Mary, at the feet of Jesus to hear his Word, and pours the balm of comfort into the breasts of the afflicted and tempted mourner. What was it that stopped *Saul* of Tarsus in his career of cruelty, and changed that blasphemer into a preacher of righteousness? What

was it that brought Mary Magdalene to bathe the feet of Jesus with tears of penitence and joy? What was it that led Zaccheus to give up his worldly extortions, and disposed him to make restitution, and to give half his goods to the poor? What was it that excited *Paul* and *Silas* to sing praises to God at midnight, though smarting under cruel lashes, and confined in a loathsome prison? What was it that kept *Stephen* composed, and filled him with rapturous joy, even while his murderers were taking away his life? Why, my brethren, it was the sovereign, the softening, the converting, the expanding, and the victorious influence of godliness which produced all these glorious and beneficial effects. Is not godliness, then, profitable, exceedingly, indescribably profitable for the life that now is?

But I must glance at it in another particular:—I mean its profitableness in a social point of view. Hitherto it has been noticed merely in reference to its advantages to individuals. Let us, then, notice its influence on society. It is the salt of the earth; it diffuses, more or less, its savour amongst all who come within its reach. The children of godly parents are essentially benefited by it, and reap an abundant harvest from their pious instructions and fervent prayers. Parents will find a re-action of these benefits operating upon themselves, and producing in their minds that comfort, and satisfaction, and happiness from their children, to which worldly parents are strangers. Pious servants prove a blessing to the families in which they live; and masters who truly fear God are an essential blessing to their whole households. Angry passions will not then disturb the quiet of their dwelling, nor will discontent embitter domestic enjoyment. O, if godliness generally prevailed, there would be no disorder and discord in our neighbourhoods; it would be

a sacred bond of union in the assemblies of the righteous:—a spirit of divison, and bigotry, and party, would fly before it, and all the followers of the Lamb would be of one heart and one soul.

Thus would the church below,
 Resemble that above;
 Where streams of pleasure ever flow,
 And every heart is love.

I meant to have enlarged on the profitableness of godliness in a natural point of view; but I must curtail my ideas. Suffice it to say, that if all the nations of the earth were under the influence of godliness, kings upon their thrones would wield their sceptres solely for the benefit of their subjects, and subjects would yield ready and cheerful obedience to their princes. The sword would eternally rest in its scabbard; and the animosities, and wars, and bloodshed of nations would be known no more. All nations and kingdoms, as it were, would, become one. Every man you met would be a brother. The voice of joy and praise would be heard in every palace and every cottage, and heaven would dwell on earth again. Surely then, godliness is profitable for this life as well as for that which is to come. It is profitable in a personal, social, and natural point of view. And it is profitable unto all things. It is profitable to youth, it is profitable to old age, it is profitable in sickness, and it is profitable in health. It is profitable in riches, and it is profitable in poverty; in short, every where, and in all things, it is most profitable to its possessors. But godliness has not only the promise of this life, it has also of that which is to come. But on this promise I cannot now enlarge. You know that godliness here is preparatory to glory hereafter. That glory transcends all the conceptions of mortals. “Eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, neither have entered into the heart of man, the things which

God hath prepared for them that love him." It is enough for us to know, that perfect exemption from sin, perfect purity, and perfect bliss, and joy, and love, will be experienced through a state of eternal duration. This important subject merits a short improvement.

We may learn from it first—how greatly we ought to value the Holy Scriptures. They alone have revealed the nature of real godliness. The wisest and most learned of the Grecian and Roman moralists, in their treatises on virtue, fall infinitely short of the sacred writers. And indeed, the faint glimmerings of morality which are seen in their pages were derived from the splendid rays which issued from the sacred writings. Had it not, therefore, been for the Bible, we should have known nothing of the nature of godliness, nothing of its excellencies, nothing of its profitableness, nothing of its promises of this life and that which is to come. We should still have remained in a state of barbarity and heathenism. Our atheists, and infidels, and free-thinkers, therefore, deserve to be denounced as the very worst enemies of mankind. They want to pluck the sun from the firmament of the Christian world, and to involve all its inhabitants in the miseries and gloom of midnight paganism. Let, then, each of us say, O, my soul come not thou into their secret. But while we do this, let us take care to set a due value on the Bible for ourselves; let us prize it as the only revelation of godliness, and regulate our lives accordingly. This leads me to observe that we may learn from our subject—secondly, how foolish it is to neglect godliness. If godliness is so excellent, so profitable, both for this life and that which is to come, assuredly no reasonable excuse can be formed for neglecting it. The rich indeed, neglect it, and seem almost to think it beneath them to attend to

it, and the poor neglect it, thinking it is most proper for the rich to observe it, as they have the most time for it. But O, how foolish and wicked is such conduct. It is a deliberate cheating themselves of whatever is truly profitable, both for this world and the next. O, act not so any longer, my beloved brethren; but, like Mary, remembering that one thing is needful, choose that good part which can never be taken away from you.

A SKETCH OF THE LIFE OF NANCY T——R.

There is no Christian who has been in the habit of visiting the dwelling of the poor with the view of imparting the knowledge of the Saviour, that must not have been often pained by the indifference of some to their eternal interests, and the evident anxiety of others for temporal advantages. Again, he may find some who are not wholly indifferent or ignorant on the subject of religion; yet, in whom the work of grace has been so retarded by powerful corruptions, naturally unamiable tempers—the varied hindrances arising from the want of early training and scriptural instruction a multiplicity of cares and evil society, that he may find difficulty in coming to a comfortable conclusion as to their state.

Blessed be God, however, such are not always the results of his visits to the abodes of the poor. Some beautiful monuments of the power of divine grace—some sweet flower blooming in privacy, will sometimes meet and refresh his spiritual senses as he passes along, and will fully repay him by its fragrance for all his former disappointments. An earnest desire that the example of one such humble and faithful disciple should not be wholly lost or forgotten, induces the writer, to give a brief sketch of the character of Nancy

T——r. It was my privilege to meet with this interesting person for the first time, in the year 1834, when providentially called to reside in a small town in the North of Ireland, where she lived. I was invited to visit her by a Christian friend (now gone to his rest)—who, at the same time, informed me that Mrs. T——r *was not in want*, but that I should find her a patient, suffering Christian. On going to the house in which she possessed an apartment, I found it in so ruinous and wretched a condition, outwardly, that I expected to find nothing within but filth and misery; however, on turning to her room, my eye was instantly struck with the decency and good order of every thing around me. On a bed, covered with a clean quilt, lay Nancy herself, and her large printed Testament open before her, and its contents evidently forming the subject of her thoughts. She appeared above fifty, and a pale, thin, delicate face, with a remarkably placid and sweet expression; her neat cap drawn closely about it, with the whiteness of her pillow, and the perfect neatness of all around gave a sort of dignity to the place, that you could not but feel you were in the presence of no common person. On my introducing myself, she received me with the greatest courtesy and thankfulness, expressed her gratitude to God, who had inclined the hearts of many of his dear children to visit her, and said they were her delight and her joy. There was something peculiarly sweet in Nancy's smile; and though I cannot now recollect the exact substance of our conversation, yet, I remember I left her after our uniting in prayer, with a feeling of affectionate interest, and also with the impression that she was *not in want*. I mention this circumstance to prove the case with which this servant of God avoided alluding to her temporal necessities when visited by Christian friends; for many others were

under the same impression as myself at that period, and yet I found, on inquiry, that the only regular supply she was then receiving was sixpence a week from the minister of the parish;

The complaint which confined her at times for months to bed, was chronic rheumatism, and from this she often suffered extreme agony in various parts of her body; but, in the course of my visits, for three years, I never found the composure of her mind disturbed more than once or twice, and then the conflict was rather inward than expressed. I know little of Nancy's early life, but the respect which she was always treated by her respectable neighbours, must have been the result of a long and consistent course of well-doing. I have spoken of her patient endurance of suffering; but this she always ascribed to the power of divine grace, for she told a lady who afterwards became her most tender friend and benefactor, that when first visited with violent pain, the rebellion of her heart against God was powerful and bitter; she viewed him as the terror of her life, and the destroyer of her comfort; and having never seen her own sinfulness or the holiness of the Lord, she saw not the gracious end of these afflictions, nor knew they were to bring her to a knowledge of the way of life and peace. How changed her views when truly converted! Then her language was, "Ah! my dear Madam, this is all in love—my pains are great, but my God makes all my bed in my sickness; I have much peace—much comfort in my mind."

While Nancy felt such delight in the visits of all the Lord's people, and especially of the dear friend mentioned above, she had a peculiar value for the ministers of the Gospel. She often quoted the text, (Isaiah lii. 7.) "How beautiful upon the mountains are the feet of him that bringeth good tidings, that publisheth peace, that bringeth good

tidings of good, that saith unto Zion, Thy God reigneth." She always treated them with the most affectionate respect—entered into their trials—cheered them, when weary, by quoting suitable texts of Scripture, or by the most judicious observations—and made them and their work the constant subject of her prayers. One of her ministers, who felt a most lively affection for her, often said that when he met with any thing in the course of his ministerial visits or duties that perplexed his mind, he always turned into Nancy's little apartment, where he was sure to find something to soothe and cheer him.

I may here mention that Mrs. T——r was an attached member of the Church of England; she delighted in her ordinances, and earnestly desired her prosperity; but she loved all who loved the Lord Jesus, and held sweet communion with Christians of other denominations. In the ruinous house in which she lived, there were other inmates of a very different description; one family, in particular, so noisy and ill-behaved as much to increase her disorder, which often settled in her head, as they lodged in the room immediately above her. Month after month, had Nancy silently endured this annoyance, and her righteous soul had been vexed with their filthy conversation without a murmur escaping her lips; however, the watchful friend who for the last three years of her pilgrimage supplied all her wants, with the most tender care, had her removed to a quiet habitation. Thus does the Lord regard the supplications of his people, and teach us this important lesson, that if we would pour out our hearts oftener into His ear, instead of fruitlessly and fretfully complaining to our fellow-creatures, he would oftener interpose to supply our need. The gentle cheerfulness of Nancy's manner attracted the attention and love, even of children. I sometimes

took a little boy of five or six years to visit her, and he always considered these visits as his most delightful recreation. Once calling with him in very cold weather, he observed that the shoes of our old friend were much broken. "Poor Mrs. T——r," said he, "you must be very cold with such bad shoes." "No, my love," said she, "I have warm stockings, and do not go much out." Nothing more passed on the subject, but I observed that the child laid by all his little pocket-money, and with great delight, in two months he was enabled to carry Nancy a pair of good warm slippers of his own purchase: these she received with a countenance beaming with love, and eyes full of tears, and drawing the child towards her she offered up a sweet and heartfelt prayer, "that the Lord would fill him with his Holy Spirit, and seal him for his own until the day of redemption!" About a year after, this little boy found Nancy suffering extreme bodily pain: it seemed to touch him very much, and when about to leave the house, he went up to her and taking her hand said, with artless feeling, "Well, dear Nancy, I am very sorry to see you in such pain, and I do hope you will soon die, and go to heaven, where you will have no more pain and sorrow, and you will see Jesus!" "That is my desire, darling," said she, "but my times are in the Lord's hand, I am willing to stay and suffer as long as he pleases." There was another point in this dear Christian's character, which I think it useful to mention—her tenderness for the reputation of others. Being a stranger in the town, I often referred to Nancy for the character of the poor, that I might be preserved from imposition; but it was only from her silence that I could ascertain Nancy's ill opinion of any. She would point out the fairest part of their conduct, extenuate what was doubtful, and a sigh was the token that she could say no more

for them. How often as that sigh reminded me “that there is a charity that covereth a multitude of sins.” Most of the young females in the town where Nancy resided, were employed in embroidery; and very often you would find four or five of them seated near her bed, listening to some useful instruction which her age and experience so well enabled her to offer when her strength permitted. I was often struck with the moral dignity of this humble Christian, by which she could always suppress any thing of levity or familiarity in these young persons; and when a visitor entered, her pious reflections seemed only a continuation of a train of thought already entered upon, and not a transition from any lighter subject. In the course of my visits, she sometimes told me anecdotes of days gone by, and circumstances which had tended to confirm her faith when tried to the uttermost. “A pious lady once came to spend the summer at B——, and having made herself acquainted with Nancy, she became a frequent visitor and benevolent friend. Some months after she had left the town, the winter having set in with great severity, and Nancy’s resources failing, she began to suffer finding want. For two days a few potatoes were all her store; when even these failing, and she began to cry earnestly to the Lord, who had helped her hitherto, not to leave her to perish in this extremity. Almost in despair, on the fourth day, she vented her feelings in tears, when a knock came to the door, and a livery servant inquired her name; on answering that she was Mrs. T——, the man put four shillings into her hand, saying, that the lady (his mistress) had sent her that little present, as he had occasion to visit the town on his own concerns. Thus was she led to experience that God tries our faith, and when he sees it almost failing, sends us relief at the very time most seasonable,

and in the way best calculated to glorify his grace. Latterly the temporal wants of this patient saint were fully supplied, and she was left to the tranquil enjoyment of communion with God and the study of his word. In this she seemed to take increasing delight, and her simple and spiritual remarks were frequently better than an elaborate commentary. Her spiritual enemy, however, did often endeavour to harass her, as if envious of the peace which God bestowed; and once in her neat cottage, surrounded with so many comforts, I was surprised to find her suffering from some cause apparently more severe than any I had before known. On inquiring affectionately into her trouble, she replied, "Ah, I was thinking, last night, that I was lasting so long, I must soon tire out the patience of my dear Christian friends; that they would all forsake me—and especially my dear minister, who, you know, is all the public means I have." I was very soon able to convince my poor friend that this was a temptation of Satan to disturb her peace, and as if to give me a practical lesson of the folly of anxieties about the future, and the happiness of obeying the Saviour's injunction, (Matt. vi. 34,) "Take no thought for the morrow;" this dear saint was called to her rest only three months after this touching complaint; and so far was she from wearing out the patience of her visitors, that some of them still mourn her loss as tenderly as at the first; nor have they ever found her place fully supplied.

After this time Mrs. T—— began to decline rapidly; and hearing that she was very ill, I went to see her, which I had been prevented doing for some weeks previously. I perceived a sad change in her appearance: indeed convulsive twitches, which I had often marked as the immediate precursors of death were visible; and her heavy eyes at first seemed unconscious of my presence. A

female, who sat beside her, asked if she knew me. On hearing my name, she revived, raised her eyes, smiled sweetly, and tried to hold out her feeble hand. “My dear friend, I said, you are not far from home: you will soon see him, whom, having not seen, you love. I trust you are not suffering much.” “Oh no, dear, she said, only a little pain here, and a little there, and these altogether make a good deal; but still I have only cause for praise, my Saviour does not leave me to suffer alone.” I read her a few verses from the 21st of Revelations, and the hymn, “There is a land of pure delight,” which seemed to revive her spirit much. After prayer I still lingered near her, and said, “I know not how it is, Nancy, I am very unwilling to leave you to-day: I fear we shall never meet again in this world.” “I do not think that, dear,” she replied, “I think I shall live for weeks yet, but just as my dear Lord pleases.” We then parted, but my fears were realized, for, at four o’clock next morning, this dear saint departed from this world of sorrow, without a struggle or a sigh! Her friends had not become weary. The lady, who had been Nancy’s earthly stay and comfort for some years before her removal, was near her in her parting hour, and closed her eyes in death. She was witness to the blessed peace which true religion gives at the awful hour of dissolution. Nancy there told her of the realizing sense she enjoyed of the divine presence and support, and of the truth of those promises on which she had so often fed, and stored up in her memory from the records of truth.

Dear reader! If you would enjoy such peace at your last hour as this dear saint enjoyed, rest not until you have attained a vital union with the Saviour. Seek that new birth, without which Jesus declares you cannot see the kingdom of God, (John iii. 3.) Search the Scriptures as Nancy did,

for they testify of Jesus. Search them with prayer for the Holy Spirit, for he must convince you of sin, (John xvi. 8.) he must enlighten your understanding, (Eph. i. 18.) he must sanctify your soul, (2 Thess. ii. 13.) he must make you spiritually-minded. May he bless you, as he did the subject of this little memoir, with all spiritual blessings in Christ Jesus; and when your last hour comes, may you obtain, as she obtained, the victory over death, its sting being taken out through the power of the cross, and your soul kept in perfect peace, by faith in him who can present you faultless before the presence of his glory with exceeding joy. Amen.

MISSIONARY RECOLLECTIONS.

It was in the spring of the year 183-, that, in the discharge of missionary duty, I found myself at one of those settlements which have, within the last twenty years, started up in the midst of our forests, disturbing the dominion of the wild beast, and spoiling the sports of the Indian. It was my business and my endeavour at this time, to "make the wilderness and the solitary place glad," by publishing there the glad tidings of a Saviour's love, and administering the beautiful services of the church. The morning was bright and clear, and unusually warm for the season, which enabled the rustic worshippers to come forth in considerable numbers to the house of prayer, from their humble dwellings. There were "old men and maidens, young men and children," even to the infant in arms, whose noisy mirth must often be endured by the country pastor, rather than dispense with the presence of its mother. In our congregation were not a few, also, who had trodden the battle-field, and borne

their part in many a hard-fought day, but had now beaten their swords into ploughshares, and sat down to end their days in the peaceful solitude where I found them. How happy would it be for mankind if such were the change throughout the world, and that blessed time would arrive in which men shall not learn war any more.

As soon as our morning service was ended, I was informed that a married female lay at the point of death at some distance from the church, who had never yet been admitted by baptism into the Redeemer's fold, but was now very desirous of receiving that holy ordinance before she died. I lost no time in obeying the summons. My road was such as the bye-roads in new settlements generally are, with here and there by its side an an humble log-hut upon a small clearing. At last, however, I found a mere path, unsafe for a horse; so that I dismounted and tied mine to an empty barn, while I proceeded on foot to look out the sick woman's dwelling; and a lonely dwelling it was—situated off the road, and embosomed in the thick woods, with no human habitation in sight. Unhewn logs, with the crevices stopped up by mud and moss, formed its exterior. Within was but one room, in which it was not easy to stand upright, the ceiling of round poles rudely laid together, and the walls like the outside. In one corner, stretched upon a pallet suited to the apartment, I found the object of my visit, to all appearance, on the border of an eternal world. She was far from the land of her birth; had been brought up in a crowded city of the new world; and was now, as regards earthly comforts, desolate indeed. But her thoughts seemed to be towards a more enduring substance; her desires were for a heavenly inheritance—for acceptance with God through the blood of his dear Son. And, aware that none can lay hold of the promises of the

Gospel who do not belong to the church of Christ, she felt much anxiety to receive baptism, which had been denied her in infancy, by the mistaken notions of her parents. Her mind had been much exercised with doubts on the subject, chiefly as to the mode of baptism; but these doubts, as she informed me, were quite removed, and principally by the perusal of Mr. Elder's letters, which I find, have been highly useful to others besides her.

Having every reasonable evidence of her sincere repentance and faith in the Son of God, I did not hesitate to comply with her desire. And never did I so fully realize the beauty of that form prescribed by the church for adult baptism. Every thing concurred to render the scene interesting and solemn. The place—the solitary wilderness—the subject, lying at the point of death—perhaps ere the service should be concluded, about to stand before God—her serious demeanour—the stillness around, unbroken, save by the music of hundreds of birds, which seemed to supply our lack of hymns of praise—and the interesting and important character of the ordinance itself which I was administering—all conspired to fill the mind with unwonted feelings, and elevate our affections to Him who dwelleth not (alone) in temples made with hands. Truly we felt that God was there, and we doubted not the descent of the Holy Spirit's influence to seal the washing of regeneration, which, by the Saviour's command, we had just applied.

Years rolled on, and in the course of other ministrations in a different place, I met, amongst other worshippers, her who had thus "put on Christ," for it had pleased the Lord to raise her from the bed of sickness on which I left her. I anxiously inquired whether she had walked according to the vocation wherewith she had been called, and was glad to receive a favourable

answer, and to hear that she had not forgotten the vows she had made in the hour of trouble, nor the baptism of her sick-bed.

I mention this case as one among the many instances, in which the missionaries of our church have been enabled to bring comfort to the poor sheep of Christ, scattered abroad in this moral and natural wilderness. And I mention it for the encouragement of those who contribute to missionary objects, that they may not regret the mite they give for the cause of Christ and his church. In this instance, it was the bounty of that venerable society in England for the propagation of the Gospel, which sent the ordinances of Christ to cheer the sick, and the solitary soul that longed to have them.

A MISSIONARY.

EDUCATION OF CHILDREN.

DISCIPLINE.

The first part to be maintained in education is Discipline: a wise and judicious exercise of authority. If, indeed, the world in which we live were framed agreeably to the deceitful theory of those who assert the innocence and dignity of man; if the nature on which our instructions are required to operate, were a pure and unstained nature, there would be no need of discipline. Restraint would be unnecessary if the mind were undepraved. But strong symptoms of degeneracy discover themselves early; and the mother may derive, from the waywardness of her darling child, a melancholy and touching proof of man's perverseness and corruption. There are early developments of passion which betray the depths to which we are fallen: these early indications of

passion and depravity must be checked—they must be conquered.

The mother, indeed, to whom the first lessons of education are entrusted, and whose province it is to cherish in the mind those blossoms of instruction which may by other hands be ripened into fruit, may impose upon herself a certain degree of voluntary blindness, which chooses not to see what it would be painful to correct; and, sheltered under the hackneyed but hollow sentiment, that “children will be children,” she may imagine that all those fretful and untoward tempers which her child discovers are but the accidents of childhood; that they are to be viewed rather as casual failures than as deep-rooted corruptions; that they will grow weaker as reason gets stronger; that they are nothing more, in short, than unimportant faults, which time will cure. Time, of itself, cures nothing. If the discipline of children be not soon begun, and constantly kept up, time will only augment and exasperate their faults and passions. Such diseases must not be lightly treated. They demand, from first to last, strong medicines; and these resolutely administered. It is not enough to stand still, and say, “These are indeed, grievous and unhappy tempers—these are dispositions which it gives me pain to see; but I will wait a little, I will defer correction till reason and understanding begin to operate, I will not punish my child till I can reason with him.” Children cannot be reasoned with in the first years of infancy, but they must be controlled. One of the first discoveries of a child is, whether the parent is disposed to submit, or resolved to command; and according to this perception is his future conduct. Let pertinacity or peevishness carry its point but once, and it will expect always to conquer. It is at the peril, then, of your own comfort, and of their welfare, to make undue con-

cessions to your children. You must be prepared to resist, and counteract, and keep down, even the primary movements of a fallen nature.

Let it not be supposed, however, from expressions such as these, that we are wishing to draw a cloud over that dawn of life which ought to be kept bright and happy : that we are recommending a Spartan rather than a Christian education ; an education of rigour, instead of the lessons of love. Harshness is not among the weapons of our warfare, and far less among the means of instruction. It rarely fails to produce in children, reserve, duplicity, and artifice ; and is generally the source of more and greater evils than it is intended to correct. Diversities of mind and disposition, it has been often said, like diversities of soil, require different modes of cultivation. And, it is certainly not easy precisely to fix the degree of control which a parent must exercise. But discipline in a greater or less degree, neither reduced to laxness, nor pushed on to severity, is indispensable in every case. The child which cannot be restrained by gentle means, must be subdued by stronger. The real alternative is this, if you break not *his will*, he is likely to break your heart. He must be controlled, or you will be miserable, and he undone.

O, consider then, deeply and constantly, the magnitude of the charge, and the weight of the responsibility, which lie upon you as parents. Remember that it is an immortal mind over whose cultivation you have to preside ; that education is a process to fit your children for life, and that life is to fit them for eternity ! Their character, under God, is very much of your own forming. Their fate (condition) in life with all their after-conduct in the world is put into your hands ; and what you now sow, you must expect hereafter to reap. Their nature in infancy is comparatively

soft and pliable. Habits have gained no power over them; and whatever impulse you now give to their desires and passions, the direction is likely to continue, and may be decisive of their happiness in time and in eternity.—“Train up your child,” then, “in the way in which he should go.”

DILLON.

ON PROVIDENCE.

It seldom happens that we hear the varied circumstances of life attributed to the right cause; the general idea seems to be, that we are subject to a capricious fortune, which is called “luck,” and denominated either “good” or “ill,” according to the appearance it may assume to the short-sighted mortal who fancies he is swayed by it. But it not unfrequently occurs, that the event which was considered such an extraordinary instance of “good luck” at the commencement, turns out, in the end, the most disastrous in its consequences. We have heard of industrious and worthy people, who, from an unexpected piece of good fortune, such as a prize in the lottery, or a legacy from an unlooked-for quarter, have been rendered idle, dissipated, and worthless, and have ended their days in a workhouse. Others, again, have been forced to acknowledge, from after experience, that the very circumstances which they considered the most unfortunate, have ultimately proved their greatest blessings. We know a man at this time, who, for many years was striving to alter the situation in which providence had placed him; the effort did not certainly appear an unworthy one, as in all human probability he was spending the best of his days to very little purpose. Many were the opportunities which apparently presented themselves to him to better his con-

dition ; but, as it then seemed, a perverse fortune marred every attempt, and disappointed every hope ; he was frequently heard to complain of his "ill luck," but we have every reason to believe, if he was now questioned on the subject, he would state his conviction, that an all-wise, though unscrutable Providence, was working for his benefit, though he knew it not, and murmured at its decrees. How beneficial it would be to us if we could view the changing occurrences of time in a more rational, we may say, a more Christian manner ; if we could only believe that every event, however apparently unimportant, was ordered by Omniscience for some good purpose. If we could but possess sufficient trust in the wisdom and mercy of our great Creator, we should, however dark and inexplicable the present may appear, look to the future, even in this life, to clear away the difficulty, and brighten the prospect, just as the tempest-tossed mariner through the darkest night, waits with certainty for the return of day, to enable him to enter his destined haven. J. V.

THE SOURCE OF LIGHT.

The effectual entrance of the word of God into the heart of a man produces such a change as must astonish all who contemplate it. For a man to adopt new views of things, so as to become completely different from what he was by nature ; to act on new principles, by new rules, and for new ends ;—not merely to exchange one worldly pursuit for another—this is common enough, and easily accounted for :—but to be convinced that all worldly things are nothing worth, in comparison of the spiritual things which men naturally disregard, and to act accordingly in the course of his life, this is certainly a very wonderful change ; and it must be a most powerful instrument or agent,

or both, that can have produced it. The instrument is the word of God, which "is quick and powerful.....piercing even to the dividing asunder of soul and spirit, and of the joints and marrow, and is a discerner of the thoughts and intents of the heart." (Heb. iv. 12.) It discloses the man to himself; shews him what he is in the judgment of God, which is according to truth; and where his help lies. Such is the instrument. And the agent is the Spirit of God, who renders the word effectual to the purposes for which it was appointed. It was sent to open the blind eyes; to turn men from darkness to light, and from the power of Satan unto God; to make them children of God, and heirs of heaven. To that end, God sent his word; and his Spirit renders it effectual.....

But not all who read or hear the word of God are enlightened, and much less are all saved by it. No. This is another particular in the text which remains to be considered. It is there said, "It giveth understanding unto the simple." The word "simple" here means the same thing which is elsewhere expressed in sacred Scripture by the word "babes." It is only the persons who possess simplicity and teachableness resembling those of children, that derive from the word of God the saving knowledge which it is capable of imparting. "The meek," said the Psalmist, "he will guide in judgment: the meek will he teach his way." (Ps. xxv. 9.) "The secret of the Lord is with them that fear him, and he will shew them his covenant." (Ps. xxv. 14.) While others shall "grope in the noon-day," these shall hear a voice behind them, saying, This is the way, when they turn to the right hand or to the left. "I thank thee, O Father, Lord of heaven and earth," said our Lord Jesus Christ, "because thou hast hid these things from the wise and prudent, and hast revealed them unto babes." (Matt. xi. 25.)

This simplicity, this willingness to be taught, may be, and often is, possessed by those who are under the greatest temptation, from their talents and attainments, to lean to their own understanding. When it is found in such persons, it qualifies them, beyond all men, to be the teachers of others. But when it is found in illiterate persons of the humblest station, it prepares even them, in the hearing and reading of the word of God, to make a rapid proficiency in all needful divine knowledge. It will soon raise them in the school of Christ above those persons, however gifted, who presume to sit in proud judgment on that which God has revealed, and to select and reject from it according to their own preconceived notions.

Is the question asked: "Do you, then, expect the poor and unlearned—if only they have simplicity—to be favoured with any supernatural teaching?" I answer, that if by supernatural teaching be meant any teaching which is not accessible to all who seek it in the appointed way, I do not expect it. But if by supernatural teaching be meant the teaching of the Spirit of God, I do expect it. I do not expect the Spirit of God to teach them any thing which is not contained in the word of God—the sacred Scriptures; or to teach without the use of the word of God heard or read. But, in the use of that word, I do expect that the Spirit of God will teach them what they would not learn without his teaching—the saving knowledge of the truth; that he will make them wise unto salvation. He will create in them an appetite for spiritual food—a desire for "the sincere milk of the word, that they may grow thereby." He will enable them to apprehend and to relish those truths which none can apprehend aright, or relish, except they be taught of God: and he will, in due time, bring them to such maturity of knowledge and conformity of heart and

life to the will of God as shall make them meet to be inheritors of the kingdom of heaven.

This subject suggests a word both of caution and encouragement. It is very common for persons, in humble station especially, to remain in wilful ignorance of the fundamental truths of religion because they will not take the trouble to learn them. At the same time, they pacify their consciences by saying, that "they are no scholars, and cannot be expected to be acquainted with such things." And the same spirit manifests itself under a somewhat different form, in many who are not of humble station. Some persons, who would be ashamed to confess ignorance on other subjects, and who are very intelligent in their own particular department; and in the general concerns of mankind, yet confess without shame—and sometimes, it is to be feared, with self-complacency—that they have not studied the fundamental principles of the Gospel: such things they will profess to leave to those whose professional business it is to study them. They will perhaps persuade themselves that the mysteriousness which they conceive to attach to the subject will account for and excuse the vagueness and indistinctness of their notions.... My friends, if any of you are conscious that you are chargeable with such wilful ignorance, such indifference..... I must testify to you that ignorance and indifference on such a subject are most unreasonable, and highly offensive to God. The wildest enthusiast, who pays attention to the subject, acts more rationally than you do..... I will conclude with the advice of the excellent Abp. Leighton:—"I exhort, I beseech you, never to suffer so much as one day to pass, either through lazy ignorance, or too much eagerness in inferior studies, without reading some part of the sacred records with a pious and attentive disposition of mind; still joining with your reading, fervent

prayer, that you may thereby draw down that divine light, without which spiritual things cannot be read and understood. But with that light shining upon them, it is not possible to comprehend how much sweeter you will find these inspired writings than those of all other orators, poets and philosophers. *They* reason about imaginary felicity; and every one, in his own way, addresses some precarious and uncertain thoughts about it. But this book alone shews clearly, and with absolute certainty, what it is, and points out the way which leads to the Author of it. This it was which prevailed with Augustine to study the Scriptures, and engaged his affections to them. ‘In Cicero and Plato, and such other writers,’ said he, ‘I meet with many things wittily said, and things that have a moderate tendency to move the passions; but in none of them do I find these words—Come unto me, all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest.’ ”

THE PROTESTANT CATECHISM: SHEWING THE PRINCIPAL ERRORS
OF THE CHURCH OF ROME.—IN FOUR PARTS.

(Concluded from page 244.)

PART IV.

*Of the Statements and other Points of Doctrine and Practice in the
Church of Rome.*

“I perceive that, in all things, ye are too superstitious.”—Acts xvii. 22.

Q.—*How is Baptism administered in the Church of Rome?*

A.—With many superstitious ceremonies: besides, that Church orders bells, and other lifeless things, to be baptised—which is a profane abuse of that holy sacrament.

Q.—*Do the Papists administer the Sacrament of the Lord's Supper according to Christ's command?*

A.—No. They withhold the cup from the laity; though Christ expressly said, when he instituted that Sacrament, “drink ye all of this.” (Matt. xxvi. 27.)

Q.—Doth the consecrated bread, which the Papists assert to be the body of Christ, contain also his blood, as they pretend ?

A.—No; but, if it did, the wine would be as unnecessary to the Priest as to the people: but our Saviour appointed both kinds to be received; and St. Paul, who wrote to the laity as well as the Clergy, saith, “Let a man examine himself, and so let him eat of that bread, and drink of that cup.” (1 Cor. xi. 28.)

Q.—What is the sacrifice of the Mass ?

A.—The Church of Rome calls the celebration of the Lord’s Supper the Mass; and pretends, that therein Christ is continually offered up a sacrifice for the living and the dead.

Q.—Is this doctrine agreeable to Scripture ?

A.—No: we are told there, that “Christ hath once suffered for sins.” Not that he should offer himself often, but now once hath “he appeared to put away sin by the sacrifice of himself.” And that, “without shedding of blood there is no remission.” (1 Pet. iii. 18. Heb. ix. 25, 26, 22.)

Q.—What do you infer from these passages ?

A.—That, since there is no shedding of blood in the Mass, and our Saviour Christ doth not suffer anew, there cannot be any sacrifice or remission of sins in the Mass.

Q.—Is the real and true body and blood of Christ in the Mass ?

A.—No.—The body of Christ is “at the right hand of God, in Heaven;” which both Protestants and Papists profess to believe, when they say the creed.

Q.—What, then, do the Protestants of the Church of England mean, when they say in their catechism, “the body and blood of Christ are verily and indeed taken and received by the faithful in the Lord’s Supper ?”

A.—They only mean that such persons as worthily partake of the Lord’s Supper, do spiritually eat the flesh of Christ, and drink his blood; and do actually receive those spiritual benefits which Christ purchased for mankind, when he gave his body to be broken, and his blood to be shed upon the cross.

Q.—What do the Papists mean by transubstantiation ?

A.—They believe that, in the sacrament of the Lord’s Supper, the bread and wine, immediately after the consecration, are turned into the very body and blood, soul and divinity of Christ.

Q.—Is this doctrine supported by Scripture ?

A.—No; for Christ himself, after consecration, calls the wine the “fruit of the vine,” (Matt. xxvi. 29.); and St. Paul calls what each communicant receives by the same name as before consecration: “As often as you eat this bread, and drink this cup, ye do shew the Lord’s death till he come.” (1 Cor. xi. 26.)

Q.—How do you understand these words, “this is my body ?”

A.—In the same sense as circumcision is called the covenant, and the lamb is called the passover; although they are not the passover and the covenant, but the signs of them. (Gen. xvii. 10, 11. Exod. xii. 11.) So, likewise, the bread and wine in the sacrament do but represent Christ’s body, and are a memorial of it to us; for which reason, he adds, “do this in remembrance of me.” (Luke xxii. 19.)

Q.—Doth the doctrine of transubstantiation contradict the evidence of our senses ?

A.—Our sight, our taste, and our smell, all inform us that the bread and wine remain, after consecration, exactly what they were before.

Q.—What will be the consequence, if our senses constantly deceive us in the plainest cases ?

A.—The consequence will be very bad. For our Saviour proved his doctrine by the miracles which he wrought before men's eyes. But if men's senses may deceive them in the plainest cases, there is an end of all miracles at once; and this great proof of the truth of Christianity is quite taken away.

Q.—Doth the doctrine of transubstantiation contradict our reason ?

A.—Yes; for our reason assures us, that it is impossible for the same body to be in different places at the same time.

Q.—Doth not that doctrine betray men into idolatry ?

A.—Yes; for, as there is no change made by consecration in the nature of the bread or the wine, the worship that is paid to them is the grossest idolatry.

Q.—Are the people always sure that the elements are duly consecrated ?

A.—They cannot be sure of it; because they cannot know whether the Priest intended to consecrate them, or not.

Q.—What, if the Priest do not intend to consecrate the elements ?

A.—Then, according to the doctrine of the Church of Rome, there is no consecration, and, of course, no transubstantiation; and the people who think they worship Christ, do (even upon their own principles) worship nothing but mere bread and wine, for want of the intention of the Priest.

Q.—Do the Papists carry this doctrine of intention to other articles ?

A.—Yes; to every one of their sacraments; so that, without the intention of the Priest, no Baptism is administered, or child made a Christian; without the intention of the Bishop, no orders are conferred, no Priest is made, and consequently all his ministration of Baptism, Masses, Absolutions, Marriages, &c., are of no effect.

Q.—Of what consequence is this doctrine of intention to the people ?

A.—It makes the salvation of the people depend on the care and honesty of the priest; and, at best, leaves them in a state of doubt and anxiety. Nay, by this doctrine, the Pope himself cannot be sure that he ever received holy orders, or was so much as baptised.

Q.—How do you prove five of the Popish sacraments are not sacraments of the Christian Church ?

A.—They are not of the nature of a sacrament; for they have either no outward and visible signs appointed by Christ, to convey to us inward and spiritual grace, or they are not generally necessary to salvation.

Q.—Is confirmation a sacrament ?

A.—No: it is a very useful and ancient ceremony, begun by

the Apostles; but, not being ordained by Christ himself, is no sacrament.

Q.—*Is penance a sacrament?*

A.—No: it is not appointed by Christ.

Q.—*Is the absolution of a Priest necessary?*

A.—No; for, in Scripture, forgiveness of sins is promised to all who believe in Jesus Christ. “By this man is preached unto you the forgiveness of sins; and all who believe are justified from all things.” (Acts xiii. 39.)

Q.—*On what principles do the Papists found the doctrine of penance?*

A.—They suppose that every sinner, by way of satisfaction to God for his sin, must suffer some temporal punishment, both in this world by penance, and in the next by purgatory; even though he has sincerely repented and forsaken his sins, and received absolution.

Q.—*Is penance a satisfaction to God for sin?*

A.—There is no other satisfaction for sin but that which Christ hath made, “who gave himself a ransom for all, and, by one offering, hath perfected for ever them that are sanctified.” (1 Tim. ii. 6. Heb. x. 14.)

Q.—*What, then, is the true end of penance?*

A.—The correction of the sinner, and the admonition of others.

Q.—*Is that end answered by the practice of the Church of Rome?*

A.—No. The sinner is allowed to get another person to do the penance for him; and the Pope grants indulgences, whereby he remits all penances, not only of sins past, but sometimes of such as shall be committed for a great number of years to come, or during a man's whole life. And these indulgences cannot but be considered as licences for sin, which are publicly sold for money.

Q.—*Is extreme unction a sacrament?*

A.—It is so far from being a sacrament, that it is not once mentioned in the New Testament; the anointing there recommended being for the recovery of a sick person. (James v. 14.) Whereas, extreme unction is applied with quite a different design, viz. to prepare him for the other world.

Q.—*Are holy orders a sacrament?*

A.—Holy orders are the solemn appointment of certain persons to the ministry, which, though according to Christ's command, is not a sacrament; not being necessary for all to receive.

Q.—*Is matrimony a sacrament?*

A.—Matrimony is an holy and honourable state of life, and was ordained by God between our first parents, in the time of their innocency; but, being so long before Christ, cannot be deemed a sacrament of his Church.

Q.—*What do you think of the obligation which the Clergy, and all the Nuns and Friars, and others of the Church of Rome, are under, not to marry?*

A.—It is so far from being commanded by God, that forbidding to marry (1 Tim. iv. 3.) is set down as one of the marks of them

that depart from the faith; and it is often found to be a dreadful snare to the conscience, and an inlet to the most abominable wickedness. (Heb. xiii. 13. Rom. 14.)

Q.—*Why is the distinction of meats, as practised in the Church of Rome, unlawful and superstitious?*

A.—To abstain from meats, is another of the marks of them that depart from the faith. (1 Tim. iv. 3.) The practice hath, in fact, destroyed the moral use of fasting, by teaching that luxury and drunkenness are consistent with fasting, provided particular meats are abstained from.

Q.—*Why are pilgrimages unlawful?*

A.—Because they promote superstition and idolatry, the worship of saints, and the unlawful veneration of images and relics.

Q.—*What doth the Church of Rome teach concerning purgatory?*

A.—That the departed souls of the faithful, in order to be cleansed from their sins before they can enter Heaven, must suffer the torment of fire in a place which they call purgatory; from whence, however, they may be delivered by the prayers of the Church, which are sold for money.

Q.—*Is there such a place?*

A.—No: the Scriptures tell us of no such place; but on the contrary, declare that “the blood of Christ cleanseth us from all sin. Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord, that they may rest from their labours, and their works do follow them.” (1 John i. 7. Rev. xiv. 13.)

Q.—*What do they mean by supererogation?*

A.—They suppose that some men may have more virtue and merit than is necessary for their own salvation, which may be spared for the benefit of others. This they call the treasure of the Church, and pretend that the Pope can dispose of it.

Q.—*How do you prove this doctrine to be false?*

A.—Our Saviour bids men, “When they have done all things which are commanded them, to say, we are unprofitable servants, we have done that which was our duty to do: in many things we offend all.” (Luke xvii. 10. James iii. 2.)

Q.—*How do you prove that one man cannot share in the merit of another?*

A.—St. Paul says, “Let every man prove his own work, and then shall he have rejoicing in himself alone, and not in another; for every man shall bear his own burden.” (Gal. vi. 4, 5.)

Q.—*What is the ill consequence of that doctrine of supererogation?*

A.—It offends the purity and holiness of God, by supposing that sinners can have any merit in his sight. It dishonours Christ, by supposing that others besides him can make satisfaction for sin. And it nourishes spiritual pride in some, and encourageth all manner of vice in others.

Q.—*Can you name any other errors and corruptions of the Church of Rome?*

A.—Several others might be named; but those already mentioned are abundantly sufficient to shew that the Church of Rome hath, in a great measure, changed the pure and holy religion of Christ unto a most wretched and dangerous superstition.

Q.—*What think you of those who live in the communion of so corrupt a Church?*

A.—That they are under a most grievous bondage; and, therefore, I heartily pity them, and pray for their conversion.

Q.—*What do you think, then, of those who separate themselves from the Church of Rome? May they do it lawfully?*

A.—They not only may, but are indispensably obliged by God's command to renounce all such idolatrous worship and sinful practices, and may rest assured of his favour in so doing. "Come out from among them, and be ye separate, and touch not the unclean thing; and I will receive you, and ye shall be my sons and my daughters, saith the Lord Almighty." (2 Cor. vi. 17.)

Q.—*What, then, is your design?*

A.—I am resolved, with God's help, to live and die in the Protestant faith, as it is contained in the wholesome Word of God; and I beseech him to give me his grace, that I may make a public and constant profession of the true religion, and add to that profession the practice of a godly, righteous, and sober life, through Jesus Christ our only Saviour and Redeemer. *Amen.*

A HELP TO THE PERFORMANCE OF THE PLAIN, YET NEGLECTED
DUTY OF SELF-EXAMINATION: CONTAINING A SELECTION FOR
EACH DAY IN THE MONTH.

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 246.)

Ninth Day.

How do I improve the talents committed to me, to my own advantage? What is the discipline of my mind? what the bent of my affections? what the quality of my actions? what the nature of my principles? and what the combined tendencies of the whole? How far have I learned in lowliness of mind to esteem others better than myself? Am I so pleased with what I see excellent in others as to render thanks to God for having bestowed upon them, as heartily as I should have done had I been the possessor myself? Can I look upon the gifts and attainments of others without an uneasy wish of resembling them, and can I submit to the feeling of inferiority without mortification? Do I cordially esteem their amiable qualities? Do I feel sincere pleasure when commendation is given them? Can I view them with complacency on those occasions when their conspicuousness only makes my own ignorance and unamiableness more apparent by comparison? Do I not sometimes try to balance accounts with them, by placing the best side of myself with their worst side, and then fancying a likeness between us? After tracing self through its deceitful mazes, am I constrained afresh to admire that love which could stoop to embrace a nature so vile? But when shall I comprehend what a stoop that was, or the measure of the patience that bears with me every hour, or the grace that will raise this ruined self into a new creature in Christ Jesus, and give it a place in his kingdom?

Tenth Day.

How do I act as to the great duty of forgiving injuries and enemies? Can I do it in a Christ-like temper? Can I forget as well as forgive? God says, "I will remember thy sins no more." Do I humble myself the more before *Him* for my *own* provocations when others do what is provoking to me? Do I read the sin of my own rebellion in every act of ingratitude I meet with from my fellow-creatures? Do the felt corruptions of my own heart prepare me rather to pity than censure the corruptions witnessed in others? How do I bear slights, and neglects, and disappointments? Do I embrace them as so many means of weaning me from self? Am I *willing* to be of no reputation? Am I willing that others should think as meanly of me as I do, or ought to do, of myself? And do I especially aim at thinking *truly* of myself? Do I most carefully and scrupulously avoid speaking of myself in *any* way and at *all* times? And do I anxiously avoid speaking to the disadvantage of others? Do I avoid dissipation of mind, by abstaining from conversation on things and persons which are merely indifferent? Is it there imprinted, "*What is that to thee? follow thou me?*" Am I aware that all unnecessary discourse does but divide and distract the attention? Is my conversation seasoned with the salt of the covenant, according to the spiritual import of that Scripture, Lev. ii. 13.? Is it seasoned by a sense of His sacred presence, and His pardoning love who died for our sins, and rose again for our justification? Is it seasoned with love to Him, who, when we were enemies, died for us? and with the love to our fellow-creatures, enjoined by him, when he taught us to say, "Forgive us, as we forgive;" and by his example, when he cried, "Father, forgive them?"

Eleventh Day.

But especially, how are the talents intrusted to me employed for the Lord? Has he my *time*? Do I always intend, (into whatever parcels my time may be broken,) always remember, (to whatever purposes my time may be applied,) *to use it to the Lord*? And is my talent of grace used to his glory—or do I rather wear it as an ornament, or solace myself with it as a possession, instead of putting it out to use, that it may gain yet two talents more? Is my obedience to God the fruit of love to him, or is it only the constrained service of a slave, or the hypocritical show of a pretender? Do I, at any time, substitute an outward zeal for religion in the place of an experimental application of the Saviour's merits, and an inward vital union with him? Do I not often try to find out excuses for my slothfulness in duty, and my reluctance to engage in it? Do I not often try to satisfy myself with having felt, and sometimes feeling now, that my desires are of the right sort, without earnestly and constantly waiting upon God for the blessings he has promised? Do I not mistake my dulness of spirit for composure of mind, and am I not unwilling to be roused from it? Am I not greatly enamoured with a life of ease? and when it is interrupted, do I not fret and murmur in-

stead of being as willing to *work* or to *suffer* in the will of God as to rest or to triumph in it? If so, am I aware that these are the workings of the unrenewed nature, against which a continual warfare is to be maintained? If *not*, am I fully instructed who it is that has made me to differ from others, and from my former self? and to cry out with my whole soul, "Not unto me! not unto me! but unto thy name be the glory, for thy mercy and for thy truth's sake, O Lord?"

Twelfth Day.

Do I perceive that it is not what *I* am or what *I* do, but the design of the Almighty in all that *He* does towards me, that ought to be my chief concern?—that is not the *getting rid* of trouble or pain, or crosses, but reaping the sanctified *effect* of them, that will benefit me and bring glory to God? Do I not sometimes wish that he would deal with me in a different manner? and do I not invent reasons why he should; such as thinking that in some other way I might be more holy and more useful; instead of adoring that wisdom which has ordered all things in the very best manner for my spiritual advantage? And do I herein lament the extreme pride, ignorance, ingratitude, and degeneracy of my heart?—the deep and subtle working of unsubdued, unmortified, nature? Is not *self* often exalted above all that is called God, or that is worshipped in me, sitting as in the temple of God, showing itself that it is God? Does it not greedily seek homage and tribute, requiring every knee to bow before, and every tongue to honour it? Do I then yield the sacrifice to my own net, and burn incense to my own drag? or when I discover how hateful and detestable the idol is, am I willing to be divorced from it? Do I, indeed, hate and detest, or do I only wink at it for a season, and then return to it again, and esteem it as before? Do I want to be something extraordinary in religion? or am I able by the grace of God to pray, "Make me little and unknown—loved and prized by thee alone?" Is it the inwrought and habitual conviction of my mind that the very least and lowest capability of thinking or acting graciously is of the undeserved mercy of God to a vile and helpless sinner? And do I see that my propensity to self-glorying is the reason why God cannot trust me in the circumstances which the humble Christian can walk in with safety?

VARIETIES.

AN EXTRACT FROM THE SPEECH OF THE REV. JOSEPH WOLFF, DELIVERED AT THE ANNIVERSARY MEETING IN DUBLIN, OF THE SOCIETY FOR PROMOTING CHRISTIANITY AMONGST THE JEWS.—APRIL, 1838.—I rise this time with particular emotion. Two years ago, in the month of April, I met with an Irish gentleman whose name I forbear to mention—a fine worldly character. He was in the service of the Pacha of Egypt. On my return

from Abyssinia, I found that gentleman very ill; he sent for me. On entering his apartment, he said, "Dear Wolff, you may perhaps go back to Ireland; tell them what will be to them cause of great consolation, that I was prepared for eternity by a Jew." (Hear.) I have written to the father of that very gentleman, who lives at Enniskillen, announcing to him the happy death of his son. I will now mention a fact which can be testified by Dr. M'Caul. I have not seen my relations for thirty-two years. When I was in America, I received a letter from Sir Thomas Baird, inclosing a letter from Dr. M'Caul, who is now present, in which he stated that one of my brothers, who for forty years never investigated the truths of the Christian religion, came by chance to Munich, to his mother, where he read my journal, and this was a great inducement to him to enquire into the doctrines of Christianity; and the issue has been that he is now prepared, with his wife and four children, to be baptized into the Christian religion. In New York I met with two cousins of mine who never saw me before, and the very fact of my proclaiming the Gospel of Christ at Jerusalem induced them to inquire into the claims of Christianity, and really to believe in Christ Jesus. There is another Jew whom, I did not see since I was eight years old: in his house there was living one of his nephews, whom he told that he knew me when a boy of eight years of age, and expressed his surprise, that having received such a strict Jewish education from my father, who was a Rabbi, I should relinquish Judaism for Christianity. This observation induced his nephew to read my journals, and he is now under instruction by the Right Rev. the Lord Bishop of New Jersey. So you see the ways of God are wonderful in bringing sinners to himself.

THE EAGLE.—In the book of Deuteronomy, we have a very animated and beautiful allusion to the eagle, and her method of exciting her eaglets to attempt their first flight, in that sublime and highly mystic composition called "Moses' song;" in which Jehovah's care of his people, and methods of instructing them how to aim at and attain high and heavenly objects, are compared to her proceedings upon that occasion. "As an eagle stirreth up her nest, fluttereth over her young, spreadeth abroad her wings, taketh them, beareth them on her wings: so Jehovah alone did lead him." (Deut. xxxii. 11, 12.) The Hebrew lawgiver is speaking of their leaving their eyry. Sir Humphrey Davy had an opportunity of witnessing the proceedings of an eagle after they had left it. He thus describes them: "I once saw a very interesting sight above one of the crags of Ben Nevis; as I was going, on the 20th of August, in the pursuit of black game. Two parent eagles were teaching their offspring, two young birds, the manœuvres of flight. They began by rising from the top of a mountain in the eye of the sun. It was about mid-day, and bright for this climate. They at first made small circles, and the young birds imitated them. They paused on their wings, waiting till they had made their first flight, and then took a second and

larger gyration, always rising towards the sun, and enlarging their circle of flight, so as to make a gradually extending spiral. The young ones still slowly followed, apparently flying better as they mounted; and they continued this sublime kind of exercise, always rising, till they became mere points in the air, and the young ones were lost, and afterwards their parents, to our aching sight." What an instructive lesson to Christian parents does this history read! How powerfully does it excite them to teach their children betimes to look toward heaven and the Sun of Righteousness, and to elevate their thoughts thither more and more on the wings of faith and love; themselves all the while going before them, and encouraging them by their own example!—*Kirby's Bridgewater Treatise.*

WHAT A LITTLE CHILD CAN DO.—In times of danger it is seldom thought that children can do any thing to help themselves or others. A little girl of whom we have lately read, being in such a situation, thought differently, and when our young readers hear the statement, they will admit that she was right. We hope they will not forget to "go and do likewise," by looking for the blessings they need for themselves and their fellow creatures.

The incident to which we refer is related in "Campbell's Letters from the South," written by the poet Campbell, principally from Algiers, in 1835. In February of that year, there was a dreadful storm of many days continuance along the coast of Africa, bordering on the Mediterranean, by which fourteen ships were wrecked at Bona and Bougia, and twenty before Algiers. Mr. Campbell states that nine sailors belonging to a Russian vessel were drowned in his sight, and a French captain of artillery, perished in bravely attempting to save them. After stating these and other circumstances, he thus proceeds:

"During those terrible days—you may easily suppose that we had scarcely any other subject of interest or conversation in Mr. St. John's house than the fate of our fellow-creatures at sea—one of his beautiful little daughters about seven years old, came to her mother in the crisis of her danger, and said, with tears in her eyes, "Mamma, I wish to pray for those sufferers in the ships, but I know not how to compose a prayer; do put words together for me that I may get them by heart, and pray to God for the people."

The wisest man in the world could not have thought of any thing more suitable at such a time than to ask help of God, for none other but he can rule the raging of the sea, and say to the waves, "Peace, be still."

THE RIGHT USE OF ABUSE.—If we be dashed and bespattered with reproaches abroad, we must study to be cleaner at home; and the less we find of meekness and charity in the world about us, we are to preserve so much the more of that sweet temper within our hearts; blessing them that curse us, and praying for them that spitefully use us, so shall we most effectually prove ourselves to be the children of our heavenly Father, even to their conviction, who will scarcely allow us, in any sense, to be called his servants.—*Bishop Leighton.*

POETRY.

SONNETS TO THE ENGLISH MARTYRS.

LORD COBHAM.

Most noble Cobham ! there was not with thee
 Peace for the fatal antichristian power,
 Nor wouldst thou bow to her idolatry,
 Nor give her place, no, not for one short hour ;
 But when her cloud of wrath began to lour,
 Firm was thy heart in heavenly constancy ;
 The name of God is like a mighty tower,
 Thither for safety do the righteous flee.
 Upon the harlot and her imagery
 Oh ! what contempt and scorn thy lips did shower,
 On pope and prelates, monks and all that be
 Of that abominable thing, the flower !
 At length, suspended o'er the enkindled blaze,
 Faithful to death, thy latest words were praise.

THE BLIND BOY OF GLOUCESTER.

Dear sainted boy, upon whose darkling eyes
 The morning never pour'd its cheering beam,
 Who never gaz'd on evening's countless dyes,
 Nor knew how lovely earth's vain shadows seem
 To childhood, lost in some fantastic dream
 Of cloudy realms, and turrets seen afar
 Rising within the setting sun's red gleam
 Till the blue vault is deck'd with many a star,
 To thee, how rich the heavenly glories are,
 How did they burst upon thy raptur'd sight
 When soaring upwards in the martyr's car,
 To Christ thy spirit took its angel flight,
 And He who bade thee live, and saw thee die
 With all His glory fill'd thy unveil'd eye !

CRANMER.

It is a story to be told with tears,
 And gushing of the heart, and frequent sighs ;
 'Tis true that Cranmer yielded to his fears,
 True that the wavering saint forgot the prize :
 Oh ! Christians, speak of it with downcast eyes,
 As onward still times mighty billows roll ;
 And let him know, who from the furnace flies,
 What agonizing pangs will rend his soul :
 The jewel of thy peace the tempter stole,
 Struck from thy head the heavenly diadem ;
 But rais'd by grace, thy feet have sought the goal,
 And for thy sins, the Lord hath pardon'd them :
 Within the flames with patience didst thou stand,
 And burn to ashes " that unworthy hand !"

THE
COTTAGE MAGAZINE ;

OR,

Plain Christian's Library.

No. IX.] SEPTEMBER, 1838. [VOL. XXVII.

THE CHRISTIAN SERVANT.

From the Scriptures, the fountain of truth, we should draw strength, and wisdom, and consolation. Let us look for these in the following Psalm.

“I love the Lord, because he hath heard my voice, and my supplications. Because he hath inclined his ear unto me, therefore will I call upon him as long as I live. The sorrows of death compassed me, and the pains of hell gat hold upon me: I found trouble and sorrow. Then called I upon the name of the Lord. O Lord, I beseech thee, deliver my soul. Gracious is the Lord, and righteous: yea, our God is merciful. The Lord preserveth the simple: I was brought low, and he helped me. Return unto thy rest, O my soul, for the Lord hath dealt bountifully with thee. For thou hast delivered my soul from death, mine eyes from tears, and my feet from falling. I will walk before the Lord in the land of the living.” (Psalm cxvi.)

David had experienced God's goodness to him in answer to prayer: in his difficulties he had humbly and earnestly begged mercy of God, and God had graciously accepted his prayer, taken notice of his cause, and granted him an answer of peace. He says, that God had inclined his ear

unto him. This shews the readiness and willingness of God to hear prayer: he hears prayer though it be but indeed in groanings that cannot be uttered. It is wonderful condescension in God to hear prayer; it is *bowing* his ear. Lord, what is man, that thou shouldst thus stoop to him?

David resolved in consideration thereof to devote himself entirely to God, and to his honour.

He will love God the better. He begins this Psalm with a profession of that which his heart was full of; he says, "I love the Lord:" and fitly does he begin with this, in compliance with the first and great commandment, which is to love God: it is as if he had said, "I love him only, and nothing besides him, but what I love for him."

Again, he will love prayer the better; he says, "Therefore will I call upon him as long as I live." The experiences we have had of God's goodness to us, in answer to prayer, are great encouragements to us to continue praying: we have prospered well, notwithstanding our unworthiness and our infirmities, and therefore why may we not continue to prosper? God therefore answers prayer in order to make us love prayer, and expects this from us in return for his favour. As long as we continue living, we must continue praying: this breadth of prayer we must breathe till we breathe our last, because then we shall take our leave of it, and till then we have continual occasion for it.

We find that David was in great distress: he says, "The sorrows of death compassed me, and the pains of hell gat hold upon me;" that is, such sorrows as were likely to be his death, such as were like to the very pangs of death: perhaps here is the extremity of bodily pain, or trouble of mind, called here the pains of hell—terror of conscience arising from a sense of guilt. Truly the

sorrows of death are great sorrows, and the pains of hell great pains. Let us, therefore, give diligence, to prepare for the former, that we may escape the latter. These compassed him, "gat hold" upon him, so that he could not escape: "without were fightings, within were fears." He says "I found trouble and sorrow." Those that are melancholy have a great deal of sorrow of their own finding, trouble which they create to themselves, by indulging fancy and passion: this has often been the infirmity of good men. When God's providence makes our condition low, let us not by our own imprudence make it lower.

In his trouble, David had recourse to God by faithful prayer. He tells us, "Then called I upon the name of the Lord:" then he made use of this, not as the last remedy, but as the old and only remedy, which he had found a balm for every wound. His prayer was short, but to the purpose, "O Lord, I beseech thee, deliver my soul;" that is, save me from death, and save me from sin, for that is it that is killing to the soul. When we come to the throne of grace we must come as beggars for an alms, for necessary food for our souls.

The Psalmist declares here, "gracious is the Lord, and righteous." Let us always speak of God as we have found him: and have we ever found him otherwise than gracious and righteous, just and good? No, our God is gracious and righteous to us, and it is of his mercies that we are not consumed. He found by experience that God was gracious and merciful, and in his compassion "preserveth the simple" men, sincere and upright, and without guile, therefore God preserves them, as he preserved Paul, who had his conversation in the world, not with fleshly wisdom, but in simplicity and godly sincerity, and to whom he gave this happy assurance, saying to

him, "My grace is sufficient for thee, for my strength is made perfect in weakness." Though they are simple, weak, and helpless, men of no great depth or design, yet God preserves them, because they commit themselves to him, and have no confidence in their own merits, power, or strength, and because they rely with simple faith for pardon and justification upon the merits of the Lord Jesus Christ, and look for sanctification through the influences of the Holy Spirit.

God supported him under his troubles: he says, "I was brought low, and he helped me," helped him both to bear the worst, and to hope the best; helped him to pray, else desire had failed; helped him to wait, else faith had failed. The people of God are never brought so low, but that everlasting arms are under them, and they cannot sink who are thus held up. Nay it is in the time of need, of the greatest need, that God chooseth to help. (Deut. xxxii. 36.)

David in his returns of gratitude to God, shewed himself to be a good man: and therefore he will live a life rejoicing in the Lord. He says, "Return unto thy rest, O my soul, for the Lord hath dealt bountifully with thee;" that is, repose thyself and be easy, and do not trouble thyself with distrustful disquieting fears. Quiet thyself, and then enjoy thyself; God has dealt kindly with thee, and therefore thou needest not fear that ever he will deal hardly with thee. Repose thyself in God: return to him as to thy rest, and seek not for that rest in the creature which is to be had in the Creator alone. God is the soul's rest; in him only it can dwell at ease; to him therefore it must retire, and rejoice in him; as Augustine was accustomed to say of God, "My soul shall never find rest till it find rest in thee." God has dealt bountifully with us; he has provided sufficiently for our comfort and refreshment,

and encouraged us to come to him for the benefit of it upon all occasions. Return to that rest which Christ gives to the weary and heavy laden, to the fold of the kind and gracious Shepherd of his flock ; return from sin, and misery, and death, to righteousness, happiness, and a blessed life in Christ. Return, as the dove, when she found no rest, returned to the ark. I know no word more proper to close our eyes with at night when we go to sleep, nor to close them with in dying, at death, than this, "Return to thy rest, O my soul."

God saved David out of his troubles. He says, "Thou hast delivered my soul from death, mine eyes from tears, and my feet from falling." God graciously delivered his "soul from death." It is the great mercy of God to us that we are alive, and the mercy is the more marked if we have been at death's door, and yet have been spared and raised up; just turned to destruction and yet ordered to return; that a life so often forfeited and so often exposed, should yet be lengthened out, is a miracle of mercy. The deliverance of the soul from spiritual and eternal death is especially to be acknowledged by all those who are now sanctified, and shall be shortly glorified. God delivered his "eyes from tears." It is a great mercy to be kept either from the occasions of sorrow, the evil that causeth sorrow, or from being swallowed up with over much sorrow. When God comforts those that are cast down, looses the mourner's sack-cloth, and girds them with gladness, then he delivers their eyes from tears, which yet will not be perfectly done till we come to that world where God shall wipe away all tears from our eyes. Again, God delivered his "feet from falling"—from falling into sin, and so into misery. It is a great mercy when our feet are almost gone, then to have God to hold us by the right hand. So that though we are under

temptation we are not overcome and overthrown by the temptation.

David resolves here to live a life of devotedness to God. He says here, "I will walk before the Lord in the land of the living;" that is, in this world, as long as he continued to live in it. We should walk before the Lord, and do all as becomes us in his presence, and conduct ourselves as his faithful subjects. God said to Abram, "I am the Almighty God; walk before me and be thou perfect." (Gen. xvii. 1.) We must walk worthy of the Lord unto all well-pleasing. We are spared and continued in the land of the living by the power, and patience, and tender mercy of our God, and therefore must make conscience of our duty to him. The land of the living is a land of mercy, which we ought to be thankful for; it is a land of opportunity, which we should improve; and we should improve our opportunities by walking in all holiness towards God, and in all charity towards our fellow-creatures. Do we want a motive for holy walking? We have it in the gratitude which we, poor earth-born creatures, owe to our great and heavenly Creator. Do we want an example? We have it in the example of our Lord Jesus Christ, who went about doing good. O let us glorify God in our works of mercy towards men! He would have his people to possess that faith which worketh by love; he would have them to be zealous in good works. If God has delivered our soul from death, we must walk before him in newness of life.

Let us again attend to the word of God:—

"I believed, therefore have I spoken: I was greatly afflicted. I said in my haste, All men are liars. What shall I render unto the Lord, for all his benefits toward me? I will take the cup of salvation, and call upon the name of the Lord. I will pay my vows unto the Lord, now in the pre-

sence of all his people. Precious in the sight of the Lord is the death of his saints. O Lord, truly I am thy servant, and the son of thine handmaid: thou hast loosed my bonds. I will offer to thee the sacrifice of thanksgiving, and will call upon the name of the Lord. I will pay my vows unto the Lord, now in the presence of all his people: in the courts of the Lord's house, in the midst of thee, O Jerusalem. Praise ye the Lord."

David here makes confession of his faith: he says, "I believed, therefore have I spoken;" which is quoted by the apostle, (2 Cor. iv. 13.) with application to himself and his fellow ministers, who, though they suffered for Christ, were not ashamed to own him. He believed the being, providence, and promise of God; and therefore he spoke to God by prayer, spoke by praise. He spoke to others, told his friends what his hope was, and what the ground of it. They that believe with the heart, must confess with the mouth, for the glory of God, the encouragement of others, and to shew their own sincerity. They that live in hope of the kingdom of glory must neither be afraid nor ashamed to own their obligation to him that purchased it for them. They should speak concerning their own sin, and the sin of man, and concerning Christ's great salvation: they should debase themselves, with all their works, and will, and thoughts, to the lowest dust, and should exalt Jesus, "who shall save his people from their sins"—Emmanuel—"God with us." We should use the words of the prophet, and declare that "the whole head is sick, and the whole heart faint. From the sole of the foot even unto the head there is no soundness in it; but wounds, and bruises, and putrefying sores: they have not been closed, neither bound up, neither mollified with ointment." (Isaiah i. 5, 6.) And yet declare, that "unto us a Child is born, unto us a Son is

given, and the government shall be on his shoulder, and his name shall be called Wonderful, Counsellor, the Mighty God, the Everlasting Father, the Prince of Peace."

God had been better to him than his fears, and had graciously delivered him out of his distresses; and in consideration hereof, he inquires what returns of gratitude he shall make. David says, "What shall I render unto the Lord for all his benefits towards me?" Here he speaks as one sensible of many mercies received from God, yea, even all his benefits.

He resolves what returns he will make. He will, in the most devout and solemn manner, offer up his praises and prayers to God. He says, "I will take the cup of salvation;" that is, he will take it in token of his thankfulness to God, and rejoice with his friends in God's goodness to him: this is called the cup of deliverance, because drank in memory of the deliverance. It seems to have been customary among the Jews thus to take the cup of deliverances, when celebrating their solemn feasts, as well as when offering sacrifices of thanksgivings for peculiar mercies: and it is thought that our Saviour, complying with this custom at his last Passover, thence took occasion to institute the Lord's Supper, which has ever since been to Christians "the cup of salvation;" a memorial of his immense love in giving himself to death for their sins; an outward sign of their receiving him by faith, as their salvation, and a grateful acknowledgment of the inestimable blessings of which they partake through his atoning sacrifice. And this is the cup of consolation; I will receive the benefits God bestows upon me as from his hand, and taste his love in them, as that which is the portion not only of mine inheritance in the other world, but of my cup in this.

Again, he says, "I will offer to thee the sacrifice of thanksgiving;" the thank-offerings which God required. (Lev. vii. 11, 12, &c.) We must first *give ourselves* to God as *living sacrifices*, (Rom. xii. 1.) and then lay out our all for his honour, in works of piety and charity. Doing good and communicating are sacrifices with which God is well pleased, (Heb. xiii. 15, 16.) and this must accompany our giving thanks to his name. Why should we offer that to God which costs us nothing?

Again, he shews that he will always entertain good thoughts of God, as very tender of the lives and comforts of his people. He says, "Precious in the sight of the Lord is the death of his saints." This truth David had comforted himself with, and he comforts others with it. The children of God never go unattended: like unto great princes they walk ever in the midst of a guard, which, though invisible, is true, careful, powerful, as being appointed by the Lord. Their adoption makes them at once great and safe. They may be despised in the eyes of the world, but God honours them. The saints of God are mortal and dying; and their enemies desire their death, and labour for it all they can, and sometimes bring to pass the death of them; but precious in the sight of the Lord is their *life*, (2 Kings i. 13.) is their *blood*. (Psalm lxxii. 14.)

He engages himself to be God's servant all his days. Having asked, What shall I render? here he surrenders himself, which was more than all burnt-offerings and sacrifice. He says, "O Lord, truly I am thy servant;" that is, I choose to be so, I resolve to be so, I will live and die in thy service. Joshua, a prince in Israel, that faithful servant of God, said to the Israelites, "If it seem evil unto you to serve the Lord, choose you this day whom ye will serve; whether the gods which

your fathers served, that were on the other side of the flood, or the gods of the Amorites, in whose land ye dwell ; but as for me and my house, we will serve the Lord.” David was a king, and yet he glories in this, that he was God’s servant. It is no disparagement, but an honour, to the greatest kings on earth, to be the servants of the God of heaven.

He further says, “I will pay my vows unto the Lord, now in the presence of all his people.” Vows are debts that must be paid. He will not, like sorry debtors, delay the payment of them, and beg a day, but he will pay them now ; what service he has to do for God he will do it in the presence of all his people, not for ostentation, but to shew that he was not ashamed of the service of God, and that others might be invited to join with him. He will pay his vows in the courts of the tabernacle, where there was a crowd of Israelites attending ; in the midst of Jerusalem, that he might bring devotion into more reputation. O all ye that would seek to know more of the blessed Saviour, see where you must seek him ; not in the crowded courts of dissipation—not amongst the busy throng of avaricious buyers and sellers : in vain shall ye thus hope to find him ; but seek him in his holy temple ; seek him with piety ; seek him with faith, then shall you meet him—there shall he meet you.

VISITS TO A FARM-HOUSE.

“The recollections of college days, which recur at every turn of progressive life, are not only amongst the most interesting and fascinating memorials treasured in the mind, but, in many instances, are invested with a solemn sacredness, which redeems them from the oblivion into which

they might otherwise gradually sink, and from the vanity which too commonly is inscribed upon our remembrances of the past. Were I to traverse my native land in its length and breadth, and then to launch from its shores, and cross the ocean which intervenes between it and the eastern and western hemispheres, I should find the companions of those days, who shared my joys and griefs, my hopes and fears, my walks and my studies, remotely scattered through the widening space, over which the Church of Christ is extending its spiritual empire. My feet would be arrested at the premature graves of several, who, having just entered with glowing zeal, and lofty purpose, on 'the work of an evangelist,' were suddenly accosted with the summons, 'Come up hither,' and were removed to serve their Divine Master in a higher world, and in a purer temple. Their silent tombs would send home to my heart the admonition of their Lord and mine, sanctioned as it is by his application of it to himself: 'I must work the works of him that sent me, while it is day; the night cometh, when no man can work.' With a few I should meet, who have failed of the fair promise of their earlier years, and whose goodness was as a morning cloud, and as the early dew that goeth away. Others I should exult to contemplate walking on elevated ground, guiding their flocks in the narrow path of salvation, and themselves pressing forward to that glory, to which they beckon and direct their followers. With two of this latter class it would give me unspeakable delight to review the times, and places, and circumstances, which recur as I transcribe the subjoined recollections. For they were my beloved companions in walks, of which nothing is forgotten but the transient fatigue that may have arisen from them; and, should these pages meet their eye, I doubt not but they will

pleasurably retrace the paths we trod together in long past years, and dwell in not unprofitable reverie on the retrospect. 'Happier hours than those,' which were thus spent with them, 'I never expect to see in this world. Very pleasantly did they pass, and mooved smoothly and swiftly along. They are gone, but have left a relish and a fragrance upon the mind, and the remembrance of them is sweet.'

"It was the last morning but one of the month of April, and such a morning as Thomson would have chosen to ramble forth and cull the flowers of poesy, when, with H—— at my side, I quitted my college cell to perform my promise to the sister of Mrs. B——, that I would visit the abode of the latter. Bounding along in all the vivacity and vigour of youth, we quickly passed the walls, and towers, and spires of Alma Mater, and took the road to B——n. One in sentiment, taste, and affection; pursuing the same studies; and making our way through the initiatory discipline of the university to the same high office, we were at no loss for topics of discourse to beguile the length of our road. We loved to enthusiasm.

' the boundless store
Of charms which Nature to her votary yields !
The warbling woodland, the resounding shore,
The pomp of groves and garniture of fields ;
All that the genial ray of morning gilds,
And all that echoes to the song of even ;
All that the mountain's sheltering bosom shields,
And all the dread magnificence of heaven.'

"Conversation, suggested and varied by the infinite diversity of objects, which met our roving eyes in every direction, and called up, in more pleasing forms, the beauties of the sacred and of the classic page, flowed without effort or restraint. Our path was new to us. We were about to visit strangers, and little did we anticipate the lively interest with which in after years we should revert

to the incidents of that day. We made pleasure subservient to usefulness, and often stopped to converse with the labourer as he paused from his toil; with the child as it was conveying a noon-tide meal to his father; and with the cottager as she sat at the door. We left with each an appropriate tract, to enlighten, to admonish, or to comfort them, amidst the ignorance, the thoughtlessness, and the sorrows, of their condition. Through our ignorance of the direct road, we made a wide deviation from our proper course; and, after having passed over many miles of ground, we began to despair of reaching our destination. We at length reached the brow of a verdant hill, crowned with nine lofty and luxuriant elms, and looked round if haply we might discover the dwelling which we sought. A column of smoke ascending through the calm atmosphere, proved the friendly token that our journey and our wanderings were at an end. We quickly descended to the sequestered vale, where stood the picturesque farm-house of Mr. B——. All the flowers of spring were blooming in the neat parterre through which we passed to the readily opened door. Though strangers and unexpected, we were quickly relieved from every uneasy feeling, by the open and liberal hospitality which usually attends one's reception under the roof of a respectable English yeoman. Another and a superior order of feelings increased our welcome. He who, while on earth, often retired to Bethany, and sanctified, by his presence, the abode of the little family whom he loved, had, unseen, but not unknown, entered here, and prepared a cordial reception for any who could speak of him and his salvation. Mrs. B—— received us with overflowing kindness as the friends of her beloved relative; but, to my surprise, did not open a letter of which I was the bearer. She after-

wards told me, that her sister's letters were too precious to be read with a divided attention. To that sister this was but partially known. On Mrs. B——'s part, the langour of a fatal disease had long interrupted their correspondence, and the real state of her mind was but imperfectly understood. From the time of our visit, this became better known, and diffused through many kindred hearts a measure of that joy that angels feel, when the prayer of a soul, returning to its God, is heard in heaven.

"Far advanced in a pulmonary consumption, which baffled all the skill of her medical attendants, Mrs. B—— was reclining on a sofa, receiving the tender caresses of her group of four beautiful children, whose vigorous limbs and blooming cheeks formed an affecting contrast with the pallid countenance and emaciated form of their mother. When we entered the parlour, one of them was tenderly pressing her mother's hand to her heart, and looking more than she spoke. There was a sweetness and simplicity in her manners that immediately won our regard, before we discovered the lovelier features of her character. These soon, but unobtrusively, attracted our notice. Once, when she walked across the room to solicit my friend H—— to touch her long closed piano, she seemed like one just ready to drop the burden of the flesh, and to enter on the joy and felicity of disembodied spirits. His hand and voice called forth the energies of her soul, and as she sat and selected portions of sacred poetry for us to sing, her pains and languor were forgotten. Two of her relatives were present, and aided our little choir as we sang,

'Children of the heavenly King,
As ye journey, sweetly sing;
Sing your Saviour's worthy praise,
Glorious in his works and ways.

‘Ye are travelling home to God,
In the way the fathers trod :
They are happy now, and ye
Soon their happiness shall see.

‘Shout, ye little flock, and blest,
You on Jesus’ throne shall rest :
There your seat is now prepared,
There your kingdom and reward.’

Nor did we omit our own favourite hymn, with which for several years we were accustomed to close our Sunday evenings at college, and which was exactly suited to the present moment.

‘When I can read my title clear
To mansions in the skies,
I bid farewell to every fear,
And wipe my weeping eyes.

Should earth against my soul engage,
And hellish darts be hurl’d,
Then I can smile at Satan’s rage,
And face a frowning world.

Let cares like a wild deluge come,
And storms of sorrow fall ;
May I but safely reach my home,
My God, my heaven, my all !

There shall I bathe my weary soul
In seas of heavenly rest ;
And not a wave of trouble roll
Across my peaceful breast.’

“Mrs. B——’s countenance was lighted up with joy as we sang these songs of Zion, and she seemed at a loss to express the peace and delight which reigned in her breast. We saw that the name, the work, the promises, and the person of the Saviour, were precious to her soul ; and that these were the constant subjects of her waking thoughts, although the retiredness of her natural character, and her little intercourse with religious persons, were not favourable to her making them the themes of her discourse. Hers was that form of piety that shuns the gaze of men, and is sometimes matured

in the shade before many know that either flower or fruit is there. Our conversation with her, according with the tenor of her private thoughts and feelings, seemed to draw aside the covering which till then had much concealed the work of God in her soul, and from that time she communicated with increasing freedom, though not with less modesty, the great things which the Lord had done for her.

“Drawn with her family to attend the faithful and affectionate ministry of our beloved friend and tutor, at H—— G——, her mind was first roused to an inquiry into its state, by an address from the Rev. D.—— W——, which was the *only* sermon he ever delivered in that pulpit. She withdrew in much agitation, and for many days was very dejected. At home, she lighted upon an old edition of Jeremy Taylor’s Holy Living and Dying. This she read with intense eagerness, but it yielded her no comfort. It rather enlarged and inflamed the wound, which the two-edged sword of the Spirit had made in her heart. As often as her infant family, and the distance, which was considerable, permitted, she most gladly resorted to H—— G——. There she gradually obtained a clearer understanding of the way of pardon and reconciliation with God through the mediation of that Saviour, whose name ever after was as ointment poured forth, and she became warmly attached to her instructor. She loved to sit at the feet of him that brought good tidings of good, and published peace and salvation. But her pastor knew nothing of the effect of his ministrations ; and often when he perhaps rode homeward with a heavy heart, such as ministers of the Gospel are no strangers to, she retired, gladdened by the joyful sound, and blessing God for enabling him to speak a seasonable word to her soul.

“So naturally amiable, however, were her spirit

and deportment in her several relations in life, that the change in her heart proceeded in a manner characteristic of the advance of that kingdom, whereof she was now being made a subject. It was without observation ; so that even her nearest relatives knew little of its progress, and the prayers of one of her sisters were being answered in secret. It was a fulfilment of that remarkably gracious promise, 'It shall come to pass, that before they call, I will answer ; and, while they are yet speaking, I will hear.' A most encouraging instance this to the faithful minister of Jesus, who often 'goeth forth weeping, bearing precious seed,' knowing not which shall prosper, this or that ; and dejected lest all should prove alike unproductive of joy to himself, of saving benefit to his flock, and of glory to God. Angels may bear to know the entire result of that unobserved but ceaseless ministry, which they are sent to exercise in the Church of Christ, as ministering spirits to the heirs of salvation. But God perceives that the holiest and humblest of his servants on earth cannot safely be made acquainted with the full extent of the blessing with which he is crowning their labours. The knowledge of this would endanger their being exalted above measure.

"Thus occupied at G— farm, we counted not the hours, and lingered till the lengthening shadows reminded us of the distance we had to walk. Old Mr. B——, the father-in-law of the interesting invalid, as he crossed the adjacent meadow on our return, said, (and a manly tear stole down his florid cheek as he spoke,) 'I have followed to the grave several of my own children, who, in quick succession, have been carried off by declines ; and I see that it will not be long before I shall be called to follow my daughter-in-law to the same tomb.' This hale, intelligent old man, survived the object of his tender anxieties but a few years.

He gave, upon his death-bed, a most decisive testimony that the Gospel is the power of God, to the comfort, the support, and the salvation of every one that believeth.

“We returned by a different and nearer track, our minds surcharged with conflicting emotions of pleasure and pain. Sitting for rest and reflection upon the trunk of a fallen tree in a sequestered meadow, we lifted up our hearts to Him, who was wont to retire apart from the crowd and his disciples, to hold communion with his Father.

‘Cold mountains and the midnight air
Witness’d the fervour of his prayer.’

We implored his grace to fix upon our minds an indelible and profitable impression of the scene we had just quitted.

“Mrs. B— had now for eleven months been excluded from the public means of grace. These ordinary channels of divine influence and teaching being closed against her, she drew nearer to the fountain of living waters; and though she most highly estimated the privileges she had lost, and often longed again to enter into the courts of the Lord, she was taught, by her privation, to rely less upon man, and more upon God. And, truly, this is both the chief end and benefit of affliction. It not only strips the world bare, and exposes the insufficiency and emptiness of its resources, but also reduces the externals of religion itself, its forms and ordinances, to their proper level, and forces into full light, and raises to their due elevation and importance, those principles and exercises of the heart which constitute the very life and soul of true religion. Humility and love, faith and hope, may have a being and a sway in the soul, when health, and peace, and joy, diffuse around their exhilarating beams; but it is in sanctified affliction that those Christian graces, like the stars

and planets, stand out to the eye in the fulness of their native lustre, when all other light is withdrawn. To be enabled to interrupt the groans extorted by the pangs of suffering humanity, by confessions of unworthiness and guilt, which justly merit deeper woes; and by acknowledgments of still granted mercies, that outnumber even innumerable griefs; to love as a Father the God who inflicts the chastisement; to hold fast the oath-bound promises of the Lord with the firm resolve of Job, 'Though he slay me, yet will I trust in him: he also shall be my salvation;' and to cherish hope in Christ as the sure and steadfast anchor of the soul, are exhibitions of Christian virtue in its highest excellence, which owe their very existence, under God, to the occasion that calls them forth. 'We glory in tribulations also; knowing that tribulation worketh patience; and patience experience; and experience hope; and hope maketh not ashamed, because the love of God is shed abroad in our hearts by the Holy Ghost which is given unto us.'

"On the following Sunday, the friend and minister, from whom her distant residence had so long separated her, called and sat with her two hours, in delightful surprise at her advance in enlightened conceptions of divine truth, and in an experimental acquaintance with its efficacy to quiet the solitudes of an awakened conscience, to detach the heart from the fondest and the strongest of earthly ties, and to clothe death itself with the robes of an angel of light.

"Many days did not elapse before we retraced our steps to that spot, whither in our daily walks on classic ground our thoughts and conversation continually reverted. It was the Sabbath; and we resolved to attend our friend and tutor to the scene of his pastoral labours, and to repeat our visit to G—— Farm.

“After uniting with the rustic congregation at H—— G—— in listening to a faithful, plain, and useful exposition of the offices sustained by him, whom ‘God hath exalted with his right hand to be a Prince and a Saviour, to give repentance unto Israel, and remission of sins,’ we there joined Mrs. B——’s sister, who had recently arrived. She wept, as we crossed the intervening fields, at every mention of her relative. But in this instance, ‘the same fountain sent forth both sweet water and bitter.’ She said, ‘I cannot but keenly feel for the bodily sufferings of my dear sister; but when I see the state of her mind, my anxiety and pain almost vanish. She is so greatly altered. The work has been done in a short time. The goodness of God is wonderful.’

“When we entered the same room as on our first call, we met the husband, the children, the sister, the aged father; but the wife—the mother, was not there. Her decline, within ten days, had been rapid. But there was no declension in the renewed habits of her soul. Distrustful of herself, and thoroughly humbled; harrassed by many temptations to unbelief, yet simply reposing in steady faith and tranquil hope upon the covenanted grace of the Saviour, her mind’s eye was immovably fixed on eternity. So wholly and happily was she taken up with the high theme of her salvation, that no reply could be elicited to inquiries respecting her health. She would smile, express her gratitude to the inquirer, and turn off the question by saying, ‘But oh! I have so many mercies—God is so good to me!’ She would fixedly gaze upon her sister, and a tear of delight would steal from her eye, when she discovered that they were now more closely united than ever, as being one in Christ. ‘The communion of saints’ with each other is not a matter of barren credence. It is a sacred reality, less frequently known, in-

deed, than acknowledged, but the perennial source of pleasures the most refined and exalted, and inferior only to those which flow from 'the communion of saints,' with their Father and Redeemer. None of the 'yesterdays' of life look backward with a smile so sweet and satisfactory as those which were marked with the true bliss 'of hearts in union mutually disclosed' on all that gives a character of interest to the present and the future scene."

'O days of heaven, and nights of equal praise,
Serene and peaceful as those heavenly days,
When souls drawn upward in communion sweet,
Enjoy the stillness of some close retreat,
Discourse, as if released and safe at home,
Of dangers past, and wonders yet to come;
And spread the sacred treasures of the breast
Upon the lap of covenanted rest.'

"In the enjoyment of such holy intercourse, we left the sisters, and we ourselves were not unconscious of a portion of its blessedness."

THE DAY'S SORROW.

When a physician is called in, the first duty he has to perform is to make himself thoroughly acquainted with the malady of the invalid; he is thus enabled to direct his skill and judgment to a particular point; but if he were called on to write his prescription without seeing his patient, or without a definite knowledge of his malady, the probability of his effecting a cure would be much decreased.

Now, a writer, when he addresses his readers generally, is just in this latter case. Like the physician, he may have a general knowledge of human nature, and be acquainted with the most common infirmities of his fellow-creatures, but unless his remarks are definitely directed to amend

some particular evil, or effect some particular good, his success will, at best, be but partial. He may mean well, but, like an archer shooting with a bow at a venture, he knows not where, nor with what effect, the point of his observations will fall.

My present address is a general one, and of necessity attended with the disadvantage already glanced at; yet am I not without hope that it will pour oil and balm into some wounded bosom. Though the subject be that of sorrow, it may bid some desponding heart be glad, and gild with a smile some face now beclouded with care. It may be that some will not understand the meaning of "the day's sorrow," and I should be well satisfied on this subject to be unintelligible to all my readers; but this I cannot hope for. No! no! There are too many who will understand too well the meaning of "the day's sorrow."

The language of Scripture is, "Sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof;" and when the heart knows its own bitterness, that bitterness is none the less on account of its being unknown to the rest of the world.

If you are among those who rise in the morning strangers to the toothache, the headache, and the heartache, you will act wisely to offer up your hearty acknowledgements to the Father of mercies for his goodness; but you will act very foolishly if you do not also fervently pray that you may be prepared for a different state of things.

"In this world ye shall have tribulation," are the words of One who spoke as never man spake, and you will do well to bear them in continual remembrance.

It often occurs that my first ejaculatory prayer, on opening my eyes after a night's slumber, is "Prepare and strengthen me for this day's sorrow!" Perhaps it ought not to be so, and perhaps we ought always to be more ready to thank God

for mercies received, than to supplicate for more ; but the truth is the truth, and we are continually leaving undone what we ought to do, and doing what we ought not to do.

It may be thought that I too often introduce myself and my views when speaking to others : perhaps I do ; but if this be an error, I at least commit it with an upright intention : I believe that I can best appeal to others' hearts by a faithful examination of my own : "for as face answereth to face in a glass, so the heart of man to man."

Do you know what it is when you awake, to feel the heart burdened—to know that there is a something to contend with, even before you are sufficiently yourself to be aware of what it is? I dare say you do, for few people are altogether ignorant of it.

And do you know what it is, after a few moments' pause for the full knowledge of the trouble to come over you, like the shadow of a cloud on a sunshiny day? No doubt you do ; and if so, there is but little danger of my being misunderstood when I speak of "the day's sorrow."

There are some subjects that more immediately concern God's people, and some that relate more particularly to the people of the world. The day's sorrow, however, will apply equally to the friends and the enemies of the Redeemer ; for "whom the Lord loveth, he chasteneth," and "there is no peace unto the wicked."

Shall I beat about the bush, and talk of trouble and sorrow in general, or shall I come to the point at once, and ask you what is your day's sorrow?

This latter course seems the best, and also the best adapted to my disposition. Come, then, let me inquire what is the sorrow of the day.

Have you had a loss, or do you fear that you shall have one? Losses are trying things. Have

you met with an unexpected disappointment in money matters? Disappointments sometimes sadly perplex and distress us. Is there a bill to pay that you are not provided for, and must you put yourself under an obligation that makes your spirit groan again? No wonder that you are ill at ease. These landlords, and tax-gatherers, and tailors, and butchers, and bakers, seem somehow or other, to know just the times when people cannot pay them, and then they call! How important, then, the literal injunction of holy writ, "Owe no man any thing, but to love one another."

Now if your "day's sorrow" proceeds from all, or from any, of these sources you have quite enough to becloud your spirit: but if you are one of God's people, take courage; for though perplexed, you shall not be in despair; though cast down, you shall not be destroyed. You may be weary and heavy laden, but comfort is at hand. "Come unto me, all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest," is the promise of Him who is no promise-breaker. Be industrious, be prudent, be strictly honest, and be patient; keeping your mind at ease, for the time being, by casting your burdens on Him who has promised to sustain them, and all will yet be well.

But perhaps you have some sickness, some bodily pain, some infirmity come upon you, the consequences of which are unknown to you, and alarm you. How many a dreary day and weary night are caused by such a day's sorrow as this! but consider, you are in the hands of a merciful and compassionate God, a faithful Creator and Redeemer, who knows your frame, and considers that you are but dust. He can speak the word, and his servant will be healed; or, he can so sanctify the affliction as to make it the choicest of his blessings. Cheer up, fainting spirit! think not thyself undone: even now thy Father com-

not thyself undone; even now, thy Father comforteth thee: "I will never leave thee, nor forsake thee:" thy chastisements may be a means of bringing forth the "peaceable fruits of righteousness."

It may be that you are sorrowing for sin, or mourning for the loss of the light of God's countenance, hanging down your head as the bulrush, and watering your couch with your tears. If this be your day's sorrow, you need nothing in addition to it. To live in fear of temporal trouble is to wear a sad mill-stone round the neck, but the apprehension of God's fearful judgments is almost more than humanity can endure.

But perhaps you mistake your case. If you are sorrowing for the punishment of sin only, it will be a mercy if that be followed by sorrow for sin itself, and then there will be comfort enough for you in God's word. A godly sorrow for sin is unspeakably better than an ungodly rejoicing in sin; therefore, if you are enduring that day's sorrow, again I say, cheer up! So sure as you approach the Cross of Christ, like Bunyan's pilgrim, so sure will the load fall from your back, and the burden from your heart. Whether your day's sorrow has to do with your mind, your body, or your possessions, I would, if I could, turn your mourning into joy; but seeing that I cannot do this, I must commit you to Him who can.

Oftentimes have I been sadly puzzled, while pondering on the sins and sorrows of the world; and much wiser heads than mine have been puzzled too, at the same employment. It is said that a great man of olden time cut asunder, with his sword, a knot that no one could untie. Now, a text of Scripture has often done the same thing for me: it has done away with many a difficulty; why should it not do the same thing for you?

Whatever may be "the day's sorrow," look for

a moment on the book of eternal truth ; for if you are a godly seeker after salvation, a lowly follower of the Redeemer, you must receive consolation from the heart-reviving text, " Our light affliction, which is but for a moment, worketh for us a far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory." — *Visiter.*

BEHOLD ! I STAND AT THE DOOR AND KNOCK !

In vain do we look for language in which to express, or an image by which to illustrate, the stupendous condescension of the Mighty God. An earthly monarch, descending from his throne, laying aside his regal splendor, and, in the garb and attitude of a suppliant, knocking at the door of the meanest hovel in his dominions, and entreating its inmate to receive his monarch as his guest—O ! this conveys no image of the infinite condescension of the King of kings. This is but the condescension of *one worm to another* ; of a worm clothed in ermine to a worm clothed in rags ; and how can this even shadow forth the condescension of the *Almighty to a worm*—of the Sovereign of the universe to a particle of dust !—yea, more—infinitely more, the condescension of the *insulted* God, stooping to plead with a rebellious worm ; the *offended* Sovereign of the universe, stooping to supplicate the sinner that has defied and despised Him ; entreating him to accept a free, full, glorious salvation—even pardon, holiness, eternal bliss—all purchased with that offended Sovereign's agony and blood ! Is not this a sight that may well make angels wonder ? And yet, perhaps, earth affords a sight still more calculated to fill heaven with astonishment. It is man refusing to listen to a beseeching God ; it is the creature turning a deaf ear to the entreaties of his Creator ; it is the rebellious worm spurning

the invitations of his imploring Sovereign; it is the sinner leaving the Saviour standing and knocking at the door of his heart, and not merely neglecting to open it, but keeping it fast closed against Him, and with cold contempt or scornful pride, refusing to receive Him as his guest. And then, to think how this insult is aggravated, by the readiness with which the door of the heart is opened to *every other guest* that knocks for admission there. First, the objects of our earthly love, all that have a just claim on our affections, knock at the door of the heart, and the door is at once opened, and they enter in and dwell there. Then *the world* knocks, and the door is at once opened, and the world comes, with its train of lying vanities, and cheating promises, and disappointing hopes, and unsatisfying joys, and they enter into the heart and dwell there. And then *sin* knocks, and the door is at once opened—and sin comes in with its train of polluting thoughts, and vile affections, and unhallowed tempers, and abominable lusts, and they all enter into the heart and dwell there. And then *Satan* knocks, and the door is opened to him—and he comes with his train of impure and accursed spirits, and they all enter into the heart and dwell there. And *then Jesus comes*, attended by a train of holy and heavenly tempers and affections, hopes and joys,—He comes in His own glory, and His Father's glory, and the holy angels with Him, bearing in one hand a divinely-wrought robe of righteousness, and in the other a blood-bought crown of glory; and He stands at the door and knocks—*but the door is not opened to Him!* and He stands there, day after day, waiting and knocking, but still the door is not opened: aye, that door, which was opened at once to every other guest, from earth or hell, is kept closed—barred, as with bars of iron, against *Him*; and He is left there stand-

ing and knocking—and knocking, but knocking in vain ! How justly has the human heart, in its natural state, been compared to the Inn of Bethlehem, where every guest could find room, and every guest was welcome, except the Saviour of mankind !—*White*.

THE CREW OF A MAN-OF-WAR.

Mr. STEWART, in his delightful narrative of a “Visit to the South Seas,” thus describes the moral aspect of the crew with whom he sailed :—

Believing with Pope, “that the proper study of mankind is man,” I have ever delighted in opportunities of observing my fellows in new lights and relations ; and find daily amusement, with an admixture of other emotions, in the developement of character among those around me. A man-of-war is a world in miniature, in which every different kind of temper and disposition is to be found, under the various modifications of a diversity of early habits and impressions.

A more interesting and attentive audience than that formed by the five hundred of our crew at worship on the Sabbath, I have seldom addressed ; and every look, and the whole appearance of the men, after the first sermon I preached, as I passed among them, while at dinner, to distribute a set of tracts, plainly told they were far from being indifferent to the services of my office, and regarded me personally with feelings of kindness and goodwill.

Commodore Thompson informed me at an early period, that it was the desire, both of himself and Captain Smith, to have public prayers daily on board the *Guerriere*, according to a prescribed, though hitherto disregarded, rule of the naval service. The hour of sunset was fixed on, as the most convenient and most appropriate for the duty ; and the first day the weather permitted, it was commenced. A more desirable and salutary observance could scarce be devised, nor one more pleasing and more impressive. It was well remarked, in reference to it, by a principal officer, though not professedly a religious man, that, wanderers as we are upon the deep, separated widely from all the rest of the world, there should be, at least once in every twenty-four hours, a common and appointed time for all to pause in the daily round of occupation, and, as intelligent and immortal beings, to reflect for a moment what we are, and for what created—what we are about, and whither we are going—unitedly to join in the worship of our God, and anew commend us to his grace and mercy. It is no common spectacle thus presented by our ship, when, as the curtains of the night begin to drop around us, the busy and varied occupation of so large a company is seen to cease, and, at

the appointed signal, all, from the highest to the lowest, quietly gather to the altar we have here erected, to offer to heaven an evening sacrifice of thanksgiving and prayer. It is a noble sight to behold men, thus situated, openly acknowledging to their Maker and to themselves the high source and destiny of their existence; and thus, tacitly at least, encouraging one another to lay hold of the joyous hopes of the Gospel.

To believe it an unwelcome and irksome duty to the crew, is a mistake. There may be individuals who regard it as such; but they are few indeed, in comparison with the many, who give the most evident proofs of the interest and satisfaction with which they engage in it. Ten minutes is the utmost limit of the time thus occupied: the reading of a hymn, or a few verses in the Bible, or the making of half a dozen remarks, to prepare the thoughts and feelings for the more hallowed exercise of a short prayer, constitutes the whole. All give the most serious and respectful attention, while a youthful company of some fifty or sixty, the flower of our crew, usually press closely to me with more than ordinary interest. Among them are several professedly religious, and others seriously disposed; and, not unfrequently, the satisfaction they take in the service is expressed by a smile of pleasure, or kindly glance from a sparkling eye, as, with the closing Amen, they replace their hats, and join their fellows, turning silently away, under the influence of a chastened, if not a devotional feeling.

From the observations already made, on the effect of this regulation, I am fully persuaded that a more powerful auxiliary in the discipline of a ship could not be adopted; and that this single service, properly performed, would soon be found to do more in promoting the good order of a crew, than all the harshness of the rope's end, backed by the terrors of the cat-o'-nine-tails. This is far from being my own solitary opinion—it is that of many of the officers on board. Prayers had scarce been established a week, before one of the most skilful and popular, but at the same time one of the most gay and thoughtless, of their number, in expressing his sentiments on this subject, closed with the following remark:—"Whatever may be said to the contrary, Mr. Stewart, there is nothing like a service of religion in elevating the character of a crew; it makes different men of them, and it is the only thing that will do it;" an opinion in which I fully concur: and were the experiment once rightly made by every commander in our service, I am fully persuaded the same sentiment would universally prevail.

No class of men are more open to convictions of truth than seamen, and none more susceptible of religious impressions, except where the demon of intemperance has incased the soul with adamant. I find no difficulty in gaining access to their confidence; and, in several instances, have met with interested and deep feeling. On a Sabbath evening, not long since, while walking the main deck, I perceived an openhearted young fellow, with whom I had formed some acquaintance, leaning against a gun; and going up to him, said, "Well, how has the day gone

with you?" "One of the happiest I ever knew, Sir," was his reply; "and I have heard many of the crew say the same. I never expected such a Sabbath at sea—earth can scarce know a better." Adding, on further conversation, "When I had been on board the *Guerriere* several weeks, before you, Sir, joined us, without any public worship, I began to fear I had made a bad choice in coming to this ship; but I was mistaken—this will be a happy voyage to me, and I believe the time will come when the ship herself will be called *the happy Guerriere*!" His face beamed with pleasure as he spoke, and I rejoiced to meet one so warm-hearted and seemingly pious.

I almost daily meet with those more or less interested on the subject. Only a short time ago, while visiting the sick, I observed a middle-aged man following me from cot to cot, but said nothing to him, supposing him an attendant engaged in some duty. At length he himself spoke, saying, "There is no comfort for these poor fellows, Sir, but in the few words you may drop them;" adding, while the tears started in his eyes, and his lips faltered as he placed his hand upon his heart, "they are poor sinners, Sir! and I too am a poor sinner—guilty—miserable sinner, Sir! and God, in mercy, has sent you to preach the Gospel to us. I know well what it is to be weary and heavy laden with sin, and rejoiced from the first moment I saw you, Sir, step upon our quarter-deck." On conversing more fully with him, I had reason to believe that he was sincerely disposed to learn of Him who "is meek and lowly in heart, and whose yoke is easy, and his burden light."

In an adjoining hammock, lay a young man slightly ill, and to whom I had, the day before, given two or three tracts. On asking him how he did, he hid his face in the pillow, and it was some moments before he recovered composure sufficient to say, "For once, at least, in my life, Sir, my hard heart has been touched: one of the tracts you gave me, that of Charles Grafton, melted my very soul! My parents, too, tried to bring me up in the right way; but I have neglected and forgotten all their advice. It is now six years since I have been near them, and they know nothing of me, nor where I am." In a long conversation, I endeavoured to persuade him of his ingratitude to God, his heavenly Father, as well as towards his earthly parents, and left him with the resolution of the prodigal on his lips, if not in his heart.

The more impressive and melancholy dispensations of Providence have not been wanting to add their influence to that of the means of grace, in inclining our minds to thoughts of seriousness and piety. Within the last two days, I have been called twice to perform the saddest office incident to my station, by committing to the deep, that which shall be retained in its dark caverns "till the sea shall give up its dead."

A funeral is a melancholy and impressive service any where, but particularly so at sea, and on board a man-of-war. There is something more deeply thrilling in the call of the boatswain, "All hands to bury the dead!" as it passes through the ship, echoed from deck to deck by his mates, than even in the admoni-

tory sounds of the bell of death on shore. And, as for the first time, in obedience to it, I ascended the companion-ladder, and passed through the opening crowd to the side of the ship, where, in the sad preparations of the grave, lay the form of one who, at that hour the day previous, had little thought of being then in eternity. I could scarce command my voice, in giving utterance to the sublime declaration of the burial service, "I am the resurrection and the life, saith the Lord." The pause, too, preceding the words, "We commit his body to the deep," and then the plunge and splash of the lifeless clay, as it is launched to its watery tomb, speak in a voice more deeply touching than that sent back by the clod of the valley from the narrow house, when dust returns to dust, and ashes to ashes, in the seemingly more natural cemetery within the church-yard limits.

The person buried was a young man of the marines. He had been ill for a fortnight, but was at no time thought dangerous, and for the last few days was considered convalescent. I first conversed with him upon the subject of religion ten days ago. In reply to the question, whether he had ever thought seriously of the destiny of the soul, his only answer,—and one which he seemed to think abundantly sufficient, as his black eyes filled with tears,—was, "I had a pious mother!" I have seen him daily since, and though confessedly far from God, he appeared persuaded to cast himself, in penitence, upon his mercy, and hereafter to lead a virtuous life. Poor fellow! he little thought his end was so nigh. On attempting to sit up after having been in a quiet sleep, the rupture of an internal abscess took place, and springing in a convulsion from his cot, he fell dead in the arms of his attendant.

His was the first funeral, but we had too sad evidence before us that it was not to be the last. A petty officer was lying, at the time, in the very jaws of death, and expired the same day. Noble in figure, and of an uncommonly hardy constitution, he died at the early age of thirty, a sacrifice to the demon of drunkenness. Before he was thought in particular danger, a fortnight ago, I spoke to him, in one of my visits, of the importance of being at all times prepared for sickness and death; to which he replied, that he was too weak, both in body and mind, to think on such subjects. Then, he was comparatively strong, and perfectly himself; but soon afterward, the "delirium tremens," with all its accompanying tokens of a horrid end, took from him every power of reflection, and he perished a miserable and degraded soul. As I stood by his cot, gazing at his convulsed and agonised frame, just before he expired—after having lain six hours speechless, and utterly incapable of articulating a syllable distinctly—in an effort of anger at a shipmate attending him, he broke out in the most dreadful oaths and curses, sounding in my ears as if they already came from the region of the damned.

To commend his immortal spirit by prayer to the mercy of an Eternal Judge, was all in my power to do; and I turned away with the heartfelt aspiration—"Let me die the death of the righteous, and let my last end be like his!"

“NOT TO BE TRUSTED.”

My friend Julia was endeavouring to aid me in placing some large and heavy books upon a shelf, whose capability of enduring weight had not been hitherto tried; but after a few volumes had been arranged, the sudden bending of the board made me exclaim, “No more, Julia, for this shelf is not to be trusted.” She started at my exclamation, which surprised me; and when I had descended from my elevated position, and we were seated near the parlour fire, I inquired the reason of her emotion from so trivial a cause. “I will tell you,” she replied, and then gave me a long detail of the reason; which, as I found interesting and instructive, will, if a little condensed, prove, I trust, not altogether unacceptable to readers in general.

“The words you uttered,” said she, “form one of many painful reminiscences. When I was but a child, my mother discovered some trifling peculation one day among her winter store of sweetmeats; of which being guiltless, I did not join in the noisy vociferations of illness that were indulged in by my elder brother, the real culprit, as was afterwards proved. For, when my turn to be questioned came, I simply said I had not taken it; when George loudly exclaimed, ‘Don’t believe her, she is not to be trusted.’ This, coming from a brother I loved so truly, threw me into an agony of grief; and even the tender soothings of a mother’s love, following the discovery of George’s guilt, were hardly sufficient to calm me. The remembrance of the taunting untruth of my brother occasioned me many an after pang.

“In that matter I was guiltless; but how often since then have I experienced the deceitful nature of my own heart; and as I grew up, confident in integrity of purpose, how indignant should I have felt, had any one ventured to whisper, ‘She is not to be trusted.’ But, thanks be to God, that what I would not endure to learn from others, he himself has taught me by heartfelt experience; thus leading me by a way that I knew not, to discover that of myself I am not even sufficient to think a good thought. How often, in the days of my youthful folly, when I have felt painfully how weak were all my best resolutions in overcoming any fault, how like that shelf have I been—I was ‘not to be trusted;’ my resolve seemed strong enough to bear any weight, but failed when tested. It would take long were I to recount all the painful discipline which our heavenly Father has seen fit to inflict upon me before I learned the lesson of my own weakness. The Lord leads each of his people in the way best for them, in the way that exactly suits their peculiar constitutions and nature; and I verily believe that he who does not afflict his children for his own pleasure, would not so often employ the rod, if, by any other means, we could learn our folly. You will not wonder, then, at my feelings on hearing a repetition of the expression which not only caused my first great childish sorrow, but also, in a measure, has led me to trust alone in the Lord, in whom is all righteousness and strength.”

I found, on reflecting on my friend's account of herself, I had received a useful lesson. Since that time, when inclined to enter on an undertaking in my own strength, before seeking counsel of the Lord, "not to be trusted" has stared me in the face, as if written on the wall before me. And often, when the wilfulness of my nature has made me needlessly encumber myself, how have I experienced the evil consequences of resting on self!

And now, may I say, in conclusion, a few words to the readers of this paper? My dear friends, have you ever considered that you were "not to be trusted?" Yes, you. Do not be angry, but reflect, at this moment, on what are you resting for eternity? What are your hopes for happiness hereafter? If the Lord should say to you, "This night thy soul shall be required of thee," can you in humble confidence say, "Even so, come Lord Jesus?" It is not by any thing done by us, or wrought in us, that we can hope for salvation. It is only on the one foundation laid in Zion, even Jesus Christ, that sure hopes for eternal joy must be laid. It is only for what Christ has done and suffered for sinners, as sinners, and in no other character, that you or I can have any hope. Now the question is, is it on him or on yourself that you are trusting? I am sure that if you have come to Jesus as a vile, unworthy sinner, God's Holy Spirit has taught you that your own heart is "not to be trusted."

And even those who are established in the ways of God, how should they give earnest heed to what he has taught them, lest they, too, should be deceived by the wiles of the devil, and forget that in their flesh dwelleth no good thing! And how the consciousness of all this should endear the Saviour! How precious should it make his atoning sacrifice! And at every fall into evil, how instantly should it make us flee to the blood that cleanseth from all sin! We should not forget that St. John's blessed Epistle was written, not only to little children, but also to young men and fathers; and this shows us that the truths we first received in our Christian course are as necessary for our comfort and sustenance in the more advanced period of our journey, as at the beginning. May the Lord strengthen us more and more in his grace, and cause that every daily discovery of our own utter worthlessness and insufficiency may lead us the more to trust in Him at all times, who has said to each of his people, as well as to his holy Apostle—"My grace is sufficient for thee."—*Visitor*.

VARIETIES.

"THE LONDON SOCIETY FOR THE IMPROVEMENT AND ENCOURAGEMENT OF FEMALE SERVANTS."

The Committee of this excellent and useful Institution, has just published the 25th Report, containing the proceedings of the past year. And it is sincerely to be hoped, that the good effects of their exertions in the distribution of Bibles, and also of those

valuable Tracts published by the venerable and excellent Secretary, and circulated gratuitously by the Society, may be much more extensively diffused; and that these efforts, will, through the Divine blessing, meet with a suitable return in a corresponding improved moral and religious conduct of those for whose welfare this Society was especially instituted.

During the past year, 80 Bibles, and £532. 7s. 0d. in money, have been distributed in 362 Rewards to servants, who have lived from one to twenty-two years, in their respective situations since their nomination. Subscribers are allowed as many servants on the Books for Rewards, as they subscribe guineas; and also, are supplied with servants free of expence.—Plans, stating further particulars, may be had gratis, at the Registry, 110, Hatton-Garden, on Mondays, Wednesdays, and Fridays, from 10 to 4 o'clock.

SENTENCES.—1. A good man's zeal should be ever on the wing; but it should borrow the eyes of discernment, and the hands of prudence, or it will be blind and extravagant.

2. A saint may be brought very low, but he can never fall below the promises.

3. As soon as God, by His grace, makes a man a Christian, Satan loses a subject, and finds an enemy.

4. God has two thrones; one in the highest heavens, and the other in the lowest hearts.

5. A family without prayer is like a house without a roof, exposed to all the injuries of the weather, and to every storm that blows.

6. A believer has matter enough for converse with God, to wear out time and fill up eternity. O.

PRAYER.—A gentleman, of considerable fortune, but a stranger to personal and family religion, one evening took a solitary walk through a part of his own grounds. Happening to come near a mean hut, where lived a poor man with a numerous family, who earned their bread by daily labour, he heard a voice tolerably loud and continued. Curiosity prompted him to listen. The man, who was piously disposed, happened to be praying with his family. As soon as he could distinguish the words, he heard him giving thanks with great affection to God, for the goodness of His providence, in supplying food, and raiment, and all things necessary for the present life. Struck with astonishment and confusion, he said to himself, "Does this poor man, who has nothing but the meanest fare, and that purchased by hard labour, give thanks to God for his goodness to himself and family; and I, who enjoy ease and honor, and every thing that is desirable, have hardly ever bent my knee, or made any acknowledgment to my Maker and Preserver?"—It pleased God to render this providential occurrence the means of bringing him to a real and lasting sense of religion. S. G.

NOTICES OF BOOKS.

Sermons preached in St. James's Church, Kingston-upon-Hull. By the Rev. William Knight, M.A. Minister of that Church. London: L. and G. Seeley.—We have read this volume with great pleasure, and, we trust, with profit. Several of the Sermons are on very interesting subjects, which the preacher has treated with considerable talent. The Sermons must have made a powerful impression when delivered from the pulpit; and Mr. Knight's hearers will, we have no doubt, rejoice to see them in print. The volume will be found useful for family reading.

Five Tracts on the Sabbath. By the Rev. Abner H. Brown, Vicar of Pytchley. Second Edition. London: Nesbit and Co.—This small volume of tracts is well timed. No Christian can doubt of the deep importance of the subject on which they treat, and we consider it particularly desirable to press it on public attention. Mr. Brown founds his remarks on the five following questions, "What is the Sabbath?" "Why do Christians keep the Sabbath on the Lord's Day?" "Is the Sabbath a privilege?" "What advantage is there in the Sabbath?" "How should the Sabbath be observed?" These points are discussed with considerable ability, and in a popular style. We very cordially recommend the tracts for general distribution.

Anna; or, Memoirs of a School Girl. F. cap 8vo. embossed cloth boards, gilt edges. London: Simpkin & Marshall, Darton & Clark, and W. Smith.—This is a very superior work to most we have met with of the same class. It is a well written, attractive, and useful piece of Juvenile Biography. We recommend it as a useful and suitable present to young persons in the middle and higher classes of society. We purpose inserting one of the chapters in our next number.

The Principle of Total Abstinence from all Intoxicating Drinks, calmly considered. A Sermon, preached in the Parish Churches of Bassingham and Thurlby, in the County of Lincoln, on Sunday, May 20th, 1838, by the Rev. D. S. Wayland, M.A. London: Rivingtons, Simpkin, Marshall & Co.—This is a valuable Sermon, and, we hope, will be extensively read. The preacher has founded his argument on the best ground that can be taken; namely, "that it is inconsistent with an unshrinking desire to do good, not to deny ourselves, even in lawful things, if we cannot indulge in them without some moral or spiritual injury to those who will be influenced by our example."

Harvest Time. A Sermon by a Country Clergyman. London: R. Groombridge.—This is a very useful Sermon, and is published in a Tract, for circulation in the agricultural districts. We cordially recommend it for that purpose, at this season of the year.

POETRY.

SONNETS TO THE ENGLISH MARTYRS.

BILNEY.

Recovered Saint, thy honour'd name shall dwell
 Enshrin'd in records of the church below,
 Until the waves of time have ceas'd to flow,
 And eyes of saints to weep, and hearts to swell;
 Thy parting words will be remembered well,
 When nought of that great city shall remain
 But smouldering ashes, sign of endless pain,
 And smoke ascending from the depths of hell:
 The fiery storm that on thy bosom fell,
 Swept thee to heav'n, thy long desir'd abode;
 But could not harm thy safe and deathless soul:
 O! blessed Bilney, lift thy voice and tell
 The Saints around thee of the love that flow'd
 Above thy hills of guilt, while ages roll.

JULIUS PALMER.

Seed of the dying martyrs' blood, who sprung
 To life when others mounted to the sky—
 Who saw old Latimer and Ridley die,
 And heard the last faint accents from their tongue,
 How was thy heart with tender pity wrung,
 When gazing on such fell barbarity!
 Rome from that moment lost her hold on thee,
 Nor number'd thee again her slaves among.
 Thou the sweet song of the redeem'd hast sung,
 And kindled into heavenly ecstasy
 At the rich sound of thy Redeemer's name,
 From side to side in choral gladness flung,
 'Mid thrill of harps and angels' symphony,
 On earth, in heaven, in life, in death, the same.

PHILPOT.

Here is the patience of the saints! I see
 In others, meekness, constancy, and love,
 Faith that anticipates the joys above,
 But patience had its perfect work in thee.
 In Bonner's dungeon was thy spirit free
 To rise to heaven, or reach the vast profound,
 To climb beyond creation's utmost bound,
 As are the unchain'd waters of the sea
 To dash away the lightest things that be:
 Earth has no prison where the saint of God
 Is not illum'd with immaterial light;
 But O! how glad thy immortality!
 How sweet to rest when all our path is trod!
 How pure thy robes, thy sparkling crown how bright!—J. S.

THE
COTTAGE MAGAZINE ;

OR,

Main Christian's Library.

No. X.] OCTOBER, 1838. [VOL. XXVII.

THE EXPERIENCE OF A DYING CHRISTIAN.

The Rev. Edward Payson, D.D., was the son of an inestimable minister in Rindge, and, for the last twenty years of his life, pastor of a church in Portland, Maine, North America, where he died, October 22, 1827, aged 44. A memoir of him is published by the Religious Tract Society, where has been read with interest by thousands.

During much of the last year of his life, he suffered the most severe bodily anguish. His right arm and left side lost all power of motion, and the flesh became insensible to external applications, while internally, he experienced a sensation of burning, which he compared to a stream of liquid fire poured through his bones. He continued his public ministrations a part of each Sabbath for some months after this attack; and, when prostrated on his dying bed, was enabled, through Divine grace, powerfully to plead the cause of his Redeemer. On the 19th of September, 1827, he dictated the following letter to his sister:—

“My dear Sister—Were I to adopt the figurative language of Bunyan, I might date this letter from the land of Beulah, of which I have been for some weeks a happy inhabitant. The celestial city is full in my view. Its glories beam upon me,

its brezes fan me, its odours are wafted to me, its sounds strike upon my ears, and its spirit is breathed into my heart. Nothing separates me from it but the river of death, which now appears but an insignificant rill that may be crossed at a single step, whenever God shall give permission. The Sun of Righteousness has been gradually drawing nearer and nearer, appearing larger and brighter as he approached, and now he fills the whole hemisphere; pouring forth a flood of glory, in which I seem to float like an insect in the beams of the sun; exulting, yet almost trembling, while I gaze on this excessive brightness, and wondering, with unutterable wonder, why God should deign thus to shine upon a sinful worm. A single heart and a single tongue seem altogether inadequate to my wants: I want a whole heart for every separate emotion, and a whole tongue to express that emotion.

“But why do I speak thus of myself and my feelings? Why not speak only of our God and Redeemer? It is because I know not what to say. When I would speak of them, my words are all swallowed up. I can only tell you what effects their presence produces, and even of these I can tell you but very little. O, my sister, my sister! could you but know what awaits the Christian! could you only know so much as I know, you could not refrain from rejoicing, and even leaping for joy. Labours, trials, troubles, would be nothing: you would rejoice in afflictions, and glory in tribulations; and, like Paul and Silas, sing God’s praises in the darkest night, and in the deepest dungeon. You have known a little of my trials and conflicts, and know that they have been neither few nor small; and I hope this glorious termination of them will serve to strengthen your faith, and elevate your hope.

And, now, my dear, dear sister, farewell. Hold

on your Christian course but a few days longer, and you will meet in heaven,

Your happy and affectionate Brother,

EDWARD PAYSON."

September 21, he exclaimed, "Christians might avoid much trouble and inconvenience, if they would only believe what they profess—that God is able to make them happy without any thing else. They imagine that if such a dear friend were to die, or such and such blessings to be removed, they should be miserable; whereas God can make them a thousand times happier without them. To mention my own case, God has been depriving me of one blessing after another; but, as every one was removed, he has come in and filled up its place; and now, when I am a cripple, and not able to move, I am happier than ever I was in my life before, or ever expected to be; and, if I had believed this twenty years ago, I might have been spared much anxiety."

Fearing that his strength would not allow him to converse individually with all the members of his congregation, he directed invitations to be given to them from the pulpit to visit him in classes. To the heads of families he spoke thus:

"It has often been remarked that people who have been into the other world, cannot come back to tell us what they have seen; but I am now so near the eternal world, that I can see almost as clearly as if I were there; and I see enough to satisfy myself, at least, of the truth of the doctrines which I have preached. I do not know that I should feel at all surer, had I been really there.

"It is always interesting to see others in a situation in which we know that we must shortly be placed ourselves; and we all know that we must die. And how melancholy is it to see a poor creature, when after an alternation of hopes and

fears, he finds that his disease is mortal, and death comes to tear him away from every thing he loves, and drives him to the very verge of the precipice of destruction, and then thrusts him down headlong;—there he is, cast into an unknown world—no friend, no Saviour to receive him. O! how different is this from the state of a man who is prepared to die! He is not obliged to move reluctantly along; but the other world seems like a great magnet, to draw him away from this; and he knows that he is going to enjoy (and not only knows, but begins to taste it) perfect happiness, for ever and ever, for ever and ever!

“And now God is in this room; I see him, (by faith,) and oh, how unspeakably lovely and glorious does he appear, worthy of ten thousand thousand hearts, if we had them! He is here, and hears me pleading with the creatures that he has made, whom he preserves, and leads with blessings, to love him.—And oh, how terrible does it appear to me, to sin against this God! to set up our wills in opposition to his! and when we awake in the morning, instead of thinking, ‘What shall I do to please my God to-day?’ to inquire, ‘What shall I do to please myself to-day?’”

After a short pause he continued, “It makes my blood run cold to think how inexpressibly miserable I should now be without religion. To lie here, and see myself tottering on the verge of destruction! Oh, I should be distracted! And when I see my fellow-creatures liable every moment to be reduced to this situation, I am in an agony for them, that they may escape their danger before it be too late.”

He afterwards said, “I am always sorry when I say any thing to any one who comes in: it seems so inadequate to what I wish to express. The words sink right down under the weight of meaning I wish to convey.”

On another occasion, "I find no satisfaction in looking at any thing I have done ; I want to leave all this behind,—it is nothing,—and fly to Christ to be clothed in his righteousness." Again, "I have done nothing for myself. I have not fought, but Christ has fought for me ; I have not run, but Christ has carried me ; I have not worked, but Christ has wrought in me ; Christ has done all."

"Oh ! the loving-kindness of God, his loving-kindness !—This afternoon, while I was meditating on it, the Lord seemed to pass by, and proclaim himself 'The Lord, the Lord God, merciful and gracious!' Oh, how gracious ! Try to conceive of that, his loving-kindness, as if it were not enough to say kindness, but loving-kindness. What must be the loving-kindness of God, who is himself infinite love ?"

"It seemed, this afternoon, as if Christ said to me, 'You have often wondered and been impatient at the way by which I have led you ; but what do you think of it now ?' And I was cut to the heart, when I looked back and saw the wisdom and goodness by which I had been guided, that I could ever for a moment distrust his love !"

As the young men of his congregation assembled in his chamber, he thus addressed them :

"My young Friends,—You will all one day be obliged to embark on the same voyage on which I am just embarking ; and, as it has been my especial employment, during my past life, to recommend to you a pilot to guide you through this voyage, I wished to tell you what a precious pilot he is, that you may be induced to choose him for yours. I felt desirous that you might see that the religion I have preached can support me in death. You know that I have my ties which bind me to earth ; a family to whom I am strongly attached, and a people whom I love almost as well : but the other world acts like a much stronger magnet, and

draws my heart away from this. Death comes every night, and stands by my bed-side in the form of terrible convulsions, every one of which threatens to separate the soul from the body. These continue to grow worse and worse, until every bone is almost dislocated with pain, leaving me with the certainty that I shall have it all to endure again the next night. Yet, while my body is thus tortured, the soul is perfectly, perfectly happy and peaceful, more happy than I can possibly express to you. I lie here, and feel these convulsions extending higher and higher; but my soul is filled with joy unspeakable. I seem to swim in a flood of glory which God pours down upon me. And I know, I know that my happiness is but begun; I cannot doubt but it will last for ever. And now is this all a delusion, that can fill the soul to overflowing with joy in such circumstances? If so, it is surely a delusion better than any reality. But no! it is not a delusion; I feel that it is not. I do not merely know that I shall enjoy all this: I enjoy it now.

“And now, standing, as I do, on the ridge which separates the two worlds; feeling what intense happiness or misery the soul is capable of sustaining; judging of your capacities by my own, and believing that those capacities will be filled to the very brim with joy or wretchedness for ever, can it be wondered at, that my heart yearns over you, my children, that you may choose life and not death? Is it to be wondered at, that I long to present every one of you with a full cup of happiness, and see you drink it; and that I long to have you make the same choice which I made, and from which springs all my happiness?”

While speaking of the rapturous views he had of the heavenly world, he was asked if it did not seem almost like the clear light of vision, rather than that of faith. “Oh!” he replied, “I don’t know,

it is too much for the poor eyes of my soul to bear! they are almost blinded with the excessive brightness. All I want is to be a mirror, to reflect some of those rays to those around me."

A friend, with whom he had been conversing on his extreme bodily sufferings, and his high spiritual joys, remarked—"I presume it is no longer incredible to you, if ever it was, that martyrs should rejoice and praise God, in the flames and on the rack." "No," said he, "I can easily believe it. I have suffered twenty times, yes, to speak within bounds, twenty times as much as I could in being burnt at the stake, while my joy in God so abounded as to render my sufferings not only tolerable, but welcome. The sufferings of this present time are not worthy to be compared with the glory that shall be revealed."

To Mrs. Payson, who, while ministering to him, had observed, "Your head feels hot, and seems to be distended," he replied, "It seems as if the soul disdained such a narrow prison, and was determined to break through with an angel's energy, and I trust with no small portion of an angel's feeling, until it mounts on high."

Again,—“It seems as if my soul had found a pair of new wings, and was so eager to try them, that, in her fluttering, she would rend the fine net-work of the body to pieces.”

At another time,—“My dear, I should think it might encourage and strengthen you, under whatever trials you may be called to endure, to remember me. Oh! you must believe that it will be great peace at last.”

At another time, he said to her,—“After I am gone, you will find many little streams of beneficence pouring in upon you, and you will perhaps say, ‘I wish my dear husband were here to know this.’ My dear, you may think that I do know it by anticipation, and praise God for it now.”

“Hitherto I have viewed God as a fixed star, bright indeed, but often intercepted by clouds; but now he is coming nearer and nearer, and spreads into a Sun so vast and glorious, that the sight is too dazzling for flesh and blood to sustain. I see clearly that all these same glorious and dazzling perfections, which now only serve to kindle my affections into a flame, and to melt down my soul into the same blessed image, would burn and scorch me like a consuming fire, if I were an impenitent sinner.”

On Sabbath, October 21, his last agony commenced. This holy man, who had habitually said of his racking pains, “These are God’s arrows, but they are all sharpened with love,”—and who, in the extremity of suffering, had been accustomed to repeat, as a favourite expression, “I will bless the Lord at all times,” had yet the “dying strife” to encounter.

Even now, he greeted those who approached his bedside with a sweet smile. Once he exclaimed, “Peace! peace! victory! victory!” He looked on his wife and children, and said, almost in the words of dying Joseph to his brethren, words which he had before spoken of as having a peculiar sweetness, and which he now wished to recall to her mind, “I am going, but God will surely be with you.” A little before he died, in reply to an enquiry from Mrs. Payson, he was enabled, with extreme difficulty, to articulate the words, “Faith and patience hold out.”

His ruling passion was strong in death. Dr. Payson directed a label to be attached to his breast, on which should be written, “Remember the words which I spake unto you while I was yet present with you;” that they might be read by all who came to look at his corpse, and by which he, being dead, still spake.

REMARKS ON THE HISTORY OF HAGAR.

Some hints as to temper, as well as on several other subjects connected with domestic life, may be gathered from the Scripture history of Hagar. Hagar was an Egyptian, a female servant in the house of Abraham, an attendant or companion of his wife, Sarah. In course of time, she was taken by Abraham as a secondary wife, at the express desire of Sarah. This is the first instance we meet with, of a godly person having two wives at once, though the practice was at that time common in the world, and perhaps in no bad repute: it cannot, however, be justified.

The motive which induced Sarah to take this extraordinary and unwarrantable step was an excessive anxiety for the blessing of children; God had promised to Abraham, that in his seed should all the nations of the earth be blessed, and Sarah had not yet faith strong enough to trust God with the fulfilment of his own promises, but resorted to measures of her own carnal policy, in order, as she thought, to secure them.

Mistaken woman! she procured to herself much vexation and uneasiness; but the promise of God in due time received its fulfilment, neither advanced nor hindered by her sinful interference. Those persons alone are truly happy who exercise a full and firm dependence on the promises of God, calm submission to the dispensations of his providence, and holy conformity to the precepts of his word. Some remarks on the transaction which introduces Hagar to our notice were necessary, in order to clear her character from unmerited disgrace.

Hagar, although advanced to be the wife of Abraham, was still retained in the capacity of a servant to Sarah. It is a hard thing to bear honour aright; and Hagar, forgetful of God, who

had specially favoured her, was lifted up with pride and self-preference, and became insolent and overbearing towards her mistress. In this instance she stands as a caution to our readers. Some servants, whose good qualities have gained for them the esteem and confidence of their employers, and who have been long in a situation, have suffered themselves to acquire such an assuming and insolent familiarity of manners, as rendered them exceedingly disagreeable, and has often, at last, become the means of depriving a kind mistress of a valuable servant, and an otherwise deserving servant of a good situation. Remember this, and take care that the confidence of your employers does not lead you to pride and self-consequence, their kindness diminish your respect, or their familiarity breed contempt.

Sarah, as we may naturally suppose, was much irritated at the insolent contempt with which her servant treated her; and it is to be regretted, that she expressed her irritation in a very unjust and unbecoming manner. She might have reflected on herself as the original cause of her own uneasiness; but passion and peevishness blind us to our own faults and follies, and incline us to cast the blame of our troubles upon any instrument rather than ourselves, and even rashly to appeal to God. Sarah said unto Abraham, "My wrong be upon thee; the Lord judge between me and thee." But Abraham said unto Sarah, "Behold thy maid is in thy hand; do to her as it pleaseth thee." Sarah's mind was at this time too much embittered against Hagar to use this authority with justice and kindness; and Abraham, though he ought not to have countenanced any thing in her conduct that was disrespectful and improper towards her mistress, yet ought to have protected her from harshness and severity. But "Sarah dealt hardly with her, and she fled from her face."

Oh, it is a sad thing when pride and passion, self-will and contention, oppression and resentment, are admitted within a house ; sad havoc is made with holiness and happiness, and there is confusion and every evil work.

The notice taken in Scripture of Sarah's harshness to Hagar conveys a hint of tenderness and consideration to employers, and of encouragement to servants placed in situations where they have much to endure from unreasonable and overbearing employers. God takes notice of all such.

But if Sarah discovered a high spirit, fond of authority, Hagar too discovered a high spirit that resented rebuke. In the heat of passion, she fled from her service, forgetting both her duty and her desert. We often need to be reminded that the unkindness or ill-treatment we suffer from others will not excuse us in abandoning our duty to them ; and especially that those who suffer for their faults should learn to take it patiently. Mr. Scott remarks upon this passage, " In every relation and situation of life there is some trouble to bear ; and the exercise of faith greatly consists in patiently submitting to it, waiting the Lord's time, and using those means, and those only, which he appoints and authorises for its removal." This is especially applicable to the conduct of Sarah and that of Hagar. The same commentator further remarks, " It is never safe or prudent to quit our situation under the influence of pride, impatience, and resentment. A haughty spirit will disdain contradiction, but it is best to endure it, and to consider that yielding pacifieth great offences."

On leaving the house of Abraham, Hagar wandered into the wilderness ; probably she intended to return into Egypt, but finding herself unable to proceed further, sat down, weary and distressed, by a fountain of water ; glad, perhaps, to refresh herself with a draught from its streams. There

an angel met her: from what follows, we may conclude that this was "the Angel of the Covenant," the Lord, who, on several occasions appeared to believers of old; and who afterwards became man and dwelt with men, "and his name was called Immanuel, God with us." On the angel stopping Hagar in her erring way, Mr. Henry has two excellent remarks:—"1. It is a great mercy to be stopped in a sinful way, either by conscience or providence. 2. God suffers those that are out of the way to wander a while, that when they see their folly, and what a loss they have brought themselves to, they may be the better disposed to return."

Should these lines meet the eye of any young person, who, having met, or fancied she met with unusual and unbearable hardships in her situation, is tempted hastily and clandestinely to leave it, let her pause a moment, and read the account of Hagar's interview with the angel; let her kneel and say in sincerity of heart, "Thou God seest me." "Thou knowest the way that I take." "Show me the way that I should go." "Lead me and guide me for thy Name's sake." "Thy Spirit is good; lead me into the land of uprightness." If opportunity offers, let her consult some steady, pious friend, (a parent, if within reach,) who, being impartial, will be more capable than herself of judging what will be most according to her duty, and for her real advantage; and in all probability the answer conveyed in the sacred book, in the counsel of pious friendship; and in the leadings of Providence, will be, like that to Hagar, "Return to thy mistress, and submit thyself under her hands." Humble thyself, acknowledge thy faults, ask forgiveness for what has been amiss, resolve and endeavour for the future to behave thyself better. Such a course will be most likely, (even supposing thy mistress has in this

instance, been harsh and severe against thee) to soften her resentment, and procure for thee kinder usage.

We may observe that with reproof, encouragement was also given, the path of duty pointed out, and promises of mercy communicated ; as well as sentiments awakened in Hagar's bosom, which were calculated most powerfully to preserve her from future transgression. The person who realizes these thoughts cannot be miserable, and is not likely dangerously to err ; " I am where God has placed me, I am under his immediate notice and inspection, and I am supported and provided for in his gracious promises." Such were the principles with which Hagar returned to her mistress and her duty. She afterwards continued many years in the family of Abraham. We hear of no further misbehaviour on her part ; and when, in the course of providence, she was removed from that situation, she was again favoured with seasonable and gracious interpositions on her behalf. (Gen. xxi.) It is an interesting and affecting thought, that to this day the name of a well is preserved, which was given as a memorial that there " the God of Glory manifested the special cognizance and care he took of a poor woman in distress," and should encourage us in all our distresses to apply to Him who has never said, " Seek ye me in vain."

MEDITATION ON A STREAMLET.

I wish I were like this little stream of water : it takes its first rise scarcely a mile off ; yet it has done good, even in that short course. It has passed by several cottages in its way, and afforded life and health to the inhabitants ; it has watered their

little gardens as it flows, and enriched the meadows near its banks. It has satisfied the thirst of the flocks that are feeding aloft on the hills, and, perhaps, refreshed the shepherd's boy who sits watching his master's sheep hard by. It then quietly finishes its course in this secluded dell, and, agreeably to the design of its Creator, quickly vanishes in the ocean.

May my course be like unto thine, thou little rivulet! Though short be my span of life, yet may I be useful to my fellow-sinners as I travel onwards. Let me be a dispenser of spiritual support and health to many. Like this stream, may I prove the poor man's friend by the way, and water the souls that thirst for the river of life, wherever I meet them! And if it please thee, O my God, let me, in my latter end, be like this brook. It calmly, though not quite silently, flows through this scene of peace and loveliness, just before it enters the sea. Let me thus gently close my days likewise; and may I, not unusefully, tell to others of the goodness and mercy of my Saviour, till I arrive at the vast ocean of eternity.—*L. Richmond.*

THE HID TREASURE.

Private intelligence having been received, that in a certain wild district, inhabited by the poorer class of peasants in Ireland, arms were collected and concealed for unlawful purposes, a party of military were dispatched to make a sudden search in the suspected houses. Among others, they visited a poor cabin, inhabited seemingly by a very quiet, inoffensive people; where, after most carefully searching, they could find no trace of what they sought. When on the point of departing, one man remarked, that the unequal, rough stone, which served as a sort of hearth, wore the appear-

ance of having recently been moved. The earth about it was loose, and the stone seemed to have been hastily laid down. This revived their suspicion, and they promptly lifted the rude flag from its place, and saw under it a parcel carefully wrapped up in some poor, ragged covering. Here was a prize! How many pike-heads, how many pistols, or what quantity of ammunition they had seized, was matter of conjecture, as they carefully unfolded the cover. This was done, and the captors held in their hands—an Irish Bible.

The fact needs no explanation; every body knows, that for a poor Irishman to possess the word of God, is high treason against the Church of Rome; and that any offence given to the priesthood of that church, in a Popish district, is speedily punished with the loss of the little all of the helpless victim. The Bible, if discovered, would be burned, drowned, buried, or thrust into some inaccessible corner, while a terrible penance would await the possessor of it; and any resistance thereto would incur the curse of excommunication, with all its subsequent terrors of ceaseless persecution and temporal ruin. This must be avoided, if possible, by the poor creature who has no earthly refuge to flee to, and as yet, too feeble an apprehension of divine realities to endure as seeing him who is invisible. Still, the Bible, “the story of Peace,” as the simple Irish rightly call it, which has told him, in his own loved tongue, such things as never before entered his thoughts, to cheer him in his sad, laborious pilgrimage on earth—the Irish Bible, once received, is hard, very hard, to give up. And so the trembling possessors looked around their poverty-stricken abode, and finding no place where it might be secure from the prying gaze of bigotted enmity, they took up the single stone that varied the damp surface of their cabin floor—generally the earth on which it stands—and

there deposited the treasure. When night arrived, the door was secured, the opening called a window blocked up, and the precious Bible, taken from its resting-place, was read by such imperfect light as they could manage to afford; and this within the actual circuit of the British Isles; this in the heart of Protestant Britain—the very throne of freedom!

I cannot tell whether the simple incident of the Bible under the stone affected me most on the point of my own comparative indifference for the rich possession, or of my lukewarmness in the work of distributing it to others.

What a plea is here for increased zeal in circulating this blessed book! A few pence in the purchase, a little thought and exertion in the giving of a Bible, may bring life to the dead in a whole family—a whole district. How, then, can we suffer one poor fellow-sinner to lack the treasure which would enrich us in the giving, as well as him in the receiving it?—*Passing Thoughts*.

PERSECUTION.—POPERY AND PETER DENS.—AN ILLUSTRATION OF BOTH IN MOUNT-MELLICK.

A young girl of excellent character and much intelligence, who had been living as servant with an elderly widow, one of the Society of Friends, having had, for the last two years, many opportunities of reading the Bible, and receiving some light, began to entertain doubts as to the scriptural truth of the religion (the Roman Catholic) in which she had been reared. These doubts, she declares, were still further strengthened, by the extraordinary and revoltingly indelicate questions put to her by the priest when at confession—questions which appeared to her as devoid of utility as of decency, and which she could not answer without

the most painful reluctance. Her unwillingness to attend the confessional having been noticed by her parents, she candidly disclosed the cause, stated her reasons for not wishing to go, and alluded to the shameful and searching cross-examination which, as a female, she was subjected to by a priest but nevertheless, a man. The poor deluded people, however, gave her to understand that she should reply to, without attempting to investigate the nature or object of her catechist's interrogatories. But the girl continued to read, and new light continued to break upon her mind, until, on the Sunday previous to the last, she determined, with a courage which nothing but an ardent longing after truth could inspire, to go to the church and hear from the lips of a Gospel and Protestant minister, the "glad tidings" of what she so fervently sought. Without the knowledge, we believe, of her parents or popish catholic neighbours, she went, and returned; and pleased with the simple and soul-refreshing purity of the Gospel faith, as contrasted with the obscene ordeal to which she was subjected in the confessional, she resolved to go again. Steady to this resolution, she was accordingly, on Sunday last, proceeding again to church, carrying with her a prayer-book, a present from the Protestant Clergyman, when she was suddenly set upon by her ignorant parents, who tore the prayer-book from her, reviled her as a "turn-coat," and despitefully using her, ordered her back. The young woman, notwithstanding, contrived to escape from them and the crowd which was collecting, and succeeded in reaching the church before they could intercept her. On returning from church she was not so fortunate: a great part of the popish congregation, after "receiving mass," proceeded towards the church, and, on the girl making her appearance, commenced to hoot her, and yell in a most savage manner. Her brutal pursuers con-

tinued to annoy her in this manner—some of them, we believe, throwing dirt, and many of them betraying a strong disposition to lay hands upon her—until she reached her mistress's house, which she succeeded in entering, not without much danger and difficulty. But the Sabbath day's work did not close here. Dissatisfied at being deprived of their *humane* pastime—outrageous at her escape, and the interruption to the pleasure which they promised themselves in the prolonged torment of a "turn coat," the crowd gathered about the house, (a small one, inhabited by only two lone females) and in the most ferocious and violent manner demanded that the young woman should be delivered up to them, threatening, if their reasonable requests should be refused, to tear down the house. Upon this some of the respectable Protestants of the town, knowing the unprotected state of the inmates, and fearing, from the infuriated state of the mob, that they would break into the dwelling, and wreak their bigotted rage upon the young woman, proceeded to the place, and, by steady and determined conduct, succeeded in preventing outrage, which otherwise seemed inevitable. One of those Protestants had his clothes torn by the crowd for his humane interference.

So bad and black a feeling, however, continued to be displayed by the Roman Catholics against the young woman, and many threats having been also expressed, the Rev. Mr. Cuffe, Protestant Curate of the town, fearing to leave her in a house where she could not be protected, generously determined to take her into his own service. For this purpose, he proceeded next day, (last Monday) to the place where the young girl lived, and having engaged her as his servant, was bringing her to his own residence, when her parents, attended by a large and furious mob, again met her, and she having clung for security to Mr. Cuffe, attacked

both, beat the girl, and dragged her away from her master, who was shamefully abused, and had his spectacles broken while attempting to save her from their brutality. The magistrates having been presiding, at the time, at petty sessions, Mr. Cuffe entered the court, and demanded protection for himself and his servant; but that protection the magistrates peremptorily refused, and ordered that the young woman should be given up to her parents.

The young woman is now in the custody of her parents; and a more cruel course of persecution, insult, annoyance, and outrage, than she is suffering from those unnatural parents and bigoted neighbours, no poor creature has ever undergone. Every person who enters the house has unlimited license, and appears to think it meritorious to strike her; while each act of insult or violence is followed by the brutal demand, "Will you go to mass now?" Still, with a fortitude which is rarely to be found in the class to which she belongs, she declares she never will; that she will never again kneel before a priest, nor submit to another repetition of the indelicate examination which she too often before endured in the confessional.

We have been credibly informed by a respectable person, that there is at the door of the house where the young woman is confined, a vessel of holy water, at which the people, before passing over the threshold into an apartment occupied by a "heretic," perform a lustration, in order to "protect themselves from pollution."—*Leinster Express*.

CLAIMS OF SIX HUNDRED MILLIONS.

How comprehensive and rational is that petition in the Lord's Prayer, "Thy kingdom come, thy

will be done on earth as it is in heaven!" What more could the most exalted piety ask? What more could the most enlarged benevolence desire? It includes the glory of God and the best good of all men. For, when God shall reign on earth as he does in heaven, then will he appear in his glory, and then will there be peace on earth and good-will among men. But at present, how deplorable is the condition of mankind, and how is the God of heaven dishonoured in this revolted world! Idolatry and superstition prevail over the greatest part of the human race. The fairest portions of the globe are covered with Egyptian darkness, filled with wretchedness, and polluted with crimes!

The Gospel of Christ is the remedy, which the wisdom and mercy of God have provided for the disorders of our fallen world. It is a sovereign remedy. Wherever it has yet prevailed, it has visibly bettered the condition of men. It has rescued whole nations from the gross ignorance and the cruel rites of idolatry; and it has purified great multitudes of successive generations from the pollutions of sin, and prepared them for the holy society of heaven. How desirable it is that the benign influence of this religion should be extended over all the nations of the earth! How desirable that the renewing and saving power of the Gospel should be felt as widely as the ravages of sin have been spread in our world!

To this end, the son of God was born; for this end he lived, and died, and revived, and rose from the dead. Having commanded his apostles to go and teach all nations, he ascended to heaven, there to reign till all the earth be subjected to his authority. But though such is the benevolent design of the Gospel—though in condescending to be born, the Saviour designed to destroy the works of the devil, and to recover all the nations

of the earth from idolatry, sin, and wretchedness ; it is a melancholy fact, that eighteen hundred years have passed away since this Gospel was first spread by himself and his apostles, and yet a small proportion only of the human race have received the heavenly message. How shall we account for this fact? If Christianity is from heaven, why is it not the religion of the world? If it is the only remedy for the miseries under which the human race have groaned for six thousand years—if Jesus Christ is the only name under heaven given among men by which they can be saved—why do not all men every where invoke that sacred name?

The answer to these inquiries will readily occur to every reflecting mind. “How shall they call on him, in whom they have not believed?—and how shall they believe in him of whom they have not heard?—and how shall they hear without a preacher?—and how shall they preach except they be sent?” Has the Gospel been preached to all nations? We know it has not. We have, then, a satisfactory reason why all nations have not believed and obeyed the Gospel. We might as reasonably expect the harvest without sowing the seed, as look for the conversion of the world without first preaching the Gospel to all nations.

In the Scripture, as now cited, we are plainly taught that the Gospel is to be propagated in the world, not by miraculous power, but in the ordinary way of instruction;—that the particular method of instruction which God has ordained for the conversion of the world is preaching, and that it is the duty of Christians to send forth preachers of the Gospel in such numbers as to furnish the means of instruction and salvation to the whole world.

It is the design of God that all the nations should be brought to the knowledge of Christ;

the appointed means is preaching ; and preachers must be sent. By whom then are they to be sent, and what number is required ?

If Christian teachers are to be sent forth, it is obvious that the Christian church must send them. We cannot suppose that the world will take up the business of spreading the religion of Christ, or that ministers are to expect a special commission from heaven, directing them to go to the heathen ; nor can we suppose that men will, of their own accord, and at their own discretion, go and preach to the heathen : if they should do this, they would not answer the description which the apostle gives of Christian missionaries,—viz., persons that are sent.

As to the number of preachers, the same reasons which prove the duty of sending one, equally prove the duty of sending as many as are requisite to fulfil the command of Christ, to preach the Gospel to every creature.

If we send half a dozen missionaries to a country where there are as many millions of souls, we are too apt to imagine that we have discharged our duty to that country—we have sent them the Gospel. The fact however, is, we have only sent the Gospel to a few in that nation. The great body of the people never hear of our missionaries, or the religion they teach. The thing that Christ commands is to preach the Gospel to every creature,—not merely to a few individuals in every nation.

Let us not deceive ourselves by general expressions and vague notions. Let us look at the simple fact. The missionary goes to some part of the heathen world—he selects a town or village, the best adapted to his object, and there he fixes his residence. When he has learned the language of the people, he begins to preach to the inhabitants of the place where he resides, and he makes

occasional excursions to the distance of forty or fifty miles around him. If he is such a man as Brainerd or Swartz, perhaps, in a populous country, some hundred thousands may occasionally hear his voice in the course of his ministry; but his labours are principally confined to a few thousands.

If we allow only one Christian missionary to every twenty thousand souls throughout the heathen parts of the world, the claims of the different quarters of the globe will be as follows:

Unevangelized Population in	No. of Miss. required.
Asia.....498,000,000.....	24,900
Africa.....87,000,000.....	4,350
Europe.....3,000,000.....	150
America.....12,000,000.....	600
Total, 600,000,000	30,000

Thirty thousand missionaries for the whole world. It appears that the number of missionaries now in the field is to the number required, less than one to sixty. With how much propriety may we say, "the harvest is truly plenteous, but the labourers are few!" and how much occasion there is for praying the Lord of the harvest that he would send forth more labourers into his harvest.

Can it be thought too much to allow one teacher of Christianity to every twenty thousand pagans? This is only a tenth part of the number that is thought necessary to watch over churches and congregations in a Christian land. Is the work of converting the heathen to Christianity, and guarding them against numerous and powerful temptations to apostacy, so much easier than that of preaching the Gospel in Christian lands, as to warrant so great an inequality in the distribution of the means of grace? The very reverse is the truth. The work of a Gospel minister in heathen

countries is far more laborious and difficult than that of a pastor of a church at home.

But there is no need of labouring this point. Every reflecting person must see that if our object is to go into the world and preach the Gospel to every creature, thirty thousand missionaries, at least, will be required for this immense work.

O ye blood-bought churches of Christ, let the cry among you be, "Whom shall we send, and who will go for us as our messengers to the heathen?" And O! ye pious youth, in Christ's strength, let the echo among you be, "Here are we, send us." Most happy, most blessed will be the person, the church, the nation, who shall be earliest, longest, and most faithful in this glorious work.—*Friendly Visitor.*

A HELP TO THE PERFORMANCE OF THE PLAIN, YET NEGLECTED
DUTY OF SELF-EXAMINATION: CONTAINING A SECTION FOR
EACH DAY IN THE MONTH.

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 285.)

Thirteenth Day.

Do I closely examine into the causes why I am not now as deeply sensible of my obligations to this infinite and transcendent goodness, as I think I shall be in the great day of his appearing? Why is not the present and daily experience of the grace of God as highly prized in its saving effects now, as it will be then? Why is not that which now saves from guilt and condemnation received with the gratitude and love which it so justly claims? Is the cause pride? Is it selfishness? Is it not because I have a heart of stone, and not a heart of flesh? What prevents my habitually walking with God? Is there any thing in my heart or life which I know to be displeasing to Him, and yet am unwilling to part with? Do I try to find out every thing, great or small, that may be disapproved of God? And when such discovery is made, do I detest and flee from the abominable thing? Am I so weary of the hard and cruel bondage of sin, as to cry out by reason of it to the Lord? Do I regard sin as I would the deadliest monster? and, when foiled in my contest with it, do I fall at the feet of my crucified Lord, filled with shame and sorrow that I should have grieved such Love? Is my mourning on these occasions transient or abiding? Does it so quicken and increase my desire of deliverance, as to make me impatient of delay? And when the full view of my sinfulness and help-

lessness a little subsides, is my heart still humble and watchful, that it may not again offend? If it be, am I conscious who it is that keeps my heart? and, sinking into the dust before Him, do I feel every power within me confessing and adoring his watchful eye, his upholding hand?

Fourteenth Day.

Do I renounce creature-dependence and human wisdom? Is my obedience to God the fruit of love to Him, or of a selfish desire to be safe and happy; so that if I could be as safe and happy without Him, I should feel no desire to obey Him? In what spirit do I perform the common actions of every day? Do I endeavour to do all heartily, as unto the Lord? Do I read that I may be wise unto salvation? or that I may have much goods laid up for many years? Do I pray because prayer is my most delightful employment? and praise, because my heart is grateful? Do I think soberly, and as I ought to think, of myself? Do I often meditate in a close and profitable manner? Does it enter into, and form a part of, my daily work? or is it seldom performed, and then as a task, rather than as a sacred and gainful pleasure? Am I rigid in things indifferent, and remiss in those which are important? Do I satisfy myself with thinking I will, some time, give up all sin? or do I, by the grace of God, now uniformly flee from it? Do I not sometimes put a mask on sin, that I may not see its extreme ugliness? and do I not try to whitewash the sepulchre, and make clean the outside of the cup and the platter? Do I not employ many expedients to lessen the roughness and difficulties of the narrow path, instead of asking for grace to walk in the *very narrowest path*?

Fifteenth Day.

Do I seek the cure of these deceivings of the heart? or am I still willing to be hidden from myself, lest, by removing the veil, nothing should remain but an unsightly ruin? When I look into my heart, do I there perceive the seat of all my misery—the den of thieves—the wormwood and gall? Can I trace every corrupt stream to the degenerate fountain? every base, earth-born desire to that fruitful soil?—every unholy temper, every false principle, every perverted taste, to the same polluted source? Is it the sin of my nature that gives me the most pain, or only sin in its effects? Do I consider it owing to the ground being cursed, that it brings forth thorns and thistles?—that a cure within would be a cure without?—that the malignity and enormity of sin can only grow from the root of it in the heart? Whilst, therefore, I shun its insolence and tyranny, am I aware that it is a serpent in my path, biting the horse's heels, that the rider may fall? Do I see it in ambush where only flowers grow around? or do I watch its latent motions under the garb of grace? Does it not slide into my prayer? Does it not spoil my best services? And, ah! does not mingle with that bread and wine which I receive as the emblems of my Saviour's death? Does it not retire with me into the closet? and walk with me when I go abroad? Does it not sometimes inspire and haunt my very dreams? When I con-

verse, does it not speak in me? When I keep silence, does it not secretly entice me? When I watch against it, does it not whisper, "There is no need for so strict a guard, or such continued vigilance? Does it not every where, and in every thing, and in every way, beset me? And, were it not for the sinner's Friend, should I not utterly despair?"

Sixteenth Day.

Is the eye of faith steadfastly fixed upon Him whose name was called Jesus, because he would save his people from their sins? Am I groaning for deliverance? Would any torture be preferable, if I might choose, to sinning? Would I rather embrace the dunghill than commit the least sin? Do I think I would? and can I, after all, give room to self-complacent thoughts? Can I view sin as so detestable, and yet connive at it? Do I not consider it remaining in my heart as a proof that there is not an absolute enmity in me to it? If damnation had not been annexed to sin, would the thoughts of it have been less abhorrent? Would I, for the sake of sin, forego God and heaven, if I could but avoid the bitter pains of eternal death? Or do I hate sin because I love holiness? Do I hate it as the enemy of God? and do I long to have it banished from his creation, because I would have all creatures do him homage, and all wills subordinate to His pure and blessed will? How do I prove my sincerity here? Am I drawn in fervent desire to Him who reigneth and ruleth over all, and who has promised that he will display the glory of his power in subduing all things to himself? Is it my constant cry, "Magnify thy power, O Lord, in the destruction of all in me that opposes thee?"

Seventeenth Day.

Do I indeed long to have the whole universe restored to order and happiness? Let me then ask myself how far that harmony subsists in my own renewed nature:—Do I contemplate God with terror, alarm, consternation? or with admiration, reverence, delight, and love? Have I any higher joy than his will? Can I welcome his restraints, and look upon his commands as favours?—his rebukes as instructive lessons?—his very withdrawments as signs of love?—and all the inequalities of his providence as clear intimations of an ever-working wisdom finally to triumph in goodness? In the hour of loneliness, am I satisfied to have God my only companion? In the hour of sorrow, do I ask no comforter but God? When oppressed, do my fainting head and heart desire no sympathizing bosom or friendly arm, whereon to rest beneath my God? Am I willing to be broken off from creature-supplies? Or how do I bear the privation of those things which are dearest to me on earth? Do I see God in all? and is it enough for me that God is unalterably gracious amidst the frowning aspects of his providence? Is he so my happiness that I could, with him, be happy under the loss of all things; and without Him, not happy in the possession of all things? Do I see so much of his power in the upholding of all things, of his wisdom in the plan of salvation, and of his love in

the gift of Jesus, as constrains me to commit all I am and have to him as my Lord and my God?

Eighteenth Day.

The will of God may throw me into the furnace: can I there adore, and still love his will? Can I make the will of God my will, and that not by fits and starts, when the current glides gently and pleasantly along; but uniformly, when the tempest howls, the rough billows rise, and storms increase?—then, is my anchor sure and steadfast?—then, is my submission unshaken? and can I calmly leave the event to my Almighty Director? Am I then willing that He should take his own course, and dispose of me as he pleases? and what is the fruit of my sufferings? Do I gain thereby more self-knowledge? Is my heart less inclined to pride? to uncharitableness? Am I become more holy, and watchful, and patient? Do sufferings detach me from earth, or do they only make me weary of it? Do I pray that they may answer the ends for which they were sent, however long it may require their continuance, or do I only desire the speedy removal of them? Am I not more anxious to be released from suffering, than to glorify God in and by it? Is it to me a refining fire? Am I more and more separated from the dross of self? Can I walk unhurt through the seven-times-heated furnace? Does faith quench the violence of fire? Are my bands only consumed, without the smell of fire having passed upon me? Is it evident to myself and to others, that Jesus, the Son of God, is with me in the furnace?

Nineteenth Day.

Am I careful never to let a day pass without administering to the temporal or spiritual wants of my fellow-creatures? Do I tenderly compassionate their ignorance, their infirmities, their poverty, their sufferings? or is there something in my heart that occasionally grudges the service I try to render them? Do I perform these services as of necessity, because it would be a shame to withhold relief? When I bestow, do I ask myself how little will do? or do I bear in mind, that “God loveth a cheerful giver?” Would I rather bestow than retain what it is in the power of my hand to give? Is there a sparingness in my charities, and a lavishness in my expenditure? Do I bear in mind that I am a steward only,—that I receive all I have from God, who giveth liberally and upbraideth not—and that I am dependent upon him every hour, not only for temporal supplies, but spiritual? Am I, then, found waiting upon Him in whom are all the springs of spiritual life, without whom I can do nothing?

ISSACHAR;

OR, THE PORTION BETWEEN THE BORDERS.

Let us now cast an eye upon the spiritual troubles which his couching between the borders must necessarily bring with it, and

the dangers that threaten him all sides. Our text fully describes his painful and oppressive condition: "He bowed his shoulder to bear," it is said, "and became a servant unto tribute."

He bowed his shoulder to bear.—There rests, then, some burden on him, beneath which he is groaning; and that burden is — what? his sins? O! would to God that he could but feel this burden! then he might soon be relieved. This burden is his Christianity, into which, by free choice, he forced himself. The Saviour says, indeed, "my yoke is easy, and my burden is light;" but, of this Issachar has no experience. I am here reminded of the words of the prophet Isaiah, (x. 27.) where it is said, "And it shall come to pass in that day," that is, in the days of the new covenant, "that his burden shall be taken away from off thy shoulder, and his yoke from off thy neck, and the yoke shall be destroyed because of the anointing." The yoke will slip off when the neck is anointed with oil; and when we are anointed with the oil of grace and the Holy Spirit, then the yoke will glide off from our shoulders; then is God's law and service no longer an oppressive yoke and heavy burden, but an easy and cheerful occupation, a pleasure, and a delight. But Issachar is unanointed, and therefore are his shoulders bowed down, and sunk in order to bear. He is not one of those who, with an open and penitential heart, sensible of its wants, go to the Lord Jesus for grace and strength. Issachar is his own convert, and chooses now to become holy, and live after the manner of the Christian, at his own expense, and by his own exertions. He imitates others; wants to fly up like them, and forgets that the wings are wanting; like them, he wants to sing and to pray, and is deficient in the impulse, the desire, the inward breath; like them, he tries to run and to leap, and has not yet had his lameness cured; he wishes to fulfil the law, but, alas! he wants the proper materials—the love, the joy, the strength. O! what a vassal service is that under which he groans! how does he in vain torment himself with his self-imposed services, his artificial sanctification! Labour without profit—work without wages!

Issachar has bowed his shoulders to bear; and what is he? "*a servant unto tribute*," our text says. What a striking designation! Yes, so it is! what else are his morning and evening prayers, his graces at meals, his songs and spiritual exercises? what else but a tribute, a tax, which he thinks himself bound to pay, and which he does pay, not like a child, willingly and gladly, but like a servant, reluctantly, and of necessity? "The Spirit of grace and of supplication" has not been poured out upon him: every thing that Issachar has to offer is troublesome to him, and forced, and the work of his own hands; for he is not in actual union with him who is the life. With the regenerate, all this flows voluntarily, as water from the open fountain; but Issachar is a dry well, and how should it flow thence? Is the appointed hour come? then the pray-penny must be paid; then, in all haste, and not without some inconvenience, it is coined and thrown down at God's feet; but this coin has not the proof impress; and, as it does not bear the image of the new Adam,

but of the old, can never be admitted into God's treasury.

Behold ! such is Issachar ;—not a child in the house, but a poor tributary servant, who has nothing, but yet must pay, and that, too, with a coin that is thrown out again at his feet, as counter-feit. And because he thus bears his burden, and drags it along with tardy steps, sighing under the yoke of his self-imposed Christianity, driven on without cheerfulness and without life, by the scourge of the Law, he is called a "*strong ass*."

And, O ! with what dangers is this poor soul beset ! The very thought of them makes one tremble. Such a poor creature, in his blindness, thinks he has already entered the kingdom of heaven ; and, alas ! he yet belongs to those that are "without," just as much as the most unenlightened of the children of this world. He has succeeded tolerably in conforming his outward life to that of the true children of God ; and thus is involved in the unhappy delusion, that he, too, is a child of God. Besides this, it often happens that he is also considered as such by the faithful, with whom he has intercourse, and who acknowledge and treat him as such ; and this only serves to strengthen him in his delusion, to make him the more blind, and the more secure in his resting-place "between the borders." Poor, pitiable man ! he thinks he lives in Canaan, and has his tent near Tophet, and on the confines of the "Valley of Slaughter." He dreams that he is in Jerusalem ; but, O ! he has taken up his abode not far from the "Dead Sea, near Admah and Zeboim." And when the Lord comes with fire and brimstone, he cannot spare Issachar, though his heart should break for pity. In this state, between the borders, he must consume him, and root him out, together with the ungodly.

O ! then, draw near to God, whosoever of you thinks himself in Jerusalem, and let him sigh, with David, "Search me, O God, and know my heart : try me, and know my thoughts, and, see if there be any wicked way in me ; and lead me in the way everlasting." (Ps. cxxxix. 23, 24.) Know, that in the day of judgment, nothing will be acknowledged, except that which the Holy Ghost has wrought in us. All self-righteousness, and the work of man, will be burned like stubble. All self-invented spirituality and services, all self-made piety, justification, and sanctity, shall be accounted for nought, and perish in the flames. Then the question will not be, What you have learned in catechisations and sermons ? but, What have you learned in the school of the Holy Ghost ?—not, How much you have prayed and sung ? but, Have you prayed and sung in spirit and in truth, in the name of Jesus Christ ?—not, Whether you have lived in communion with the faithful on earth ? but, Have you lived in communion with him who is life everlasting, and have you been one with Him who is the head ?—that will be the question.

O ! there are many unhappy Issachars, "couching between the borders," who, for some reason or other, have made themselves pious, or have suffered themselves to be made so by mere human instrumentality, without the Spirit of God having the least share

in their piety. May the Lord have mercy on them, and open their eyes! Many there may be who walk about in self-delusion, blinded by the Christian appearance they have succeeded in assuming. The cover is there; but where, under that cover, is the broken spirit, the contrite heart?—where the seed of regeneration?—where the new creature?—where the cordial thirsting after the atoning blood of Christ?—where all that is the work of the Spirit, and which alone constitutes the Christian? It is wanting, and the poor soul knows it not.

O! that the merciful God may keep us from such awful delusions, whose sure end is eternal destruction! May he rouse us with a voice of thunder, and the sound of the trumpet, from the deadly slumber between the borders of Canaan and Egypt, and enable us all to say in truth, with Job, "The Spirit of God hath made me, and the breath of the Almighty hath given me life." (Job, xxxiii. 4.) Amen.—*Krummacher*.

NOAH'S ARK.

Noah's Ark was a floating vessel, built by Noah, at the command of God, for the preservation of himself, his family, and the several species of animals, during the deluge. This Ark has afforded several topics of enquiry among critics, architects, and antiquaries, relating to its form, capacity, materials, and the like.

The wood of which the ark was built, is called, in the Hebrew, gopher-wood, and in the Septuagint, square timber. Some translate the original, *cedar*, others *pine*, other *box*. Pelletier prefers cedar on account of its incorruptibility, and the great abundance of it in Asia; whence Herodotus and Theophrastus relate, that the kings of Egypt and Syria built whole fleets of it, instead of fir.

The learned Fuller, in his *Miscellanies*, has observed, that the wood of which the ark was built, was nothing but that which the Greeks call the cypress tree. This observation the great Bochart has confirmed, and shown very plainly that no country abounds so much with this wood, as that part of Assyria which lies about Babylon.

In what place Noah built and finished his Ark, is no less made a matter of disputation. But the most probable opinion is, that it was built in Chaldea, in the territories of Babylon, where there was so great a quantity of cypress in the groves and gardens, in the time of Alexander the Great, that that prince built a whole fleet out of it, for want of other timber. And this conjecture is confirmed by the Chaldean tradition, which makes Xisuthrus, (another name for Noah,) set sail from that country.

The dimensions of the Ark, as given by Moses, are three hundred cubits in length, fifty in breadth, and thirty in height, which some have thought too scanty, considering the number of things which it was to contain; and from this supposition, an argument has been drawn against the authority of revelation. To solve this difficulty, many of the ancient fathers and the modern critics

have been put to very miserable shifts : but Kircher has proved geometrically, that, taking the common cubit of a foot and a half, the Ark was abundantly sufficient for all the animals supposed to be lodged in it. Snellius computes the ark to have been above half an acre in area. Father Lamy shows, that it was one hundred and ten feet longer than the church of St. Mary's, at Paris, and sixty-four feet narrower ; and if so, it must have been longer than St. Paul's Church, in London, from west to east, and broader than that church is high in the inside, and fifty-four feet of our measure in height. Dr. Arbuthnot computes it to have been eighty-one thousand and sixty-two tons.

The things contained in it were, besides eight persons of Noah's family, one pair of every species of unclean animals, and seven pairs of every species of clean animals, with provisions for them all during the whole year. The former appears, at first view, almost innumerable ; but if we come to a calculation, the number of species of animals will be found much less than is generally imagined ; and if such animals be excepted as can live in the water, Bishop Wilkins shews, that only seventy-two of the quadruped kind needed a place in the ark.

By the description Moses gives of the ark, it appears to have been divided into three stories, each ten cubits, or fifteen feet high ; and it is agreed on, as most probable, that the lowest story was for the beasts, the middle for the food, and the upper for the birds, with Noah and his family ; each story being subdivided into different apartments, stalls, and the like ; though Josephus, Philo, and other commentators, add a kind of fourth story under all the rest, being, as it were, the hold of the vessel, to contain the ballast, and to receive the ordure of so many animals ; but Calmet thinks, that what is here reckoned a story, was no more than what is called the keel of ships, and served only for a conservatory of fresh water. Drevelius makes three hundred apartments ; Fournier, three hundred and thirty-three ; the anonymous author of the Questions on Genesis, four hundred ; Buteo, Temporarius, Arius Montanus. Wilkins, Lamy, and others, suppose as many partitions as there were different sorts of animals. Pelletier makes only seventy-two ; namely, thirty-six for the birds, and as many for the beasts. His reason is, that if we suppose a greater number, as three hundred and thirty-three, or four hundred, each of the eight persons in the ark must have had thirty-seven, or forty-one, or sixty stalls to attend and cleanse daily, which he thinks impossible to have been done. But it is observed, that there is not much in this. To diminish the number of stalls, without the diminution of animals, is in vain ; it being, perhaps, more difficult to take care of three hundred animals in seventy-two stalls than in three hundred. As to the number of animals contained in the ark, Buteo computes that it would not be equal to five hundred horses ; he even reduces the whole to the dimensions of fifty-six pair of oxen. Father Lamy enlarges it to sixty-four pair, or one hundred and twenty-eight oxen ; so that, supposing one ox equal to two horses, if the ark had room for two hundred and fifty-six horses, there must have been room for all the animals. But the same

author demonstrates, that one floor of it would suffice for five hundred horses, allowing nine square feet to a horse.

As to the food in the second story, it is observed by Buteo from Columella, that thirty or forty pounds of hay ordinarily suffices for an ox a day; and that a solid cubit of hay, as usually pressed down in our hay ricks, weighs about forty pounds, so that a square cubit of hay is more than enough for an ox in one day. Now, it appears that the second story contained one hundred and fifty thousand solid cubits; which, divided between two hundred and six oxen, will afford each more hay, by two-thirds, than he can eat in a year. Bishop Wilkins computes all the carnivorous animals equivalent as to the bulk of their bodies, all their foals to seventeen wolves, and all the rest to two hundred and eighty beeves. For the former, he allows one thousand eight hundred and twenty-five sheep, and for the latter one hundred and nine thousand, five hundred cubits of hay, all which will be easily contained in the two first stories, and yet there will be much room to spare. As to the third story, nobody doubts of it being sufficient for the fowls, with Noah, his sons, and daughters. Upon the whole, the learned Bishop remarks, that of the two, it appears much more difficult to assign a number and bulk of necessary things to answer the capacity of the ark, than to find sufficient room for the several species of animals already known to have been there. This he attributes to the imperfection of our list of animals, especially to those of the unknown parts of the earth; adding, that the most expert mathematician of this day could not assign the proportion of a vessel better accommodated to the purpose than is here done; and hence, he finally concludes, that the capacity of the ark, which had been an objection against Scripture, ought to be esteemed a confirmation of its divine authority; since, in those ruder ages, men, being less versed in arts and philosophy, were more obnoxious to vulgar prejudices than now; so that, had it been a human invention, it would have been contrived, according to those wild apprehensions which arise from a confused and general view of things, as much too large as it had been represented to be too little. But it must be observed, that besides the places requisite for beasts and birds, and their provisions, there was room required for Noah to lock up household utensils, the instruments of husbandry, grains and seeds to sow the earth after the deluge; for which purpose, it is thought that he might spare room in the third story for thirty-six cabins, besides a kitchen, a hall, four chambers, and a space, about forty-eight cubits, to walk in.—*Scottish Christian Herald*.

VARIETIES.

EXTRACT FROM CECIL.—“A man of the world will bear to hear me read in the desk that awful passage, ‘Wide is the gate and broad is the way that leadeth to destruction, and many there be which go in thereat; because strait is the gate and narrow is

the way which leadeth unto life, and few there be that find it : ' nay, he will approve it. The minister is in the desk, he is reading the lesson of the day ; but this very man, were I to go home with him, and tell him, in his parlour, that most of those whom he knows and loves are going on in that road to eternal destruction, this very man would brand the sentiment as harsh and uncharitable. Though uttered by Christ himself, it is a declaration as fanatical and uncandid, in the judgment of the world, as could be put together in language. Many hearers cannot enter into the reasons of the Cross ; they adopt what I think Butler's grand defect on this subject ; he speaks of the Cross as an appointment of God, and therefore to be submitted to ; but God has said much in his Word of the reasons of this appointment, that he might be just, and the justifier of him that believeth. The first duty of a minister is, to call on his hearers to turn to the Lord. We have much to speak to you upon—we have many duties to urge on you—we have much instruction to give you ; but all will be thrown away till you have turned to the Lord. Let me illustrate this by a familiar comparison. You see your child sinking in the water ; his education lies near your heart ; you are anxious to train him up so that he may occupy well the post assigned to him in life : but when you see him drowning, the first thoughts are, not how how you may educate him, but how you may save him, restore him to life, and then call that life into action. The Christian will sometimes be brought to walk in a solitary path ; God seems to cut away his props, that he may reduce him to himself. His religion is to be felt as a personal, particular, appropriate possession ; he is to feel that, as there is but one Jehovah to bless, so there seems to him as though there were but one penitent in the universe to be blessed by him. Mary Magdalene, at the sepulchre, was brought to this state ; she might have said, I know not where Peter is ; he is gone away,—perhaps into the world—perhaps to weep over his fall : I know not where John is : what are the feelings and states of my brethren I know not ; I am left here alone—no one accompanies and strengthens me ; but if none other will seek my Lord, yet will I seek him. There is a commanding energy in religious sympathy. A minister, for example, while his preaching seems effective, and life and feeling shew themselves around him, moves on with ease and pleasure—but there is much of the man here. If God change the scene—if discouragements meet him—if he seem to be laid by, in any measure, as an instrument—if the love of his hearers to his person and ministry decay—this is a severe trial ; yet most of us need this trial, that we may be reduced simply to God, and may feel that the whole affair is between him and ourselves. A dead fish will swim with the stream whatever be its direction ; but a living one will not only resist the stream, but, if it chooses, it can swim against it. The soul that lives for God will seek God, and follow God, more easily and pleasantly indeed if the stream flow toward the point whither God leads ; but still, it will follow God as its sole rest and centre, though the stream of men and opinions would hurry it away from him."—*Cecil*.

SHILLING MEANS, AND GUINEA HEART.—A respectable widow lady, with a very small income, which she was obliged to eke out by the produce of her own industry and ingenuity, was remarkable for her liberality, especially in contributing to the cause of religion. When any work of pious benevolence was going forward, her minister hesitated to call on her, lest her liberal spirit should prompt her to contribute beyond her ability; but she was always sure to find out what was in hand, and voluntarily to offer a donation equal to those of persons in comparative affluence, accompanied by a gentle rebuke to her minister, for having passed her by. In process of time, this lady came into the possession of an ample fortune, greatly to the joy of all who knew her willing liberality. But it was with no small degree of regret that her minister observed, she no longer came forward unsolicited to contribute towards the good cause, and that, when applied to, she yielded her aid but coldly and grudgingly, and sometimes excused herself from giving at all. On one occasion, she presented a *shilling* to the same cause to which she had formerly given a *guinea*, when in a state of comparative poverty. The minister felt it his duty to expostulate with her, and remind her of her former generosity, when her means were so circumscribed. "Ah! Sir," she affectingly replied, "then I had the *shilling* means, but the *guinea* heart, now I have the *guinea* means, but the *shilling* heart. Then, I received from my heavenly Father's hand, day by day, my daily bread, and I had enough and to spare; now I have to look to my ample income; but I live in constant apprehension that may I come to want!" Can any reader be at a loss to decide which was the time of her *poverty*, and which of her *riches*?

It is to be hoped, that the lady who made such an open confession of covetousness repented, yet how often do we all confess without forsaking the sin acknowledged?

DEEP AND LEARNED SOUNDS.—The attractions of certain religionists of the present day consist in the circumstance, that their hearers do not understand them: they fancy that something very deep is spoken, whereas their not seeing to the bottom arises from mud, and not from depth.

Many persons have a great veneration for what they do not understand: tell them a simple story, or give them a plain advice, and they will yawn, or simper, or look as if they were so wise as to be above instruction; but utter to them something which they cannot comprehend, some piece of intricate reasoning, some highly scientific statement, or even some sentence of a language with which they are utterly unacquainted, and they will listen to you with grave and profound attention. Conduct like this is far from being uncommon: the principles, or rather frailties, which lead to it are intimately blended with man's pride of appearing to be better or wiser than he is, and are deeply and extensively seated in human nature. The general prevalence of them was, on one occasion, turned to singular, though good account, by John Aylmer, who occupied the see of London in the time of Queen

Elizabeth. Having been repeatedly vexed with the inattentiveness of his congregation to his ordinary discourses, he introduced to one sermon a long passage in Hebrew, and commenced, with due gravity, to read it formally from the Hebrew Bible. His hearers were instantly aroused, and began to listen with in-held breathing, and with fixedness of eye. The bishop, when their attention was awakened, had accomplished his design; and before resuming the English of his discourse, he expostulated with them on the folly of listening earnestly to what they did not understand, while they turned a careless ear to what was adapted to their capacity, and intended to make them wise and happy. Well would it be for Christian congregations if every individual composing them would view the bishop of London's reproof, or any similar one which may reach them, as addressed to himself!

POETRY.

LINES SUGGESTED BY SEEING A LITTLE CHILD IN A PRISON.

What dost thou here, sweet child,
Amidst the prison gloom,
Where all looks wan and wild,
A life-containing tomb?
Such walls as these were never built
For thee, unstain'd by manhood's guilt.

Why art thou smiling here,
Where smiles are seldom seen?
The sigh, the groan, the tear,
And laughter mad between,
Are fitting things where captives pine,
But not so sweet a smile as thine.

Thou should'st be at thy play,
Beside the cottage door,
Where flowers are blooming gay,
And winds are passing o'er;
And creeping to thy empty bed,
The fragrant woodbine lays her head.

Thou should'st be where the prayer
Goes up to mercy's throne,
For blessing every where,
In crowds, and when alone—
For grace to do the Master's will,
And peace within, serene and still.

Yes! lay thy little hand
Upon the prison bars,

And meekly watch, and stand
 To hear the wordy jars
 Of those who pine to wander free;
 These are familiar things to thee.

Thou canst not feel the pain
 That passing strangers feel,
 Who sigh at guilt's deep stain,
 And venture in to steal
 A hurried look at sin's dark den,
 The harsh abode of prison'd men.

The gloomy tales they tell
 Of those who dwell around,
 The tolling prison-bell,
 That death-foreboding sound,
 The creaking gate, the warder's cry,
 Pierce others' hearts, but pass thee by.

So have I seen a flower
 Amid the grave-yard thrown,
 Fresh with the falling shower,
 Where bone is heap'd on bone,
 Amidst the dead, life laughing, free,
 An emblem sad, sweet child, of thee.

J. S.

 REST.

The night hath rest! its worth the weary know;
 Balm doth its shades on tired limbs bestow:
 Sleep, gentle handmaid, waits
 At the still entrance-gates;
 Soft lulling anxious thought and aching woe.

The grave hath rest! night of life's weary day,
 The shroud's calm sleep for the once suffering clay,
 Till God shall raise afresh
 The garment of the flesh,—
 The dust laid up in dust for heaven's array.

Sabbaths have rest! when the soul shakes her wings,
 In Zion's courts, awhile from meaner things;
 Forget its week-day care,
 Or learn its weight to bear,
 While dews of heaven around the spirit flings.

And heaven hath rest! the Sabbath of the sky!
 No weary feet shall walk the world on high;
 No tear of trouble falls
 Within those jasper walls.
 To gain this rest for me did Jesus die.

THE
COTTAGE MAGAZINE ;

OR,

Plain Christian's Library.

No. XI.] NOVEMBER, 1838. [VOL. XXVII.

THE MARTYRDOM OF ARCHBISHOP CRANMER.

Thomas Cranmer was the son of a gentleman of respectability, of Aslacton, Nottinghamshire, where he was born, July 2, 1489. After the usual school education, he was sent to Jesus' College, in Cambridge. During the time of his academical studies, great controversy arose in the most important matters of religion, and, forasmuch as he could not rightly judge of the truth, without a competent knowledge of the Holy Scriptures, before he was influenced with any man's opinion, he applied his whole study, for three years, therein. His scriptural studies made him wise unto salvation, whilst the vast stores of learning which he had accumulated qualified him for the most important situations, and his acquaintance with the early Fathers of the Church enabled him to overcome the Papists with their own weapons. At the age of thirty-nine, he was called to enter on more public duties. The affair of King Henry the Eighth's divorce from Catherine of Spain, being now much agitated, Cranmer, on a particular occasion, was called upon to give his opinion, which he at first modestly declined. Afterwards, he suggested, that the question, whether a man might marry his brother's wife, might easily, and very soon be decided by the infallible word of God, without regarding at all the papal authority. This answer

was reported to the King, with which he was highly gratified; Cranmer, and the Earl of Wiltshire, were then sent as ambassadors to the Pope, and the divorce was in a short time effected. From that period Cranmer stood very high in favour with the King; and, on the death of Dr. Warham, Archbishop of Canterbury, he was deservedly elevated to that eminent station. In his function, it may be said he followed closely the charge of St. Paul. (Titus i. 7—9.) Diligent in study, he rose at five in the morning, and continued in study and prayer till nine. No hour of the day was spent in vain, but every portion of his time was devoted to the glory of God, the service of his king, and the welfare of our Church. In short, he was blameless as the steward of God. He excelled as a preacher, and his hearers departed from the church with a hatred of sin and love to holiness. He proclaimed to poor sinners the unsearchable riches of Christ, and showed that all their confidence must be in him alone. He was one of the compilers of the admirable Liturgy, Articles, and Homilies of our holy Apostolical Church. Under the patronage of Cranmer, the Scriptures were translated into the English language, and were commanded to be publicly read in the churches, many of which were constantly filled with the people, who rejoiced to hear the word of life in their own tongue. The good Archbishop, like Daniel in Babylon, had the most dreadful conspiracies formed against him by the wicked Romanists in power, particularly the crafty Gardiner, who was continually watching for his destruction. But, under God, he found a true friend in the king, who declared that Cranmer was the most faithful of the Prelates, and commanded all who loved their king, to hold him in high esteem. He was particularly remarkable for a mild and most forgiving disposition; the command of our blessed

Lord, "I say unto you, love your enemies," was deeply impressed on his heart. So merciful and compassionate was this excellent man, that it became a common proverb,—“Do my Lord of Canterbury an injury, and he will be your friend as long as you live.” He was not overcome of evil, but constantly overcame evil with good. In the reign of good King Edward the Sixth, he greatly forwarded the Reformation, and was most zealous in promoting pure religion in all parts of the kingdom. To the wisdom and piety of this great divine, the English Church owes much of her distinguished excellence. When bloody Mary came to the throne, the good Archbishop was sent as prisoner to Oxford, together with those excellent prelates and Fathers of our Church, Ridley and Latimer. On the 20th of April, 1554, Cranmer was condemned. A most rigorous treatment now followed, and he was scarcely allowed the necessities of life: at the degradation of the Primate, the inhuman Bonner, the popish Bishop of London, behaved in the most insolent manner. This ceremony was committed to Thirlby, the popish Bishop of Ely, who, in Cranmer's better days, had professed great friendship for him. The mild behaviour of the Archbishop in the midst of Bonner's brutal revilings, shone forth so brilliantly, that the old apostate Thirlby was struck to the heart, and the tears trickled down his aged cheeks. The cruel and crafty papists finding that they could not shake him by harsh treatment, against which, through Divine grace, he was sufficiently armed, had recourse to the far more dangerous snare of the most hypocritical kindness. Life and the greatest promises were offered to him, if he would but come over to the Romish faith, when the Queen, whose heart rankled with revenge, on account of the part he had taken in her mother's divorce, and his zeal for pure religion, had fully

determined that he should die. Surely, among all the instances of diabolical cruelty, we can scarcely find a greater than this. A paper was offered to him, importing his assent to the tenets of Popery, and in an evil hour he signed the fatal snare; like Peter, (who required to be taught that without Christ strengthening him, his own strength was perfect weakness) he denied his Saviour; and like the same apostle, when he thought thereon, he wept. Stung with remorse and horror at what he had done, he consumed his days and nights in anguish: the popish party exulted, and on the morning appointed for his execution, Lord Williams, attended by the magistrates of Oxford, received him at the prison gate, and conducted him to St. Mary's Church, where a crowded and anxious audience was waiting for him. Dr. Cole, a violent papist, was appointed by the Queen to preach a sermon on the occasion. In this sermon the Dr. glorified God for his conversion, exhorted him to bear patiently his torments, gave him great hopes of heaven, and promised that dirges should be sung for his soul in all the churches of Oxford.

"Cranmer in all this meantime," (they are the words of good John Fox,) "with what grief of mind he stood hearing this sermon, the outward shews of his body and countenance did better express, than any man can declare: one while lifting up his hands and eyes unto heaven, and then again for shame letting them down to the earth. A man might have seen the very image and shape of perfect sorrow lively in him expressed. More than twenty several times the tears gushed out abundantly, dropping down from his fatherly face. Those which were present testify that they never saw, in any child, more tears than burst out from him at that time. It is marvellous what commiseration and pity moved all men's hearts that beheld so heavy a countenance, and such

abundance of tears, in an old man of so reverend dignity." Withal he ever retained a "quiet and grave behaviour." In this hour of utter humiliation and severe repentance, he possessed his soul in patience. Never had his mind been more clear and collected, never had his heart been so strong.

When the sermon was ended, the preacher desired all the people to pray for the sufferer. They knelt accordingly, and Cranmer knelt with them, praying fervently for himself. "I think," says the Catholic spectator, "there was never such a number so earnestly praying together. For they that hated him before, now loved him for his conversion and hope of continuance. They that loved him before, could not suddenly hate him, having hope of his confession again of his fall. So love and hope increased devotion on every side." Cole then addressed them, saying, "Brethren, lest any one should doubt of this man's earnest conversion and repentance, you shall hear him speak before you; and therefore I pray you, Master Cranmer, that you will now perform that you promised not long ago; namely, that you would openly express the true and undoubted profession of your faith, that you may take away all suspicion from men, and that all men may understand you are a Catholic indeed." "I will do it," replied Cranmer, "and that with a good will."

He rose, then, from his knees, and, putting off his cap, said, "Good Christian people—my dearly beloved brethren and sisters in Christ, I beseech you most heartily to pray for me to Almighty God, that he will forgive me my sins and offences, which be many, without number, and great above measure. But, among all the rest, there is one which grieveth my conscience most of all, whereof you shall hear more in its proper place." Then, drawing forth from his bosom a prayer which he had prepared for this occasion, he knelt and said, "O Fa-

ther of heaven ! O Son of God, Redeemer of the world ! O Holy Ghost ! Three persons in one God ! have mercy upon me, most wretched caitiff and miserable sinner ! I have offended both against heaven and earth, more than my tongue can express ; whither then may I go, or whither shall I flee ? To heaven I may be ashamed to lift up mine eyes ; and in earth I find no place of refuge or succour. To thee, therefore, O Lord, do I run ; to thee do I humble myself, saying, O Lord my God, my sins be great, but yet have mercy upon me for thy great mercy ! The great mystery that God became man, was not wrought for little, or few offences. Thou didst not give thy Son, O heavenly Father, unto death for small sins only, but for all the greatest sins of the world, so that the sinner returns to thee with his whole heart, as I do here at this present. Wherefore have mercy upon me, O God, whose property is always to have mercy ! have mercy upon me, O Lord, for thy great mercy ! I crave nothing for mine own merits, but for thy Name's sake, that it may be hallowed thereby, and for thy dear Son, Jesus Christ's sake. And now, therefore, Our Father which art in heaven, hallowed be thy name !”

No prayer had ever been composed and uttered in deeper misery, nor with more earnest and devout contrition. Rising then, he addressed the spectators, not hurrying impatiently to his purpose, but calmly and deliberately. “Every man, good people,” said he, “desireth, at the time of his death, to give some good exhortation, that others may remember the same, and be the better thereby ; so I beseech God grant me grace that I may speak something at this my departing, whereby God may be glorified, and you edified.” He exhorted them not to set their minds overmuch upon this glozing world, but upon the world to come ; and to obey the King and Queen willingly

and gladly, not for fear of men only, but much more for the fear of God, knowing that they be God's ministers, appointed to rule and govern, and therefore, whosoever resisteth them, resisteth the ordinances of God. And he entreated them to love one another. "Bear well away," said he, "this one lesson, to do good unto all men as much as in you lieth; and to hurt no man, no more than you would hurt your own natural loving brother or sister. For this you may be sure of, that whosoever hateth any person, and goeth about maliciously to hinder or hurt him,—surely, and without all doubt, God is not with that man, although he think himself never so much in God's favour." Lastly, he exhorted the rich to make a proper use of the wealth with which they were entrusted.

Well aware how little he should be allowed to speak when he came to the point, he still proceeded with a caution which it would have been impossible to have observed thus to the last, if he had not attained to the most perfect self-possession in this trying hour. "And now," he pursued, "forasmuch as I am come to the last end of my life, whereupon hangeth all my life past, and all my life to come, either to live with my master, Christ, for ever, in joy, or else to be in pain for ever with wicked devils in hell; (and I see before mine eyes presently, either heaven ready to receive me, or else hell ready to swallow me up!) I shall therefore declare unto you my very faith, how I believe, without any colour of dissimulation; for now is no time to dissemble, whatsoever I have said or written in time past." He then repeated the apostle's creed, and declared his belief in every article of the Catholic faith, every word and sentence taught by our Saviour, his apostles, and prophets, and in the New and Old Testament.

"And now," he continued, "I come to the great thing which troubleth my conscience more than

any thing that I ever said or did in my whole life, and that is, the setting abroad of writings contrary to the truth ; which now, here I renounce and refuse, as the things written with my hand, contrary to the truth which I thought in my heart, and written for fear of death, and to save my life if it might be ; and that is, all such bills and papers as I have written or signed with my hand since my degradation, wherein I have written many things untrue. And, forasmuch as my hand offended, writing contrary to my heart, my hand shall first be punished therefor ; for may I come to the fire, it shall be first burnt !" He had time to add, " As for the Pope, I refuse him as antichrist ; and as for the sacrament, I believe as I have taught in my book against the Bishop of Winchester, the which my book teacheth so true a doctrine of the sacrament, that it shall stand at the last day before the judgment of God, when the papistical doctrine, contrary thereto, shall be ashamed to show her face." The papists were at first too much astonished to interrupt him. Lord Williams bade him remember himself, and play the Christian-man. He answered, that he did so, for now he spake truth ; and when he was reproached for falsehood and dissimulation, the meek martyr made answer, " Ah, my masters, do not you take it so ! Always hitherto I have been a hater of falsehood, and a lover of simplicity, and never before this time have I dissembled !" and with that, he wept again. But when he would have spoken more, the Romanists made an uproar, and Cole said from the pulpit, stop the heretic's mouth, and take him away !

Cranmer was now pulled down from the stage, and carried to the stake, surrounded by priests and friars, who with promises of heaven and threats of everlasting torments, called upon him to renounce errors by which he would otherwise draw innumerable souls into hell with him. They

brought him to the spot where Latimer and Ridley had suffered. He had overcome the weakness of his nature; and, after a short prayer, put off his clothes with a cheerful countenance and willing mind, and stood upright in his shirt, which came down to his feet. His feet were bare; his head, when both his caps were off, appeared perfectly bald, but his beard was long and thick, and his countenance so venerable, that it moved even his enemies to compassion. Two Spanish friars, who had been chiefly instrumental in obtaining his recantation, continued to exhort him; till, perceiving their efforts were vain, one of them said, "Let us leave him, for the devil is with him!" Ely, who was afterwards president of St. John's, still continued urging him to repentance. Cranmer replied, he repented his recantation; and in the spirit of charity, offered his hand to Ely, as to others, when he bade them farewell; but the obdurate bigot drew back, and reproved those who had accepted such a farewell, telling them it was not lawful to act thus with one who had relapsed into heresy. Once more he called upon him to stand to his recantation. Cranmer stretched forth his right arm, and replied, "This is the hand that wrote it, and therefore it shall suffer punishment first."

True to this purpose, as soon as the flame rose, he held his hand out to meet it, and retained it there steadfastly, so that all the people saw it sensibly burning before the fire reached any other part of his body; and often he repeated, with a loud and firm voice, "This hand hath offended! this unworthy right hand!" Never did martyr endure the fire with more invincible resolution; no cry was heard from him, save the exclamation of the protomartyr, Stephen, "Lord Jesus receive my spirit!" He stood immoveable as the stake to which he was bound, his countenance raised,

looking to heaven, and anticipating that rest into which he was about to enter; and thus, "in the greatness of the flame," he yielded up his spirit. The fire did its work soon,—and his heart was found unconsumed amid the ashes."

TO THE READERS OF THE COTTAGE MAGAZINE.

"What think ye of Christ." Matt. xxii. 42.

My dear Friends,

This important question was addressed by our blessed Lord, to the Pharisees, after they, in common with the Herodians and Sadducees, had been endeavouring to "entangle him in his talk." With this end in view, we read, "the Pharisees went and took council," and the result of their deliberations, was the sending out unto him certain of their disciples with the Herodians. These disciples were, in all probability, young men, who had just left school and readily undertook the office assigned them, from a wish to confound one who was then so popular, with the lower order. The Herodians are generally supposed to have been the partisans of Herod Augustus, the Roman governor. When they found our Lord, who was teaching in the Temple, they entered into a conversation with him, in which we may observe their craftiness of speech. "Master, we know that thou art true, and teachest the way of God in truth, neither carest thou for any man, for thou regardest not the persons of men." The purport of this flattering compliment was to throw our Lord off his guard, and make him believe that their only motive for enquiring of him, was a wish to know the truth of which he was the teacher, and his opinion on the right of the Romish Government to exact a yearly tribute. It has, in all

ages, been a manœuvre of ungodly men, in their attacks upon religion, to prepossess those addressed, with the sentiment that nothing is further from their wish, than to take any unfair advantage in their discussions. In the case of our Lord, this stratagem, as a perusal of the chapter will shew, entirely failed. We may, however, perceive, that they were actuated by the very reverse of a wish to know the truth; they had an evil design against our Lord, or else, what was it that caused the Pharisees, who considered the tribute as an unjust tax, to coalesce with the Herodians, who professed an opposite opinion? Both these parties came to him, and asked him, "What thinkest thou? Is it lawful to give tribute unto Cæsar, or not?" They, no doubt, fancied that their question would admit of none but a direct answer. But what was the result? "He perceived their wickedness, and said, Shew me the tribute money; and they brought unto him a penny; and he saith unto them, whose is this image and superscription? They say unto him, Cæsar's, whereupon he apparently argues thus, "The greatest legal authority of any government is the issuing of the coin. Now, as you admit as current coin this penny with the impress of the Roman Emperor, you of course admit his supremacy over you, and must pay the proper taxes; render, therefore, unto Cæsar the things which are Cæsar's, and unto God the things which are God's. Such was the wise answer made by Christ to the question proposed, a question which they hoped he would have answered so as they might have accused him either of being the enemy of the people, or of disaffection to the government.

We see how bad men can forget private animosities for the purpose of effecting some evil purpose which they fancy may benefit both. But it is now time that we returned to our text. We

see how little the Jews thought of Christ, while they laid a trap for him, that they might get rid of him; and why? Because he reprov'd them for their hypocrisy, and openly put them to shame. So lightly did they esteem him, whom for ages past, they had been anxiously expecting!! What then, my dear friends, think YE of Christ? Are you, by your lives, treating him as the unhappy Jews of old did—crucifying him afresh every day by your sins, taking no heed to the warnings and exhortations which you hear or might hear from God's ministry; breaking his Sabbaths, trampling under foot his holy laws, and setting at naught his gospel? or, on the contrary, do you think of Christ as the Lamb of God, who was offered once for your sins, and not only for *your* sins, but for the sins of all that believe on him as Wonderful, Counsellor, The Mighty God, The everlasting Father, The Prince of Peace? Doubtless, some who peruse this, will think of Christ in both ways, for, if among the twelve chosen ones of Jesus, one was a cast-away; it is fair to presume that, even among the readers of the Cottage Magazine, there will be some like sheep who have gone astray from the Shepherd and bishop of their souls. To such, I would say—be assured of the danger of your situation, if, when death comes, this is the view you are found to have of Christ. Now is the accepted time, now is the day of salvation. To-day, a kind and merciful God is willing to receive you into his arms. Soon, you will be cast out from his presence for ever. Now, you may receive pardon. Soon, neglected offers of pardon will be succeeded by eternal punishment. *To-day*, then, while it is to-day, flee to a merciful God, and seek that pardon; strive to obtain a title to heaven through Jesus Christ, and if you come in the way set forth in holy Scripture, you shall find it. To you, who by the sacrifice of the cross

have obtained a sure foundation, on the efficacy of which you hope to reach the kingdom of God—to you I would say, be diligent; make the most of the many privileges with which you are surrounded; beware of him, who, like a roaring lion, is seeking whom he may devour; and, by your lives, prove that having buckled on your armour, you are determined to fight the good fight of faith, relying on him who has promised to be your buckler and shield, a very sure defence in time of trouble. To the former I say, in conclusion, “Repent, and do the first works; or else God will come unto thee quickly, and will remove thy candle-stick out of thy place, except thou repent;” and to the latter I say, “Fear none of those things which thou shalt suffer; be thou faithful unto death, and God will give thee a crown of glory.” May this be the case with all of both classes, is the humble, but sincere prayer of

S. H. B.

THE SAILOR BOY AND HIS BIBLE.

At a village in Warwickshire, England, a few pious people were in the habit of meeting at an early hour on the Sabbath-day, for prayer and praise. Returning from one of these meetings, a Christian female observed a poor sailor sitting by the way-side, with his Bible and his hymn-book in his hand, as if waiting for the time of Divine worship. She invited him to her house, when he gave the following account of himself and his Bible.

He was born in America. At twelve years of age he left his home. A father's advice and a mother's tears he unheeded: he embarked on the wide ocean, and soon met with many dangers from tempests, and battles with the enemy. One night,

a dreadful storm arose, the ship became unmanageable, and in the morning, an awful scene presented itself; every person on board had been swept away, by the waves breaking over the ship, and he found himself the only living person upon a vessel going fast to pieces.

The poor boy, finding that he must leave the sinking vessel, put as much money in the pocket of his jacket as he could. He had, likewise, a treasure, which, though he was ignorant of its real worth, he yet prized as having belonged to his mother. It was a Bible. When he left home, at twelve years of age, he determined to take something that should put him in mind of her. He had, as he said, no love for the book, and but little knowledge of what was in it, *but it was his mother's.*

Where is the boy whose heart does not melt into tenderness when he thinks of his mother? In the hour of sickness or of sorrow, the love and faithfulness of a mother are very dear to the heart.

Our sailor, in all his wanderings, had preserved this blessed volume; it was a small one, and he easily kept it within the bosom of his jacket. Having made the preparation, and finding that the wreck could be no longer a place of safety, he committed himself to the waves, hoping to be able to swim to the land; but alas! land was very far off. He continued swimming for a long time, but finding the treasure he had about him added greatly to his fatigue, he cast away his Bible, which, notwithstanding his wish to preserve, he thought he most easily could do without. "Yes," said he, when mentioning the circumstance, "yes, I threw from me the Bible, I cast it into the waters, being sorry only because it had belonged to my mother; I knew it not as containing the 'pearl of great price.' But though I had so far lightened myself, the money still weighed

rather heavily ; yet, being unwilling to part with it, I tried all my strength, and continued swimming. After some time, and when I must have made considerable way, I turned to see whether my Bible was in sight, though I could not suppose it possible even from the distance, and thought, indeed, that it had sunk in the waters ; but, to my great surprise, I found it borne up by a wave, and now close to my shoulder ! My very heart thrilled with joy, I seized my precious book, and could not help crying out, “ O, my Bible ! so you would not leave me, though I cast you away ; well, then, come what will, you and I will never part. Gladly did I put it in my jacket, and then emptied my pockets of my money, which being, the greater part of it, silver, was bulky as well as heavy.”

At length he reached a rock which raised its head just above the water ; upon this he scrambled, thankful to rest his weary limbs upon it. A few crumbs of biscuit which he had in his pocket, though soaked, afforded him scanty, but welcome refreshment. His Bible, so wonderfully preserved, became in such circumstances, still dearer to him : he carefully pressed out the water, and opening it, these words met his eye, and fixed his attention : “ Kiss the son, lest he be angry, and ye perish from the way when his wrath is kindled but a little. Blessed are all they that put their trust in him.” Upon this he meditated. Doubtless he had perused them before, but they had never struck him as being words of most solemn meaning ; he had never considered them, or supposed they contained any particular truth, but now they made a deep impression upon his mind. He stretched himself upon his rocky bed ; sleep weighed down his eyelids, and tired nature sunk to rest, but the words still seemed sounded in his ears. He was afraid the merciful

Saviour would, in this case, cease to be merciful. His situation was dangerous in the extreme; his body pinched with cold and hunger, his tongue burning with thirst, he seemed even now to be visited with the anger which the Scripture he had read threatened to the careless unbeliever. He now feared lest he should be doomed to perish, and that for ever, and that he should never know of the blessedness of those who put their trust in the Almighty. Like Jonah, in his distress, he called upon the Lord, and the Lord heard him. Like that disobedient prophet, he was cast into the deep in the midst of the seas, and the waves and the billows passed over him. Now it was that he prayed and cried unto his God. He had often before called upon God for deliverance from danger, but he had never felt as now.

When least expected, deliverance was at hand. A ship hove in sight, bound on her homeward voyage to Liverpool. What now was his joy—with what anxiety did he strain his eyes to watch the coming vessel, and with what dread did he think of being passed unseen! A fresh breeze had sprung up, and the vessel was going very fast through the water. He had passed two long days on this rock, and was suffering from raging thirst. He had scarce strength to wave his handkerchief. Happily it was perceived. A boat was sent off, and he was taken on board the vessel. Now, rested and refreshed, he soon regained his strength, and, with a grateful heart, poured forth his thanksgivings to God, and renewed his vows ever to be the Lord's. At length he was landed safe at Liverpool, and was now pursuing his way to London.

Let the reader of this narrative remember, if he, like this poor boy, has despised the Bible, that a day of "sore distress" is coming, when, like him, he shall find it more precious "than thousands of

gold, or ten thousands of silver." We are hastening to the day of death, which will be more dreadful and solemn than that which he saw, when floating on the swelling waves of the deep, without a companion and afar from home. When our friends may weep, but cannot assist us—when our hearts are ceasing to beat, and our souls preparing to take their flight, what shall we do then without a Bible? Or, if, like this poor boy, we possess it, of what use will it be to us, if we have not an interest in the promise of peace and joy which it contains? The precious volume assures us of great things which God has laid up, but it is only for them that love him: and, for those who slight his authority, and despise his reproof, he has treasured up "wrath against the day of wrath." Awful was the night on which this poor sailor boy was tossing on the foaming billows of the deep, but still more dreadful will that night be, which will show to us the wreck of all earthly joys, and open to our view the unbounded shores of eternity! Then, if we have loved the Bible, shall we feel its value, in having led us to the Saviour who is a hiding-place from the storm, and a covert from the tempest, and who can say peace to the troubled waves, when they swell and roll around us!

ON REMOVALS.

All who are in the habit of observing persons and things with any degree of attention, and reflecting on what takes place around them, must now and then be occupied with odd subjects. This is continually occurring to me, as those must be aware who have read that small part of my observations which has been made public.

There is such a pleasure in giving way to the mood of the moment, such a luxury in indulging

one's wandering inclinations in such matters, that I can hardly resist it ; and for this reason it is, that the subjects which engage me are so unconcerned one with another. Who ever read two papers of mine on the same subject ?

The worst of it is, that sometimes I get dozing and prozing over things which cannot be turned to much account, and then it vexes me. Oh ! the delight of feeling the heart beat against the bosom, and the pulse throb quickly with some high and holy, or philanthropic purpose ! Those who have ever known what it is to be filled with a glowing desire to glorify God, or to compass some benevolent undertaking for the good of man, will acknowledge that all other designs are poor and pitiful in comparison. There are glorious moments, at times mercifully vouchsafed to us, of this kind, when the lagging pen cannot keep pace with the beating of the heart, and when the beating of the heart is equally far behind the winged spirit, urging its way to the bright end of its high desires. Such seasons as these are the very sunbeams of life, the precious gifts of the Eternal.

At the moment I write this, I am seated at the window : it is early. Two vans have been for some time opposite the door of the adjoining house ; some hay has been shaken down on the ground for the horses, their bridles having first been unhooked from their collars ; and five men are now busily employed in carrying out the furniture from the house, and placing it in the vans : heavy chests, corded boxes, chests of drawers, bedsteads, sofa, book-cases, tables, and chairs. As the load gets higher, lighter things are added, cornices, bedding and blankets, carpets, hearth-rugs, and bandboxes tied round with red tape. A large piece of brown matting is now thrown over the loaded van, and the men are cording the whole

load. One man is pulling with all his might, setting his foot against the nave of the wheel. Another fat man has taken off his hat to wipe his brows with his blue cotton pocket-handkerchief. Ay! ay! he is now differently employed. It is hard work, no doubt; but for all that, it is rather early to pull away at the tankard in that fashion!

There they are, beginning to load the other van. Grates, pots, kettles, and fire-irons are all lying ready, with kitchen chairs, deal-tables, flat-irons, and saucepans; tubs, barrels, and crockery. The coal-scuttle and some empty hampers come last.

The loaded van is moving, and the other will not be long after it, for it fills apace. How frequently scenes presented to the eye call forth those of the imagination! These vans of household stuff remind me of the command of Pharaoh, king of Egypt, to Joseph. I have just turned to the passage in Genesis; "and Pharaoh said unto Joseph, say unto thy brethren, this do ye: lade your beasts, and go, get you into the land of Canaan; and take your father, and your households, and come unto me; and I will give you the good of the land of Egypt, and ye shall eat the fat of the land. Now, thou art commanded, this do ye; take you waggons out of the land of Egypt for your little ones, and for your wives, and bring your father, and come. Also, regard not your stuff; for the good of all the land of Egypt is yours."

At this moment, I can see in my fancy the venerable Jacob journeying into the land of Egypt, surrounded with his stuff, to fall upon the neck of his best beloved son.

Many a removal have I seen in my time; some that have been pleasant and cheerful, and others that have made my heart ache. Poor mortals as we are, we move about from one crazy habitation to another; we put on a little paint, we patch on

a little plaster, we remove our household stuff, and begin, as it were, anew. We enter a fresh neighbourhood, and form fresh acquaintances; and, perhaps, years roll on before we feel an inclination, or find a necessity for another removal.

At last we see some advantage in quitting our habitation for another; or some loss or cross renders it expedient; or some bereavement alters our position, and calls us to perform fresh duties; then again we pack up our household stuff, and pitch our tent on another part of the desert. At every removal we find that some favourite nook, some snug corner to which we have been accustomed, is wanted. Some friend, whose talents, or kindness, or cheerfulness, or integrity, or piety, may have endeared him to us, is no longer in our circle. There are lingerings after what we have enjoyed, yearnings after what we can never more hope to enjoy.

While I make these remarks, both persons and things are tugging at my heart. I have hitherto been speaking of the removals that appertain more immediately to the body; what shall I say to the removal of the soul from its earthly, perishable tabernacle, to the glorious mansion prepared for the believers in Christ? That will be something like a removal; we shall have no need to regard our stuff, no necessity to repair or beautify our new abode. There will be no damp walls and smoky chimneys, no ill-natured neighbours, no rent and taxes to pay there! The mansion is fair, and lightsome, and glorious. The rent, as well as the land-tax, is redeemed, and the lease is fully granted, and its term is "for ever and ever."

Here have I run into a strange mistake in talking of a lease. No! no! there is no lease at all in the affair. Heaven, and happiness, and eternity, are, through Divine grace, the freehold of God's people; for they are the children of God,

“and if children, then heirs—heirs of God, and joint-heirs with Christ.”

If this be the true state of the case, as undoubtedly it is, then may we patiently endure the temporary changes that take place in our worldly affairs. Our household stuff may begin to look a little old-fashioned. The tenement to which we have removed may not be so commodious as the last; our funds may be diminished, and our friends fewer than before, but let not these things trouble us. They who are heirs of the eternal things of heaven should not value too highly the transitory things of earth. It may be well to be able to say, in a worldly sense, “By-and-by I shall remove to the house yonder on the hill, which is larger, and better, and pleasanter, than this which I now inhabit in the valley;” but it is much better to say, “We know that if our earthly house of this tabernacle were dissolved, we have a building of God, a house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens.”

While I have been thus musing and noting down my thoughts, the last van has moved away. The butcher has been to the vacant tenement, and has gone back again, finding no one to give him an order. The brewer’s cart has arrived with a barrel of ale; it is too late, the gate is shut, and the brewer has, doubtless, lost a customer. The house is empty, the household stuff is removed. The tenant is gone, and I, having mused so long on removals, must now go too.—*Weekly Visitor*.

THE HAPPY INFLUENCE OF GOOD EXAMPLE, AND THE
TENDENCY OF CHRISTIANITY TO IMPROVE
THE CHARACTER.

Although the officers of the army in India do not universally set a full example of the Christian

life and character; yet, with many deficiencies, their general integrity, truth, and honour, are unimpeachable, and in these qualities they rise far above the natives. This cannot be imputed, with truth, to any other cause than their being brought up in the knowledge of the Scriptures, which, though it has not produced all its fruits, has yet done this so far, that falsehood, fraud, and dishonesty, have come to be regarded as such degrading vices, that no man who pretends to the character of an honourable man, will allow himself to be guilty of them. The following narrative, from Captain Skinner's "Excursions in India," shows how much good even this imperfect catalogue of Christian virtues is capable of producing, whence we may infer what mighty effects would be produced, if all professed Christians were to act any thing nearly in accordance with their profession and name:—

"We hear very little of Hindoo conversion," says the author, "and many who have not had the opportunity of witnessing the zeal and perseverance of our Missionaries may imagine that they slumber at their posts. But theirs is a silent way, and their endeavours, though little seen or heard, have, under the divine assistance, produced some effect. It would be enlarging on a well-known tale, to dwell on the sorrows that a Hindoo must bear, and the struggles he must make, before he can renounce his religion. The severest sacrifices, however, have been made; and as it has often been gravely asserted, that such examples of sincerity have never occurred, I cannot resist relating the following instance, which fell under my own observation."

A soldier belonging to one of the native regiments had been baptized by the chaplain of the station where it was quartered. He was a great favourite with his comrades, and such a circum-

stance made no inconsiderable stir among them. The government, on hearing of the matter, ordered an investigation into it; the soldier's story was simple, and his subsequent conduct proved it true.

“‘From the first year I entered the service,’ he said, ‘I was struck with the difference of the conduct of the British officers and the higher men of my own country. The former, I noticed, never told an untruth, and were never guilty of a dishonest action. Among the latter, truth was little considered, and knavish tricks were far too common. On the expedition to Java, while on ship-board, I had an opportunity of observing the manners of the English more minutely, and was confirmed in my ideas concerning them. I was struck with their mode of praying every Sunday, and became anxious to be better informed in their religious belief. I conversed whenever I could with Europeans on the subject, and never ceased to think on all they told me, till, on my return to Calcutta, I obtained a translated copy of the Bible. I studied it constantly, and determined to become a Christian. I knew it was necessary, before I could make this declaration, to take leave of every member of my family, and I got a furlough for that purpose. I had much to struggle with. I put off the disclosure to the last moment; and when at first I made it, all the opposition I anticipated was offered. When I combated their arguments, they assailed me with reproaches and tears. I remained firm, however, and parted with them as if I had been going to execution. I can never hope to meet them again. Judge if I am not sincere. And now, gentlemen, continued he, addressing the military court of inquiry, ‘are you not Christians and soldiers too? How then can my becoming a Christian unfit me for a soldier? and why, because I believe in your God, am I not capable of serving your king?’ It was considered

proper to remove this man from his regiment. A pension, the amount of his pay, was settled upon him, and he is now free to attend the Christian worship; and a man of more exemplary manners, or more respectable appearance, cannot be found in any Church in Europe."

ANNA; OR, THE MEMOIR OF A SCHOOL-GIRL.

SCHEME FOR THE RELIEF OF A POOR WOMAN.—ANNA'S VISIT TO MRS. WILLIAMS.

"'Here is the very person we were wishing for,' cried Mary, one fine morning, as Anna opened the school-room door.

The little party were seated at breakfast, for Anna frequently joined her companions before the usual school hour.

'Why were you wishing for me?' she enquired.

'That we may have the benefit of your advice, my dear,' returned Mary.

'My advice, indeed!' repeated Anna: 'you are laughing at me.'

'No, I assure you, I am in earnest,' said Mary; 'ask Elizabeth if I am not.'

'Yes, she is,' said Elizabeth, in reply to Anna's appealing look: 'but take off your bonnet, dear, and sit down, for I have a long story to tell, and a long speech to make about a scheme in which we want your assistance.'

Anna did as she was desired, and Elizabeth then commenced her relation. 'I went out to tea, yesterday, along with Miss Sumner,' said she, 'and a minister, who was of the party, told us a very melancholy story about a poor woman he has visited. Her name, he informed us, is Williams, and she is upwards of seventy years of age. She has been many years a widow; and was, at one period of her life, in tolerably good circumstances. She had several children, who lived to become useful to her, and do something towards her support; and then, one by one they died, with the exception of a son, a sailor; who, though wild and thoughtless, was fond of his mother, and never failed, when he returned from a voyage, to give her the greater part of his earnings. A short time ago, this son was wrecked, and perished, along with many of the crew. She supported herself, however, until lately, by binding shoes; but she is now too sick and too feeble to work at all: I believe, indeed, that she is unable to sit up. When Mr. B. visited her, he found her lying on a bed of straw, without any covering but an old, dirty rug: no blanket nor sheet. Though the room is a wretched place, she is fearful of being turned out of it, since she cannot pay the rent. She has a great dread of going either to the workhouse or infirmary, because, as she says, she could not be alone there, and

she does not now what sort of companions she might have. The idea of being thrown amongst wicked people, distresses her exceedingly, for she is herself pious, and has been for many years.'

'Poor woman! has she nothing at all to live upon?' inquired Anna.

'I believe she has a trifle, allowed from a fund established for the benefit of the sick and poor connected with the place of worship she attended; but the sum is so small, that it is insufficient to purchase her bare necessities, without leaving anything towards rent, or clothing.'

'Pray go on, dear Elizabeth,' said Anna; 'what is your scheme?'

'It is not my scheme, alone,' returned Elizabeth: 'I believe all here have had a hand in it; and the more we can get to join us, the better. You know, Anna, that most of the young ladies have pocket money at their own disposal: even the little girls have something, I should think.'

'Yes, to be sure they have. Well, go on,' said Anna.

'We thought that if each subscribed a little—suppose only a penny, or a half-penny a week—according to her allowance, we might raise a sum sufficient to pay this poor woman's rent, and provide her with a few comforts.'

'An excellent plan,' cried Anna, 'I will subscribe with pleasure.'

'Thank you; but that is not all we wish you to do,' said Elizabeth. 'We shall want some one to collect the money, and keep the accounts, and we wish you would undertake it.'

'That I will with pleasure,' Anna was about to say, but she was stopped by Miss Sumner.

'Do not promise, until you have considered,' said she; 'you are just now excited:—Elizabeth's story has affected you:—you pity the poor woman, and do not think about the difficulties.'

'Difficulties!' repeated Anna; 'but I can see no difficulties.'

'Shall I point them out to you, then?' inquired Miss Sumner,

'If you please, Ma'am,' returned Anna.

'Well, then, first consider that the plan Elizabeth hath proposed, will require regularity and perseverance, and that probably for a long time. This poor woman, although very ill, may live many months; and it would be extremely cruel to deprive her of the allowance, after commencing it.'

'Certainly,' returned Anna, 'that would be cruel; but I hope I should not tire of doing my share.'

'Probably not; yet the little children, who will be eager to subscribe while the thing is new, may grow tired, and wish for their pocket money, to spend upon their own pleasures.'

'That is very likely indeed,' said Anna, thoughtfully.

'There is great allowance to be made for them,' observed Elizabeth: 'they have but little money; and it must require no small self-denial to persevere in giving up their toys and sweetmeats.'

'True,' said Miss Sumner: 'I was going to propose that you

should visit the poor woman by turns, and take her the money collected. This would be a good way of keeping up the interest already excited. Besides, you will, in all probability, collect more money at first than will be absolutely necessary:—if so, there will be a stock in reserve, in case of deficiency. And now that these difficulties have been pointed out, are you still willing, to undertake the office of collector, Anna?’

‘Yes, indeed I am,’ said Anna; ‘and I hope to gain many subscribers. I will ask Susan and Jane, for they spend their money mostly in sweetmeats.’

‘I would advise you to get a little memorandum book, and write down the names of those who are willing to subscribe, with the sums opposite to each,’ said Elizabeth.

Anna followed this advice; and she had the pleasure of writing a long list of names, including most of the younger children. They had but little to give, it is true; but then, as Anna assured them, ‘every little helped.’

This plan proved very successful: the united efforts of these children were for some months the means of solacing and assisting a suffering fellow-creature.

The subscription was first commenced shortly after the summer vacation; and Anna’s interest and curiosity were powerfully raised by the accounts she received from her school-fellows, who regularly visited the poor invalid. She at length requested permission to go along with Miss Sumner, just once, before the cold weather should set in. The distance was great, but she thought she could manage it;—and accordingly, one fine morning, at the beginning of autumn, she set out, accompanied by her governess.

Anna’s lameness rendered a long walk extremely fatiguing; but she was so anxious to gain her point, and visit Mrs. Williams, that she trudged along, without uttering a single complaint.

Their road lay through some of the lowest and most bustling parts of the town. One gloomy and noisy street succeeded another; and the din occasioned by the carts, waggons and drays, proceeding towards and returning from the docks, prevented any thing like connected conversation.

At length they entered what appeared to Anna, a long, dark and dirty lane; and here Miss Sumner informed her, that they were approaching the end of their journey. When near the middle of this lane, she was desired to follow her guide through an entry, at the end of which, Anna found herself in a confined and filthy court, surrounded by black looking houses—miserable places she thought them. A few ragged children were loitering near the door of a house which Miss Sumner approached; and on entering it, Anna perceived a squalid looking woman, with an infant in her arms, seated by a few embers. The house was dirty, and the woman was untidy and sullen. She arose, however, on their entrance, and said, in a surly tone, ‘You want Mrs. Williams, I suppose?’ Then, opening a door, which concealed a few steep and dirty stairs, she added, ‘You know the way—you’ll find her alone.’ Anna followed Miss Sumner up

these stairs, which led into the apartment of the poor sufferer. The room was small and gloomy: the panes of the little window which lighted it, were so covered by dust and smoke, as to obscure the dim light which the confined and dense atmosphere of the court admitted. The furniture consisted of a wretched bedstead, on which lay the invalid,—a broken chair, and an old chest, on the top of which were a few medicine bottles, and a well worn Bible.

Anna had never before witnessed such a scene of poverty and privation.

The fatigue occasioned by her long walk, the close and unwholesome atmosphere, and the excited state of her own feelings, nearly proved too much for her strength:—she felt sick, and trembled exceedingly. Miss Sumner placed her the chair near the window, and with some difficulty succeeded in opening the casement. She then proceeded to make inquiries respecting the health and wants of the poor woman. In a few minutes Anna recovered sufficiently to join in the conversation, and to examine the objects around her with great interest.

‘I have at last brought you the little visitor you so much wished to see,’ said Miss Sumner, addressing the poor woman, who had been for some moments gazing at Anna: ‘I assure you she has long been anxious to come and see you. Did you know her?’ she inquired.

‘Yes,’ returned Mrs. Williams, pointing to the crutches; ‘Yes, I knew her.’ Then, turning towards Anna, she added—‘You perceive, Miss, I am no stranger to your goodness, and to the trouble you have taken in order to assist a poor, afflicted fellow-creature. May God bless you! God will bless you, and all those dear young creatures who take pleasure in coming to read to me now, when I am no longer able to read to myself.’

‘I should like to read to you if you will allow me,’ said Anna, taking up the Bible: ‘I am quite better now.’ Then, observing a leaf turned down at the 22nd Psalm, ‘Perhaps you would like me to read here?’ she asked.

‘Thank you, I shall be glad if you will,’ replied Mrs. Williams. ‘I have been trying to read that Psalm myself; but my eyes are dim—I cannot see. It contains a description of the sufferings endured by our blessed Lord, and it does me good to hear of them: it makes me feel how much they exceeded mine, and helps me to be patient.’

Anna commenced reading. When she reached the 17th verse—‘I may tell all my bones, they look and stare upon me,’—Mrs. Williams suddenly raised herself in the bed, and uncovered her arm: it was so worn and thin, that Anna shuddered, and turned away her head.

‘Ah, Miss,’ said the sick woman, ‘it is hard work to die! I see you are shocked only to look upon my wasted limbs: but what a consolation it is to me now, to know that the blessed Redeemer is touched with a feeling of our infirmities! Though he knew no sin, he was well-pleased to suffer pain, and to die for us, who are

sinful creatures. Only the dying can know how precious to the believer is 'the remembrance of the death of Christ, and of the benefits procured to us by it.' 'Will you,' she continued, 'now read me His own gracious promise to his disciples, contained in the 14th chapter of St. John's gospel?'

Anna immediately complied; and when she had finished reading, she gave the poor woman the money requisite to pay for her lodging, together with some tea, and a few oranges. She then asked, if there was anything else she could get to do her good.

'No, thank you, my kind young lady,' replied Mrs. Williams; if it had not been for you, and your dear school-fellows, I should have been compelled to leave this lodging;—a poor place indeed: but then I have it to myself; and for this I do thank you sincerely. As to the rest, no earthly indulgence can gratify me now. I am dying: I feel that I am dying; and my best comfort now is, the precious promise you have read to me, that my Saviour is gone to prepare for me, unworthy as I am, a place in his Father's house.'

'You are indeed very ill,' said Anna, 'but I wish you would allow us to get your room cleaned, and to provide you with a few things to make you comfortable.'

The sick woman shook her head, and assured Anna, that none of these things could now add to her comfort.

'My dear Anna,' said Miss Sumner, this should teach us how little our station or circumstances in life will benefit us in severe affliction. What would it now avail this poor woman, were she rich, or noble? and what would be her situation, without the consolations of religion?'

'What, indeed!' exclaimed the sufferer:—then seizing one of Anna's hands, and grasping it in her own, she added, 'Excuse me, my dear young lady. A death-bed is no place for trifling: attend to what I am going to say. Look around this room; it is different to the rooms you have been accustomed to see. Look at these bare walls—this bed of straw—these poor, wasted limbs; yet what good would it do me now, if I were lying in a palace, and on a bed of down, surrounded with friends, and possessed of every luxury? I could enjoy none of these things. My agonies are the agonies of death. Remember,' she continued with increasing energy, 'princes must come to this:—the rich, the noble, the gay, must come to this; and you, my dear young lady, you must come to this, how soon you cannot tell. I have had children, but all are gone before me into eternity. You appear weakly: you may soon be placed upon your own death-bed. Oh! do not leave religion to seek then; for then you will need all its consolations. Alas! bodily suffering is hard enough to bear, without the agonies of a wounded spirit.'

Anna was deeply impressed with this solemn address; and she felt the truth of Mrs. Williams's words,—that a death-bed is no place for trifling. If the young, the prosperous, and the gay,—those who indulge in lofty imaginations and in pride of heart,—would visit the 'house of mourning,' and become eye witnesses of

the sufferings and privations of many of their fellow-creatures, they could scarcely fail to learn humility; to acknowledge with gratitude the hand which has 'made them to differ,' and to look forward to the period when earthly distinctions must cease for ever—when the rich and poor will meet together, in the presence of that Lord who is the Maker of them all.'"

A HELP TO THE PERFORMANCE OF THE PLAIN, YET NEGLECTED
DUTY OF SELF-EXAMINATION: CONTAINING A SECTION FOR
EACH DAY IN THE MONTH.

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 351.)

Twentieth Day.

Let me examine myself as it respects the use of my time this day. Did I awake with God in my first thoughts? Did I in prayer make a fresh surrender of myself to God, as a token of gratitude for past favours, and as a pledge of future dedication to his service? At the hour of breakfast, was some profitable topic introduced? In what spirit and in what manner was family prayer attended to and performed? Does the commonness of it aid or damp ardour of spirit? Did I feel an intense desire and an earnest pleading with God for the souls of my family? And were my intercessions mingled with thanksgivings? How did I enter on the engagements of the day? Did I feel an undue solicitude respecting them? And wherein did I bestow upon them any needless thought? Did I carefully fill up every hour to some advantage, so as to reap instruction either from reading or meditation, or praying, or visiting? Do I bear in mind that the day of life may close with this day? Do I improve my time to the utmost for God, the giver of it, and for my fellow-creatures, in him? And am I still aware that, after the closest investigation, I have need to pray, "Cleanse thou me from secret faults?" Are there not yet some corners of my heart undiscovered? some latent mischief? some image of jealousy? some Achan in the camp? some enticing vanity secretly spreading itself? Am I not herein dull and undiscerning? Alas! is it not because there is in me an unwillingness to perceive? or is it that I really am more brutish than any one? Am I aware that my dulness and dim-sightedness, may be, in God's sight, wilful blindness? And do I know that the divine commandment is exceeding broad?

Twenty-first Day.

I do know that the commandment is exceeding broad,—taking in and comprehending an extent of requirement at which my heart trembles; reaching to every thought, to every word, to every work. But may I not take courage, in that God's commands are the commands of love? yea, that his very frowns are love, since they are only used to bring back deluded wanderers into paths of peace, and "God is love?" It is written, "He that loveth hath fulfilled the law." Have I this law-fulfilling love? Why is not

love in full operation? Is it that my heart is too earthly to live in and on that heavenly food? Is it that self is so loved that I cannot relish that which would starve and annihilate self? "Love is a death." He who loves needs not that this saying should be explained to him. To love another is to come out of self into the object beloved.

Twenty-second Day.

Am I brought to see and feel that self-will, self-dependance, self-esteem, self-love, and, in fine, self in its endless ramifications, poisons all my thoughts, and words, and actions? And does this self-knowledge produce self-distrust? self-dislike? self-abasement? and self-renunciation? Is divine compassion to me, a poor hell deserving sinner, desired more than ease in pain, than joy in grief, or health, or friends, or all that is most estimable on earth? Have I any greater delight than in knowing that Jesus Christ came into the world to save sinners? And do I believe in Him with my heart unto righteousness? Does this great propitiation quiet all my misgivings? Is it the sole ground of my confidence? Does it make my scarlet and crimson sins white as snow? Do I no more doubt the willingness than I do the ability of Christ to save the greatest as well as the least? Do I believe that if I had all the sins of the whole world in my own person, Christ would as willingly pardon me as with my present individual offences? Are my views and feelings of the extent of my Saviour's merits and freeness of his love such as do honour to his amazing sacrifice? Do I feel but for a surety I were a wretch undone? Do I hang all my hope on the atonement? Does all my peace spring from the pardon of sin? And am I daily walking in faith and prayer?

Twenty-third Day.

Am I deeply sensible that the foregoing interrogatives can only be satisfactorily answered by the assistance of the Holy Spirit? Do I feel that my whole salvation from first to last, and every step of it is entirely of the free grace of God; and that I am always dependant on the atoning and interceding Saviour? Is the fullness of his merit pleaded before the Father as the only way of my access to him, and as the only source of the benefits I received from him? Is my soul penetrated with the conviction that I can only love him because he first loved me? Do I no longer look for creature worthiness or deservings? Do I dread leaning on my own understanding? And do I feel that I have no strength or ability for so much as one gracious thought but as God of his infinite mercy imparts it to me?

Twenty-fourth Day.

Do I no longer trust in the ordinances of religion? nor in any attainments in religion? but in him only who is my advocate with the Father? Do I depend solely on the influence of the Holy Spirit for power to pray, and grace to receive promised blessings? Do I see and feel that every endeavour to please God

would be abortive and altogether vain without the continual descendings of his love into my heart? yea, that the very inclination, in its feeblest and lowest form, is a bestowment from his infinite fulness? Do I trust so in the Saviour as not to trust in, or at all rely upon, myself to do that which seems most easy and apparently within my own reach? When I read the word of God, do I go to it as though my own discernment would help me to the understanding of it? or as if the powers of my own mind could comprehend the mind of the Spirit? Do I in any way, or at any time, lean and adhere to my own opinion so as to be willing to admit a contrary conviction? Is the word of God not only put into my mind, but written on my heart? Does it so testify of Christ as to lead me to him in faith for the blessings which he has promised? Does the word of Christ dwell in me richly in all wisdom? or have I only some knowledge of it in the letter,—knowledge that puffeth up instead of edifying? How do I relish the commands and reproofs contained in his word? Do I turn from them, instead of giving them entrance into my heart? How can I understand the love of Christ, but by feeling what my own sins deserve? and if, when I mourn over the sins of only one individual, my grief is so bitter, what must have been the Saviour's grief, and what his love, when he bore the sins of the whole world in his own body on the tree? Do I so think on that price paid for my redemption as the more plainly to discover my dreadful bondage. And do I see the greatness of the evil of sin in the necessity there was for the death of Christ to expiate sin? Do I live upon Christ? Yea, is he my life? Do I live for Christ? Is Christ so precious that I would rather lose all than Christ? Can I for his sake count every thing else dross and loss? Is it ordinances I want, or Christ in the ordinances? Do I seek only his presence there? Do I seek him as the object dearest to me on earth is sought? as the life of my life,—the Saviour of my lost soul,—my hope,—my joy,—my heaven? Do I know that if he does not inspire as well as accept my worship it will be a fruitless ordinance to me?

FACTS FOR PARENTS.

There are no arguments so impressive and irresistible as well attested *facts*. And we know of no arguments that would be likely to arrest the attention and awaken all the anxieties of an impenitent parent, if he can contemplate the following facts without emotion.

While recently conversing with a mother on the subject of parental influence, as affecting the character and salvation of children, we were led to look into the history of several families around us, to see if facts would sustain the sentiments we had expressed. So astonishingly affecting were the results, that we continued our investigations till we had passed over from one-half

to two-thirds of the geographical extent of the town. We embraced, in the survey, all the families, so far as we could ascertain, who have resided in that section of the town, within the past thirty-years. The number of families in which there are children above ten years of age, included in our investigation, is ninety-eight.

In twenty-seven of these families, both of the parents are professedly pious. Of their one hundred and twenty-five children, who are more than ten years of age, *eighty-four*, about *two-thirds*, are hopefully pious, four are in the ministry, five are deacons, and one is intemperate, but his father, though a professor of religion, has always used strong drink very freely, and his Christian character, to say the least, is doubtful.

In nineteen of these families, only *one* of the parents in each family is pious, and that parent, with a single exception, is the mother. Of the ninety-five children in these families, *thirty-one*, about *one-third*, are hopefully pious, four ministers, and *seven* are dissipated, five of whom are only following the example of their dissipated fathers!

In the remaining fifty-two families, neither of the parents are pious; and of their one hundred and thirty-nine children, only *thirteen*, not *one-tenth*, have given any evidence of piety, and *not one of these became pious while living at home*; most of them have been absent from their parents several years!—Twenty-five of these children, or *more than one-fifth*, are dissipated, and *all* their fathers indulge in the free use of intoxicating drinks, and the fathers of thirteen of them are decidedly intemperate!

Surely no remarks need be added to these solemn facts, to awaken the deepest solicitude in the bosom of every impenitent parent, and to lead every pious parent to impose the most entire confidence in the promise of God.—*Revivalist*.

VARIETIES.

MATERNAL FAITHFULNESS.—I well remember when about nine years of age, returning from school one day, with a request to my mother that I might attend a children's ball, which was to take place the next evening. One or two had been held before, at which most of my companions were present, but myself and my sister, who was still younger, had received no invitation, as it was well understood that our mother was "very strict," and probably would not permit us to attend. But on this occasion a note was handed us, as we were returning from school, requesting our company for the next evening; and as we entered the parlour where our mother was sitting, our little hearts swelled with desires to which they had, until then, been strangers. We asked her permission to attend, which she gently but firmly denied, giving us, at the same time, some of her most important reasons for so

doing. We felt the propriety of her objections, and in fact had little inclination to enter into an amusement with which we were wholly unacquainted; but the dread of the sneer and ridicule of our companions, and their remarks upon the unnecessary *strictness* of our dear parents, overcame other feelings; and we begged that we might go, at least once, in order to shew them she was more indulgent than they supposed. I shall never forget the tone of seriousness my mother assumed, as she represented to us the responsibility incurred by Christian parents, in giving their children up to God. "You, my dear children," said she, "are consecrated children. Your parents have covenanted with God to train you up for his service. How can I, without a fearful violation of that covenant, permit you to enter a place where everything you see and hear will be calculated to divert your minds from serious things. Would not God be justly angry with me, and could I expect his blessing in my endeavours to train you up for him? Now which do you prefer, that I should displease God, or your companions?" This was enough,—we were entirely satisfied, and were able to meet our companions the next day without shame or fear; indeed, shall I say it? we felt a secret pride in the integrity of our dear mother's principles.—*Mother's Magazine.*

DRUNKENNESS.—I should regret exceedingly if it should be deemed by any one that the reading of that proclamation is a mere act of formality. It is a solemn admonition to us all, in our several stations, to promote the welfare of the public by the suppression of vice in every form. Not merely to judges, not merely to magistrates, does that proclamation apply, but to all persons; and, gentlemen, we who are called periodically to assist in the administration of criminal justice, to repress crime, to deliver the innocent, and punish the guilty, happy should we be if our labours and anxieties were diminished by the prevention of crime. In a county next adjoining to this, it was my pain to observe, that, in one of the blackest calendars I have ever seen, not less than one-third of the crimes were to be ascribed to the influence of intoxication. I would earnestly exhort not only magistrates, but parish-officers, and all other persons, to assist in repressing this crime. I have had means of knowing also, that the masters of manufactories may exercise a very wholesome influence indeed in putting it down; and if they will but exercise it with firmness towards those who are under them, I am sure that the vice will thereby be very much diminished. I have taken leave to make these observations, in consequence of the experience I have had of the misery to which the crime of drunkenness leads. It arms the hand with violence; it gives the dishonest man spirits to go through the crime which he meditates; it leads very often to a degree of violence which the man who indulges in it did not at first contemplate; and it often gives him courage to imbrue his hands in blood.—*Charge to the Grand Jury at Chester Assizes, by Mr. Baron Gurney.*

THE DEATH OF ELIZA CUNNINGHAM.—Miss Eliza Cunningham was the niece of the Rev. J. Newton, of London; and, on the death of her mother, was received and adopted into his family. "From what I had heard of Eliza," says her excellent uncle, "I was prepared to love her before I saw her; although she came afterwards into my hands like a heap of untold gold, which, when counted over, proves to be a larger sum than was expected." Her delicate constitution received a severe shock before she left Scotland, the place of her nativity, so that, during her residence in London, she languished more or less under disease, which, at length, terminated in a fatal consumption. A little before her death, Mrs. Newton said to her, "My dear, I have been very anxiously concerned for your life." "But I hope," said she, "my dear aunt, you are not so now. My views of things have been for some time very different from what they were when I came to you. I have seen and felt the vanity of childhood and youth." "I believe, my dear Eliza," continued her aunt, "you have long made conscience of secret prayer." "Yes," she replied, "I have long and earnestly sought the Lord, with reference to the change that is now approaching. I have not that full assurance which is very desirable; but I have a hope, I trust a good hope; and I believe the Lord will give me whatever he sees necessary for me, before he takes me hence. I have prayed to him to fit me for himself, and then, whether I die sooner or later, it signifies but little." On the day of her death, when her physician asked her how she was, she answered, "Truly happy; and, if this be dying, it is a pleasant thing to die." To her uncle she said, "I would not exchange my condition with any person upon earth. O how gracious is the Lord to me! O what a change is before me!" Looking affectionately at her aunt, she said, "Do not weep for me, my dear aunt; but rather rejoice, and give praise on my account." To her most constant attendant, she said, "Be sure you continue to call upon the Lord; and if you think he does not hear you now, he will at last, as he has heard me." She spoke a great deal to an intimate friend, who was with her every day. Amongst other things, she said, "See how comfortable the Lord can make a dying bed!" After her uncle had prayed with her, she exclaimed, "I am ready to say, 'Why are His chariot wheels so long in coming?' But I hope He will enable me to wait his hour with patience." "Towards seven o'clock," says Mr. Newton, "I was walking in the garden, and earnestly engaged in prayer for her, when a servant came to me and said, 'She is gone!' I ran up stairs, and our whole little family was soon collected round her bed. She lay upon her left side, with her cheek gently inclining upon her hand, as if in a sweet sleep; and I thought there was a smile upon her countenance. Never, surely, did death appear in a more beautiful, inviting form! We fell upon our knees, and I returned, I think I may say, my most unfeigned thanks to our God and Saviour, for his abundant goodness to her; crowned in this last instance by giving her so gentle a dismissal." Thus died this pious and amiable young lady, in the fifteenth year of her age.

KING GEORGE III.—ON THE IMPROVEMENT OF TIME.—A correspondent has furnished us with the following anecdote, on the authority of Mr. Bacon, son of the celebrated sculptor:—“King George III., who had patronized my father, John Bacon, on so many occasions, did him the honour to express a wish to have some specimen of his genius in the King’s Palace, Buckingham-house. The King led him into the saloon, and told him he intended to place a time piece over the massive marble chimney-piece, and added, ‘I intend that it shall be supported by some device, executed in the purest Carrara marble, and in your best style. I wish that the device may illustrate the best improvement of time; but the illustration and design I leave entirely to your own genius.’ His Majesty was pleased to approve and adopt the design, which was executed accordingly. It was as follows:—Figures of Patience and Vigilance are introduced as supporters of the dial; waiting on (not suffering) Patience, which is a female figure, watching the blowing of an aloe, that is generally thought to occur but once in 100 years; the idea being that the improvement of time is most effectually secured by the exercise of that patience which can wait for the proper moment, or opportunity, for performing a beneficial work, and of that vigilance which can seize such a moment or opportunity.” The above anecdote was given by Mr. Bacon, at one of the Bible Society meetings, in the county of Wilts, and was heard with interest and applause.—*Devizes Gazette*.

POETRY.

“EARTH TO EARTH, AND DUST TO DUST.”

A Funeral Dirge.—By the Rev. G. Croly, L.L.D.

“Earth to earth, and dust to dust!”
 Here the evil and the just.
 Here the youthful and the old,
 Here the fearful and the bold;
 Here the matron and the maid,
 In one silent bed are laid;
 Here the vassal and the king,
 Side by side lie withering;
 Here the sword and sceptre rust,
 “Earth to earth, and dust to dust.”

Age on age shall roll along
 O’er this pale and mighty throng;
 Those that wept then, those that weep,
 All shall with these sleepers sleep.
 Brothers, sisters, of the worm!
 Summer’s sun, and winter’s storm,
 Song of peace, or battle’s roar,
 Ne’er shall break their slumbers more;

Death shall keep his silent trust,
 "Earth to earth, and dust to dust."

But a day is coming fast—
 Earth, thy mightiest and thy last;
 It shall come in fear and wonder,
 Heralded by trump and thunder;
 It shall come in strife and toil,
 It shall come in blood and spoil;
 It shall come in empires' groans,
 Burning temples, trampled thrones;
 Then, ambition, rue thy lust!
 "Earth to earth, and dust to dust."

Then shall come the judgment sign;
 In the east the king shall shine,
 Flashing from heaven's golden gate,
 Thousands, thousands, round his state,—
 Spirits with the crown and plume:
 Tremble, then, thou sullen tomb,
 Heaven shall open on our sight,
 With its resplendent holy light,
 Kingdoms of the ransom'd just,—
 "Earth to earth, and dust to dust."

Then shall, gorgeous as a gem,
 Shine thy mount, Jerusalem;
 Then shall in the desert rise
 Fruits of more than Paradise:
 Earth by angel-feet be trod,
 One great garden of her God;
 Till are dried the martyr's tears,
 Through a glorious thousand years;
 Now in hope of him we trust,
 "Earth to earth, and dust to dust."

A SABBATH MEDITATION.

With silent awe I hail the sacred morn,
 That slowly wakes while all the fields are still;
 A soothing calm on every breeze is borne,
 A graver murmur gurgles from the rill,
 And echo answers softer from the hill;
 And softer sings the linnet from the thorn;
 The skylark warbles in a tone less shrill.
 Hail, light serene! hail, sacred Sabbath morn!
 The rocks float silently in airy drove;
 The sun a placid yellow lustre throws;
 The gales, that lately sighed along the grove,
 Have hushed their downy wings in dead repose:
 The hovering rack of clouds forgets to move:—
 So smiled the day when the first morn arose.

LEYDEN.

THE
COTTAGE MAGAZINE ;

OR,

Plain Christian's Library.

No. XII.] DECEMBER, 1838. [VOL. XXVII.

SERMONS BY THE LATE REV. J. BUCKWORTH, A.M.
VICAR OF DEWSBURY.

No. II.

“Redeeming the Time.”—Eph. v. 16.

An admirable connection between faith and holiness, doctrine and practice, privilege and duty, is strikingly apparent in the Epistle of the Apostle Paul. He usually commences his epistolary letters by laying a good foundation of Christian doctrine, setting forth the naturally lost and ruined state of man, and his restoration to the divine favour by the atoning merits of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ. Afterwards, it is his custom to display the privileges of those who have believed in the Saviour through grace, and then to exhort them to all the duties of holiness and morality. If this plan be more prominent in some of his epistles than others, it is so, I apprehend, in those of the Romans and Ephesians. The former part of the latter epistle, to say nothing of the preceding one, is occupied in discussing and establishing the doctrines of Christianity ; and thus having rightly informed the understanding and shewn the *principle* and motives from which our obedience to God must flow, he proceeds to inculcate the various duties of Christianity ; thus clearly shewing that pure Scriptural principles and doctrines are essentially necessary to acceptable obedience in the sight of God. These duties begin to be enforced

at the 4th chapter and the 17th verse, and continue to be enforced through nearly the whole of of the Epistle. That injunction which I have selected for our present consideration will be found, I trust, both appropriate and profitable for meditation at this season. May God, the Holy Ghost, so enable us by his divine influence to attend to its import, as to lead us, henceforward, so to number our days as to apply our hearts to true wisdom. The plan I propose for the discussion of this subject will lead me to shew :

I. *What we are exhorted to redeem,*

II. *What is meant by redeeming it,—and*

III. *The great importance of redeeming it.*

And first, *what we are exhorted to redeem.*—It is time. Time, generally speaking, denotes the space of our continuance in this world, the whole of our present life ; but more particularly it signifies the several favourable seasons afforded us for performing the different exercises and employments assigned us by the great Lord of all. He hath wisely allotted the present state of existence for accomplishing the most valuable purposes, and attaining the most desirable ends. It is that we may discharge not only the ordinary concerns of life, for our own temporal welfare and that of society, but also, that we may work out our salvation with fear and trembling, glorify God, and obtain grace to render us meet for a blessed eternity. The period fixed for these important ends begins in early youth, when reason, the understanding, and other faculties become capable of exercise. It reaches to the day of dissolution, including the whole extent of life. Its usual boundaries are limited by threescore years and ten ; to some, by reason of strength, it extends to fourscore years ; though the bulk of mankind being soon cut off, flee away before they the enjoy the half of that time. By the dispensations of his providence,

he hath divided time into various revolutionary seasons. Summer and winter, spring and autumn, day and night, seed-time and harvest; are all appointed for the benefit of man. He hath constituted the darkness of night, as best suited for rest and sleep; and the light of day for performing our different occupations. By the constitution of our frame, and the common routine of business, he hath designed some particular times as most convenient for retirement and devotion, some for rest and refreshment, and others for social intercourse and relaxation.

By divine authority he hath constituted the time of youth, when people are blessed with most health, vigour, and vivacity, as the fittest season for remembering our Creator. By his command, benediction, and example, he hath set apart the seventh portion of our time to be observed as a day of holy rest, to be spent in the solemn exercises of his worship, and the delightful services of his sanctuary.

By the reviving communications of his Holy Spirit, some seasons are admirably suited for the conversion of sinners, for restoring the power of godliness, and imparting strength and consolation to the feeble and dejected. Times of affliction call for humiliation, and require patience, prayer, trust, and resignation, with the lively exercise of all other graces which support and dignify the Christian when under the pressure of distress. The time of prosperity demands gratitude and praise to the Giver of all good, watchfulness against temptation, humble walking with God, and liberal exertions in the duties of beneficence and charity. Such, my brethren, is the time which the Apostle exhorts us to redeem. Let us now see:—

II. *What is meant by redeeming it?*

To *redeem*, is to regain by price what is lost.

Now this can never be done with time. The time that has been mispent and lost can never be recovered. Mountains of gold cannot purchase back a moment of time. Literally speaking, therefore, it is impossible to obey the exhortation of the text. However, this figurative expression, no doubt, has its meaning in reference to time.

As any thing of great value which is redeemed costs, in the redemption of it, great pains and expense, so when we are exhorted to redeem the time, it is evidently an exhortation to improve it, whatever pains and expense the improvement may cost us. It therefore, implies deep humiliation for the past loss of time. How much of our time has been lost and wasted ! How many years we trifled away in the sins and follies of youth ! How many opportunities for private prayer ! Holy meditation and profitable reading have been lost by us. How many seasons of public worship, social intercourse, and of hearing the great truths of salvation proclaimed, have been suffered to pass away unimproved ! How many hours have been lost in indolence, squandered in vanity, and even abused in the indulgences of sin ! Ought not a review, then, of our past time to excite deep humility ? Even a retrospect, but of the present year that is just at its close, ought to produce in us feelings of real self-abasement in the sight of God.

Further, *to redeem time is to give up whatever opposes our improvement of it.* In redeeming a thing, a price is paid for it. In redeeming our time, therefore, we must part with every sensual gratification, and give up our unprofitable amusements and ensnaring companions ; we must lay aside indolence and sloth, and surmounting every impediment and difficulty, we must sacrifice what ever would tempt us to neglect God, and the chief business of life. Lesser duties must give

way, when those which are of greater moment require to be performed. Rest, sleep, and recreation, which are necessary in their proper place, must not encroach on business, and business must not interfere with seasons of piety and devotion. —In short, to redeem our time, is to give all diligence to improve the period allotted to us in the present state. It is to make a suitable use of all our religious privileges, to be regular and frequent in our devotional exercises, and to improve, with a spiritual mind, all our Sabbaths, and the various means of grace with which we are favoured. And we ought thus to redeem our time for the most important purposes. First, to promote the glory of God. It is both reasonable and just; —it is at once our duty and interest, to employ our time, with every other talent, to his honour, who conferred them. Let us, then, my brethren, improve them so that God in all things may be glorified by us, through Christ Jesus.

Again, redeeming our time implies an improvement of it for promoting our own salvation. This use of time is truly worthy of reasonable creatures involved in sin and misery, though formed for immortality. Have you, my dear brethren, hitherto neglected your own salvation? and do you still continue to live, as without God in the world, unacquainted with the power of godliness, and alienated, through ignorance, from the life of God? O! if you have, it is surely now high time that you should awake out of sleep, and work out your salvation with fear and trembling. You have reached the close of another year; what a loud call to you, to begin, without delay, to redeem your time, for obtaining an interest in that salvation which is in Christ Jesus with eternal glory! See, then, that you improve your time, so as to shew, that in all conditions, whether prosperous or adverse; in all things, whether sacred or civil; in all places,

whether in solitude or society ; at all times, whether in youth or advanced age, you are living as becometh the gospel of Christ—imitating his blessed example, and walking in all his ordinances and commandments, blameless. Thus will you be ready to enter into the joy of your Lord, when time shall end and eternity begin. Having thus shewn what is meant by redeeming our time, we proceed to consider,—

III. *The importance of thus redeeming it.*

The importance of this will appear on recollecting that our time must one day be accounted for. Time, being one of the choicest and most precious gifts of God to man, will, at the last great day, have to be accounted for with a strictness proportionable to its value. Every Sabbath we have had, every religious opportunity with which we have been favoured, we shall have to render a strict account of at the last solemn judgment. The steward who wasted his Lord's goods was dismissed from his service; and from the unprofitable servant who, instead of trading with his talent, buried it in the earth, that talent was taken away, and he was cast into outer darkness, where was weeping and gnashing of teeth. And thus, if you waste, or do not improve that invaluable talent, time, which is committed to your trust, you must expect to be treated.

Consider again, *that the great purposes for which you were created can only be answered in time.* Both this world and that which is to come have their proper business allotted to them, and the proper business of the one cannot be done in the other. The one is seed-time, the other harvest; and if we would reverse the unchangeable order of things, and defer the business of this life till after death, we shall find ourselves miserably mistaken. If, therefore, my brethren, you would make your calling and election sure, grow in grace

and obtain a meetness for heaven: the present life is the only time for it. These things must be done now or never. When once death has lain his cold hand upon you, you will be for ever disabled from preparing to meet your God. O, how immensely important, therefore, is it to redeem the present time. And now, at the close of this year, let all your former negligences be closed too, and improve all your future years, and months, and weeks, and days, in preparing for a never-ending eternity. Consider further, the shortness and uncertainty of time.

How many are now in eternity who began this year with as little expectation of death, and as sanguine hopes of a long life, as any of yourselves. And this may be your doom before next year closes, or even before this terminates. And should this not be the case, yet, at longest, your time passeth away like a shadow that departeth—like a tale that is told—like a flower that fadeth—like a post that passeth by—like a bubble that rises shines, and falls instantly to pieces—like a vapour that appeareth for a little time, and then vanisheth away. And is it not of vast importance, then, that you should redeem this short span of life? Your work is great, your time is exceedingly short—you have none to spare—none to trifle away—it is all little enough for the important work you have to do. Would you, then, improve your time aright—begin, without delay, to seek reconciliation and peace with God, through our Lord Jesus Christ. Acknowledge with deep contrition and self-abasement, your guilt and unworthiness; and earnestly supplicate forgiveness, through the propitiatory sacrifice of the Blessed Redeemer. Pray much that God would give you a new heart, and implant in your souls every divine grace. Read frequently the Holy Scriptures, which are able to make you wise unto sal-

vation. Hear instruction and be wise, and refuse it not. Thus employed, you may reap a harvest of spiritual fruit, and enjoy abundant consolation. And having experienced the grace of God in truth, embrace every opportunity of expressing your gratitude to Him, and of manifesting your conformity to his will. Study, through the aid of Divine grace to persevere in seasonably performing every commanded duty. Look not back, like Lot's wife, on forbidden objects; but be determined, like Elisha, that you will not desist from following your beloved Master, but cleave to him closely, until, having attended him through the Jordan of death, and dropped these frail bodies, you shall ascend into heaven, to celebrate his praises through a glorious eternity.

I shall conclude with adding a word or two to those who will not improve their time for the great purposes of salvation. Consider, dear brethren, what a dreadful risk you run by neglecting the present time. The longer you indulge in sin, the harder it will be to break off from it—the longer you continue impenitent, the harder your hearts will grow—the oftener you resist the voice of conscience, the more insensible will it become—the more you sin against God, and grieve his Holy Spirit, the more you provoke him to withhold his grace, and, in righteous judgment, to give you up. O! consider, then, what a dreadful hazard you run by neglecting to redeem and improve your time! What will the end of such a course be? I beseech you, think of your danger. It is high time for you to awake out of your slumber. Arise, therefore; call upon your God, that you may be led so to number your days as to apply your hearts to real wisdom.

CHRISTIAN RESIGNATION.

A TRUE NARRATIVE.

In passing, a few days since, through a country town in New Hampshire, in which I was a stranger, I called at a house to inquire the way. I found it to be the residence of a pious old Clergyman, with whom I had formerly had some acquaintance. He was sitting alone in an arm-chair, with a Tract in his hand; he laid it down, and received me very cordially; and while he spoke, I observed his eyes were filled with tears. He took the little book, which I found to be the American Tract Magazine, and pointing to the story of Mrs. C——, asked me if I had read it. “I,” said he, “have been crying over it.” During the few moments I tarried in the house, he very tenderly adverted to his own family afflictions; and his whole deportment seemed to say, in an affecting manner, that he wished he had exercised the same pious resignation as was exhibited by that poor woman. I soon left him, and as I proceeded on my way, many pleasing thoughts passed through my mind in connexion with the good man and his Tract; and I was resolved to avail myself of the privilege of reading the story which had given him so much consolation, and to invite my neighbours and friends to unite with me in subscribing for the work. Accordingly, I procured the Magazine, and read the following narrative, communicated by one who, it appears, was acquainted with the subject of it.

“Mrs. C—— was an old woman, who lived at ——, near Liverpool. She was a person of natural good sense and reflection, and had an agreeable address. Though very poor when I knew her, and, I believe, through her whole life; hers was a dignified and respectful poverty.

“Under the first reflection of religious thoughts, she set out upon the determination of seeking to please God in every thing. But she soon found that she could not even please herself. This startled her. She considered, ‘I am certainly sufficiently partial in my own favour, and if I cannot please myself, how can I expect to please the holy and heart-searching God, who sees me as I really am, and doubtless, notices much more evil in me than I am able to perceive.’ This reflection threw her into great distress. But that excellent work, Theron and Aspasio, came into her way, and afforded her a key to the Bible.

“A relation offered to settle Ten Pounds a year upon her during his life. She said if he could settle it for her own life she would accept it; but such an addition for a time, would probably add to the number of her wants, and then, if he died first she would be worse off than before. Upon this principle, she declined his offer.

“She kept a little school. The parents of the children were mostly as poor as herself; and not being able or willing to pay longer, took the children away. She went round the neighbourhood to them, and said, ‘I shall be glad if you can pay me, because I am poor; but whether you pay or not, do let your children come to me; perhaps something I say may be useful to them when I am dead.’ One morning, I found her at breakfast upon dry bread, and a little tea. I said to her, ‘do not you like butter?’ she answered, ‘yes, I like butter, but it is very dear, and I cannot afford it: but my Lord’ (so she usually spoke of our Saviour) ‘takes care that I should have bread; it is enough, and I thank him for it.’

“Once when I called, she had a good many fowls and chickens about her. I said to her, ‘are these all yours?’ ‘Not one of them, Sir, they belong to my neighbours, but I save my crumbs and

scraps for them, and they come to my door ; I love to feed them for the sake of Him who made them.' I asked her, 'are you not uneasy at being alone, now you are so old ; suppose you should be taken ill in the night, you have no body to help you ?' She replied, 'Do you think my Lord does not know that I am an old woman, and live by myself ? I am not uneasy, because I believe he will take care of me.' She once said to me, 'I believe my Lord will not permit me to die for want of food ; but if such should be his pleasure, I hope I am willing : perhaps I should not find that so painful a death as many rich people feel, who live in great plenty ; I am in his hands, and he will do right.' These were her words, or to the same purport.

"There were several respectable families in the neighbourhood, and they often sent her a plate of victuals. At last two ladies called on her, and said that they and some of their acquaintance had agreed to make her as easy as possible for her few remaining days, and asked her how much a year she would have. She said, 'I am old, and live quite by myself ; but I believe I can get a room in a house not far off ; if you will pay the rent of the room, and allow me Five Pounds a year, it will be enough.' They offered to double it, but she declined. I knew both the ladies ; and have no doubt but that if she had asked for Thirty Pounds a year she might have had it.

"She did not live long after her removal to her new lodging. She went to bed one night as well as usual, and was found dead in the morning. She seemed to have died in her sleep, for there was no appearance of any struggle, nor was any feature in her countenance ruffled. Thus she died *alone* at last ; for though there were several people in the house willing and ready to assist her, she needed no help from them ! the Lord cared for her.

“How little they need who can say ‘the Lord of Hosts is with us, the God of Jacob is our refuge.’ The Prophet could rejoice in the God of his salvation, though fig tree and vine—though olives and fields—though flocks and herds all failed. We should be able to sit down on a melancholy heap of the ruins of all creature comforts, and even then sing to the praise and glory of our God, whose mercy, alike in distress and in abundance, endureth for ever and ever. When we are full we should enjoy God in all, that when we are empty we may enjoy all in God. Even then, when provisions are cut off, to make it appear that man lives not by bread alone, we may have the insufficiency of bread supplied by the graces and comforts of God’s spirit. Christ is a fountain of living water; he is bread that faileth not; and the true way to turn a poor and scanty meal into rich abundance, is to have His presence at our table. And true it is, that they who have their morsel sanctified by the word of God and by prayer, and eat it in love, may look for more of that blessed comfort than they who boast their stalled ox. Let us pray for a large heart, rather than a full storehouse or barn, then shall we run in the way of God’s commandments, and so outrun all troubles. ‘Blessed are they who trust in the Lord and do good, for they shall dwell in the land, and verily shall be fed.’—(Psalm xxxvii. 3.) ‘Blessed are the people who are in such a case—who have found Jesus the friend of sinners, the brother of His afflicted ones, the man of sorrow who was athirst at Samaria’s well, an hungered in the wilderness, and had not where to lay his weary head, but who, now and ever, liveth to bind up the broken hearted, to comfort them that mourn, and to be as a little sanctuary to His people in the countries where they are scattered.—(Ezek. xi. 16.)

THE RIVER OF DEATH.

Death has been frequently compared to a river which we are all rapidly approaching, and eternity called the country beyond. The writer and readers of these lines may well enough be supposed to have already gone over one half the distance necessary to bring us to this apparently, and in many respects, really formidable stream. During our journey thus far, we have not only sought to procure subsistence by the way, but to accumulate something for the future; some of us grasping at wealth, some at honour, some at rare attainments in human learning. But have we all duly considered this important question.—*Are our accumulating treasures of a kind to be carried over the river, either sent forward to await our own landing on the opposite shore, or as part of our baggage at the time of passing?* Should it prove otherwise, we must find ourselves under the terrible necessity of leaving them all in a world which we can never again visit, and doomed to endless penury. Now the word of God has decided that when we leave this world, “we can carry nothing out of it.” The only feasible attempt, therefore, is to send our treasures forward, so as to have them laid up in heaven against our arrival. But how shall this be accomplished? Neither gold nor silver can be sent across the river in our way—houses and lands still less—bank paper is uncurrent off this earth—the honour that comes from man, as also mere human knowledge, seem equally valueless beyond the tomb. But, remark, *all these things are the rewards of human labour, undertaken for self alone.* But there is such a thing as expending our strength in the service of God; and lo! here we find the solution of our difficulties: for such labours meet their chief reward beyond the fatal stream. The Divine promise in

relation to them, as we may gather from various parts of the Bible, is present maintenance; but the chief payment, after death. Here, then, is the means of sending before us all the earnings of our lives. We may render the matter secure, that when we pass into eternity, we shall go *to* our treasures, not leave them behind. Should the reader question the certainty of the affirmations here made, the Word of God comes in proof:—“Who (i. e. God) will render to every man according to his deeds; to them who, by patient continuance in well-doing, seek for glory, honour, and immortality—eternal life.” (Rom. ii. 6, 7.)

On the other hand, let the man know, who labours for this world, he is laying up wealth only to leave it for ever; and just in proportion to his gains will be the loss which he is inevitably and speedily to sustain. Let him affix the label to each successive addition to his fortune—*this is to be left behind when death calls for me*; in this manner he may escape that most bitter disappointment which awaits every *inconsiderate* lover of earthly good. All who labour for earthly treasures ought fully to keep in mind, their reward is to be upon earth, and must be *left here* whenever they are called into eternity.

“ MY SON, GIVE ME THINE HEART.”

Prov. xxiii. 26.

Many, great, and undeserved, are the blessings and mercies which are bestowed upon an apostate world, by the God and Father of our Lord Jesus Christ. “He causeth the sun to shine upon the evil and upon the good, and sendeth his rain upon the just and upon the unjust.” (Matt. v. 45.) Thus, every son and daughter of Adam has much

reason indeed, to thank “Him from whom all blessings flow.” But more especially should the Lord’s people be thankful, to whom he gives his Spirit, bearing witness with their spirits, that they are not only *blessed in time*, but also *blessed to all eternity*; and that though Christ “is the Saviour of *all men*,” yet He is “*especially*” *their* Saviour. Therefore it is, that God our Father has a peculiar claim upon *our* gratitude; which claim is put forward in the words—“*My son, give me thine heart.*” In Psalm cxvi. 12, David asks, “What shall I render unto the Lord for all his benefits?” Reader, do you ever thus inquire? If so, then, here the answer given by the all-gracious God—“*My son, give me thine heart.*” Wonderful condescension! Christ stands, as it were, at the door, like a suppliant, and asks his people to give Him *their hearts*. That which teacheth the tongue to speak, and the hands to work; which teacheth the foot to walk, and the mind to attend; the eye to see, and the flesh to obey; these—*all* these must be employed in God’s service, and to God’s glory. The Lord does not say—give me *some* of thy affections—*part* of thy heart. No. The heart—the *whole undivided heart*, must be given to God or to *Satan*. O then, Christian Reader, do give your *whole heart* to God; let not Satan have it, when our *best of friends*, and our *Master* calls for it. It may be asked, what is meant by these words of God, “My son, give me thine heart?” The heart is considered as the source of love, gratitude, devotedness. Now when God asks our heart, he asks our *all*—He asks a complete devotedness to his service, and an *entire submission* to his *will*. And is this too much? Consider what he has done for us. Were we not all immersed in sin, the wages of which is death. And did not he, in the abundance of his mercy, provide a remedy—the all-atoning blood

of the Lord Jesus, who “in due time died for the ungodly,” and “rose again for their justification?” Were we not “by nature the children of wrath?” (Eph. ii. 3.) And did not God make us heirs of everlasting felicity? Did we not all walk according to the course of this world? And did he not “predestinate us to be conformed to the image of his Son,” (Rom. viii. 29.) and determine that we should not be CONFORMED to *this world*, but *transformed* by the renewing of our minds. (Rom. xii. 2.)

Now, for all these *undeserved* benefits, God requires that we should “give Him our *hearts*.” Dear Reader, call back your heart, wheresoever it has strayed; call it back, and give it, whole and undivided, to the Lord who made it—who redeemed it—who calls for it—and who will graciously receive and welcome it, even as a father receives the son of his love. Listen to the encouraging declaration made to a servant of God, of old, and in him, to you. “Fear not, for, from the first day that thou didst set *thy heart* to understand, and to chasten thyself before thy God, thy words were heard, and I am come for thy words.” (Dan. x. 12.) Finally, I cannot dismiss this subject, without addressing a few words to those who have not given their hearts to God. If you do not give them *now*, when He asks you, what shall become of you hereafter, when He shall judge them? The day is coming when “time shall be no more;” the imagined joys of earth will then be over, and you excluded from the joys of heaven. The door of mercy will be closed against you: though you shall knock, and cry, “Lord, Lord, open to us,” you shall not be admitted. The foolish virgins were excluded, because they came too late. How can *you* expect a better fate?

O! then, listen to the words of the Spirit of God, “Behold, now is the accepted time; behold, now is the day of salvation.” G. S.

COVETOUSNESS.

He who applies himself greedily to acquire and heap up earthly possessions, of whatever kind, may do so, either for the purpose of using them in the gratification of his own desires and pleasures, and the aggrandizement of himself and his family, or merely for the purpose of accumulation, and amassing a treasure, without any other immediate and definite end. The sin is the same in both cases. In the former, indeed, some advantage may be derived to others, who, by their labour and skill, minister to the pursuits of the covetous man, and to his means of enjoyment; while, in the latter case, no such consequence may directly follow. But the sensualist and the miser, who, in different ways, thus pursue after their covetousness, lie, in the sight of God, under equal condemnation. The guilt, indeed, may be aggravated in certain cases, by adding to the sin of covetousness, other sins to which it often leads. When David coveted the wife of Uriah the Hittite, he added to that first sin, those of adultery and murder. When Achan coveted the goodly Babylonish garments, and the silver and the gold of the captives, he added to that sin, both disobedience to the command of his superiors, and artful and fraudulent concealment, endangering the safety of the army. The people of Israel and Judah, whom the prophet Micah denounced for "coveting fields which they took by violence; and houses, and taking them away," (Mic. ii. 2,) added to their greed, injustice and oppression. When Gehazi, the servant of Elisha, followed Naaman, and, under false pretences, obtained from him two talents of silver and two changes of raiment, he added to his sin of avarice, the sin of lying, and the sin of disobedience and treachery toward the prophet. And, when Judas, for thirty pieces of silver, sold his Master, he ad-

ded to the sin of covetousness, the sins of blackest ingratitude, treason, and murder. But in all these cases, it was still the same sin of covetousness which was the root and origin of these aggravated evils and crimes. It is evident, then, that whether this passion be indulged for the purposes of pride and voluptuous enjoyment, or for the miser's gratification of penurious hoarding, and whether the acquisition of wealth is made by extortion and rapacity, or the more indirect method of fraud, or by unjustly withholding from others that which is their due, the evil and the sin are the same. The prophet thus speaks of Shallum, king of Judah: "Woe unto him that buildeth his house by unrighteousness, and his chambers by wrong; that useth his neighbour's service without wages, and giveth him not for his work; that saith, I will build me a wide house and large chambers, and cutteth him out windows, and it is ceiled with cedar, and painted with vermilion: Shalt thou reign because thou closest thyself in cedar? Did not thy father eat and drink, and do judgment and justice, and then it was well with him? He judged the cause of the poor and needy; then it was well with him: Was not this to know me? saith the Lord: but thine eyes and thy heart are not but for thy covetousness, and for to shed innocent blood, and for oppression, and for violence to do it." (Jer. xxii. 13, 17.) Yet we see that the judgment is not less severe, which is denounced by the apostle against them who hoard up their treasures of gold, and silver, and apparel, till, through accumulation and want of use, they are wasted and become corrupt. "Go to now, ye rich men, and weep and howl for your miseries that shall come upon you; your riches are corrupted, and your garments are moth-eaten; your gold and silver is cankered, and the rust of them shall be a witness against you, and shall eat your flesh, as it were

fire : Ye have heaped treasure together for the last days." (James v. 1—3.)

ON TRUST IN GOD.

BY THOMAS BROWN, ESQ.,
Author of the "Reminiscences of an Old Traveller."

All the rational happiness we enjoy in life is founded upon one great leading principle—Trust in God. It proceeds from a consciousness of his resistless power, endless goodness, and ever renewed mercies. Without this feeling in the human breast, life would be misery, existence insupportable. All our attempts to render ourselves independent of divine aid and succour, we know to be vain and fruitless.

When we look abroad and view the beauties of creation, the wonders of nature, the regularity of the planetary system, the never-ceasing return of the seasons, bringing forth the fruits of the earth, and supplying the wants of man and beast, how is it possible to be without confidence in that great and merciful Being—at once the Creator and Preserver of this mighty system? Wherever we contemplate the stupendous plan of Providence, we see manifestations of a *power* infinitely wise and good, ever working towards an end, and producing effects, the result of a design, beyond the limited faculties of man to conceive or to comprehend. When we cast our eyes around and see every living thing, from the infinitely great to the infinitely small, enjoying the pleasures of existence, they afford us irresistible evidence of the goodness of the great Creator. Man, at last, was brought into existence to be, as it were, the lord of this lower world, and, notwithstanding his disobedience and apostasy to his Maker, is continued, from age to age, a living monument of the mercy of God.

What a source of consolation and of hope to the weary pilgrim, verging towards the confines of another world; preserved by an unseen hand in the infancy and helplessness of life; supported and protected, at a more advanced period, through the perils and cares of his probationary state; and, lastly, while his tottering frame is sinking on the borders of eternity, and about to return to those elements of which it is composed, this wonderful structure of man stands pre-eminent among the works of God, as a manifestation, at once of his power, goodness, and mercy.

How is it possible, then, that a being, thus favoured by Providence, should pass through life without daily reflecting on these wonderful mercies, and without prostrating himself before the throne of grace, under the deepest sense of his own unworthiness, and of the transcendant goodness of the great Creator? How can man reconcile it to his reason to live a single day without reflecting on his weakness and dependence, and without carrying his thoughts to the contemplation of that ineffable goodness which supports his frail frame, and never ceases to supply all his returning wants? O! that he would awake from his lethargy, and dwell for ever on the mercies of God! Now is the appointed time; now is the moment for reflection. Let us, therefore, ever have confidence in God, and as we proceed to the end of our earthly course, let us go on our way, rejoicing; celebrating his praises with grateful hearts, and trusting to the God of our salvation.

Our self-love prevents us from acknowledging openly and candidly, that our want of success has been owing to baneful habits of indolence, to unwarrantable indulgences in the outset of life, when activity and exertion are most required. We lose sight of the wisdom of the Scriptures, which teaches us that we "must bear the yoke

in our youth," and we set at defiance the example of parents and the voice of experience, in every age; all which demonstrate, beyond the possibility of doubt, that without moral and physical exertion, the great powers of the human mind must inevitably dwindle and decay, and the faculties of man, in his progress through life, become of no use to him. There are men who do not seem to be aware that by their idleness and indolence, they are, in fact, counteracting, as far as they can, the plans of Providence; proceeding in a course, not only hurtful to themselves, but in opposition to the dictates of nature. Do we not see the whole brute creation in a constant state of activity, thus answering the end for which they were created?—and is it for man, so highly gifted by his Creator, to slumber away his existence in dull and vapid indolence? At the great day, when every man's works will be weighed in a balance, when he will have to give an account of his stewardship to the mighty Judge of all, is he prepared to say, I have improved the "talents" with which I have been blessed?—or can he only answer, I have given way to habits of ease and indolence—have been of no use, either to myself or others—and have left a melancholy example upon earth of a mind devoted to no purposes of utility whatever? Such characters, alas, are too often met with; and, like weeds in the vegetable kingdom, encumber the ground, and obstruct the course of vegetation: like those weeds, also, they will be collected together, and thrown into the fire.

A HELP TO THE PERFORMANCE OF THE PLAIN, YET NEGLECTED
DUTY OF SELF-EXAMINATION: CONTAINING A SECTION FOR
EACH DAY IN THE MONTH.

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 391.)

Twenty-fifth Day

What do I know of true poverty of spirit? Are the gifts and graces he has to bestow, what I want, to hide my deformity, and

recommend me to my own esteem and the esteem of others? or is it Christ himself that I pant after? Do I desire the consolations of religion to solace myself in, or the God of all consolation? If I could be sure of being safe for ever *without* God, should I then long after him, and him only, as being himself the only joy of my soul? Can I forego the society of all creatures, to hold communion with my Saviour? and do I long for purity of heart, in order to a closer and deeper fellowship with him? Is the Saviour not only transcendentally lovely, but transcendentally *loved*? And if so, how is that love evinced? Is it evinced by a full and absolute dependence on his merits and intercession? Is it evinced by a daily conformity to Him, to his will, his teaching, his example? Is it evinced by my bearing his cross, his shame, his grief? Can I love his rod and his sceptre as well as his smile? Can I hail him as my Lord and my God, when he is seen as the man of sorrows, and covered with the reproaches of those that hate him? And do I see, herein, both motive and principle to love, to imitate, and submit to him? Have I a deep and penetrating sense of *love*, as the ground-work of all his sufferings and sorrows? Do I see and feel that the lower the Saviour stooped, and the more he suffered, the more my heart ought to be bound to him, and the more rooted ought to be my dependence on him, since the ignominy and the suffering were for *my* sake? Do I frequently consider why He, who was rich, became poor, that it was for my unworthy sake; and that I, who am nothing but poverty and wretchedness, might receive of his riches? What would have become of *me*, if he had not interposed,—if he had not stooped so low, and suffered so much,—if he had not blotted out the hand-writing that appeared against me,—not taken my sin and my curse, and laid them upon his own sacred body, and nailed them to his cross? How did he nail them there? Was it not by his being *Himself* nailed there? Do I think deeply upon what sin must be, to require such a sacrifice to take it away, or else receive its punishment for ever in hell? Is it as fearful and as odious to me as the penalty thus annexed to it makes it appear? And can I cease to magnify the grace which *saves from* sin, from its load of *guilt* incurred already, from its already tormenting *power*, and from its future and eternal *condemnation*?

Twenty-sixth Day.

O unfathomable mystery of redeeming love! “God in Christ, reconciling the world unto himself!” “God manifest in the flesh!” God “putting away sin by the sacrifice of Himself!” How do I receive these astonishing, these heart-breaking, these heart-healing, heart-delighting truths? Has my heart been broken by a view of the cross of Christ? Has it been also healed by a view of it? And is the cross of Christ the daily delight of my heart? Have I begun to sing the song of the redeemed in heaven?—“Unto Him that hath loved us, and washed us from our sins in his own blood; unto Him be glory and dominion for ever and ever! Amen.” Does my whole soul render praise to the triune God of my salvation? And is my praise as lowly as

it is devout? Is my heart so penetrated with this amazing love, as truly, and without reserve, to say, "Christ is all the heaven I want? Christ is my heaven, since there is no heaven for me but in and by Christ? He hath abolished death, and opened the kingdom of heaven; and his presence makes the heaven of heaven?"

Twenty-seventh Day.

But do I know that these inquiries will avail nothing unless God put his Spirit into them?—that even self-examination is but lost labour, unless the light and power of truth accompany the search? Do I also know that to pry into a disease is not enough without the application of a proper remedy? and that the only remedy to bring health and cure is that which God himself has prescribed, and upon which he has stamped his blessing? Have I attempted to search into my heart? If I have, what do I find there? Is it full of wounds and bruises and putrifying sores? And, besides this, is it dull, and stupid, and cold? Let me, then, receive instruction from this sight of my deeply diseased self, and fly to Him who is both the Physician and the Remedy of sin-sick souls; who gave himself that he might effect their cure, and might effect mine; and whom to know is, not merely a present cure for sin-sick, self-despairing souls, but life eternal.

VARIETIES.

VALUE OF THE LITURGY.—Mrs. ——— had been brought up a Socinian, and remained a total stranger to all the important truths of the Gospel, till her removal to a country village, in which there was no place of worship but the parish church; and in that church there was nothing to awaken and enlighten her mind, except that provision which the Church of England has so wisely made, independent of any thing which can be affected by the personal character and qualifications of the minister. The clergyman resided at a distance of several miles, and only visited his parish on the Sunday to perform the Morning Service; and, even then, his sermons were by no means calculated to convey any clear notions of Christian doctrine. In short, it is to be hoped that there are but few neighbourhoods, in which an earnest and candid inquirer would meet with so little assistance in the search after truth. There was, indeed, but too much reason to complain that, situated as she was, she saw only the worst side of the Church of England. Yet here, where it presented to an intelligent mind its most unfavourable aspect,—and there was nothing in the conduct or preaching of its ministers to recommend or enforce its doctrines,—*the Liturgy and the portions of the Scriptures* appointed for the various services of the church, remained; and in simply hearing and reading *these* from Sunday to Sunday, and from day to day, during the period between Advent and Easter, her mind was enlightened to discern all those great and funda-

mental doctrines which she had hitherto denied,—original sin, and human corruption ; the necessity of a Saviour, the atonement, the Deity, of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ, the Deity and Personality of the Holy Ghost, and the personal existence of Satan. In consequence of this remarkable change in her views, she was, soon after Easter, baptized in the Church of England, and became a regular communicant.

ALL NATURE PREACHES TO US.—In the Quarterly Journal of Agriculture, under the head of what the writer calls, “The Waste of Seed-Corn,” these observations occur:—“It is calculated that only one-third of the seed-corn sown on the best land grows ; the other two-thirds are destroyed. The quantity of seed annually sown in Great Britain and Ireland amounts to seven millions of quarters.—Two-thirds of this quantity are rendered unproductive by some agency which has hitherto been uncontrolled. Thus four millions, six hundred and sixty-six thousand, six hundred and sixty-six quarters of corn are annually *wasted* ; a quantity which would support more than one million of human beings.” But is it strictly correct to say that all this is wasted ? Are human beings the sum total of God’s creation here below, and are there no other pensioners on the Divine bounty ? Who, then, has made, and who supplies, the ravens, the sparrows, and the other multitudinous tribes of busy life ? All are God’s creatures, and our heavenly Father feedeth all. He feedeth them by man’s instrumentality, rendering the necessities of man instrumental to the supplies of the inferior creatures ; and then, turning his all-working hand, he renders the inferior creatures so supplied, subservient to the necessities and accommodation of mankind. The agriculturist sows for the harvest—this is his one design ; but, in so doing, he is over-ruled of God to accomplish a number of collateral designs. Under the secret control of the beneficent design of the Creator, the farmer sows for the raven, for the sparrow, for the fly, for the slug : he cannot help himself. If, by a parsimonious sowing, he should attempt to defeat the benevolent designs of God, he would defeat his own design as regarded his harvest ; and on the contrary, if, by a liberal hand in sowing, he would secure his own object in a plentiful harvest, he cannot but choose to accomplish, passively and undesignedly, the bountiful designs and objects of the Creator of all. It is delightful to consider how even the very covetousness of man is made subservient to the bounty of God ; how the sower is forced, by his own interest, to be lavish, to be profuse. Man must eat ; in order to eat, he must reap ; in order to reap, he must sow ; in order to reap plentifully, he must sow plentifully, nay, he must sow profusely ; for, as the Journal of Agriculture observes, “two-thirds of his seed is destroyed by an agency hitherto uncontrolled.” It did not occur to this writer what God was doing with the seedsman ; and how the farmer, when he goes forth in the morning to his field, to prepare for his harvest, might be saluted by the way, and congratulated that he was going forth to feed God’s creatures liberally,

though it is not in his heart to do it; but God causes it to be in his hand to do it. There is a noble, overflowing, largeness in the works and ways of God. What man calls *waste* abounds on every side. For example, amongst the millions of blossoms which are, at this very moment, at this season of the year, opening their beauteous bosoms, and emitting their fragrant odours, in the thousand and ten thousand fields, and gardens, and orchards, how few will bear food for the use of man? But shall they all be wasted therefore?—Shall they turn to no other use? O, yes; even the very blight which ruins them for man's use, does, itself, produce unnumbered myriads of the creatures of God, who feed, and fatten, and enjoy their fleeting existence.—*Rev. H. M'Neil.*

SATISFACTION.—It is a great and precious thing to find real and lasting satisfaction in any of the objects we possess or pursue. There are many things that flatter us with the hope of satisfaction, but which issue in keen and deep disappointment. There are many other objects which produce a degree of satisfaction, but in which the mind is never entirely at rest; and which, in the end, prove inadequate to maintain the satisfaction they had at first imparted. In fact, he who seeks full and permanent satisfaction in earthly, human, and created objects, is like one that trusts in the clouds or the winds, or confides in the permanent placidity of the deceitful sea. Satisfaction! Where is it to be found? Money says, it is not in me; for he who is fullest of riches is the least satisfied with riches. Sensual pleasure says, it is not in me; for satiety invariably leads to disgust. Power says, it is not in me; for the most mighty are the most envied, most jealous, and most uneasy. Fame and honour say, it is not in us; for the world's applause is the most fickle of all things. The brightest glories and fairest laurels fade as a flower, and wither as a leaf. Even friendship—human friendship, the richest jewel of our earthly lot, is at best a tender and a brittle thing. It frequently loses its lustre or proves a counterfeit. Even when it is purest and sincerest, the satisfaction it affords is never unattended with alloy; and hearts most sweetly melted into one, must still feel the convulsive pang of separation. Of all our present and most innocent mortal satisfactions, it holds invariably true that our highest joys are the occasions of our deepest sorrows and sufferings; for as we love, we grieve; and our pangs are always measured by our pleasures.

How far above human satisfaction, then, is that which is to be derived from the love and favour of God! To convince us of this, is the great object of the Gospel ministry; and if we come to know and feel it by experience, the end of that ministry is answered in us. But if we are still seeking satisfaction elsewhere, are repeating the always abortive experiment of satisfying an immortal mind with mortal joy, then we have yet to learn, or at least to feel, that disappointment, utter and fatal disappointment, will inevitably attend us, till we return to him from whom our spirit, with all its capacities, came at first, and whose sovereign

determination it is, that this spirit of man shall be satisfied with nothing short of, or inferior to himself. Disappointments, afflictions, trials, pains, and sufferings, are but the rod in the hand of our sovereign Lord to bring us to repentance, that we may be saved with an everlasting salvation.

SIR MATTHEW HALE'S REMARKS ON POPERY.—I do not so much attribute those errors of the Roman Church, wherein we differ from them, either to want of learning or judgment; for it is plain they have great advantages in both; being, many of them, men of profound learning, knowledge, and judgment. But I do really attribute them, or the most part of them, to politic design and contrivance to support the dignity, honour, wealth, splendour, and magnificence of their ecclesiastical state, or church, as they call it.

And, therefore, I have, not without some compassion of our Protestant Divines, looked upon the great pains they have taken to confute them, out of the Scriptures, Fathers, Church Histories, and reason; and the great indignation the Protestant Divines have had at their pertinacity, blindness, ignorance, and impenetrableness, as if they were stupid, dull, or ignorant; when all the while our Protestants consider not the reason of this pertinacity of the Romanists. Perchance, they understand the truth as well as some of ours; and understand the age and weight of the reasons given against them. But can we reasonably expect that a society, or body of men, that have set their hearts upon wealth or greatness, that know there is no way to support it but by upholding and maintaining these tenets that maintain *them*; can we think that they have proclaimed themselves over all the world *infallible*, and have gained a competent persuasion, among the ignorant sort, that they are so; and that, by that very tenet, have maintained much of their power and wealth; can we imagine, I say, that these men should be content to deliver up all this, upon any reasons, or declare themselves to have been the deluders of the world, and thereby to dissolve their state, to loose their grandeur, to cut off those pipes, and stop those channels, that, with so great ease and affluence, pour the greatest part of the wealth of Christendom into their lap? A man, might as soon, by syllogisms, persuade the King of Spain that he hath no title to the Indies, or make the Grand Signior deliver up Constantinople. In things of speculation and notion, sometimes, we may have a man brought over with reasons; but it is rarely seen in matters of *interest*, especially of so great moment, and when the possessors are numerous, and impatient of the dishonour of retractation.

LOOKING AT THINGS UNSEEN.—All true wisdom consisteth, first, in a fixed intencion of the end; next, in a choice of apt means; lastly, in diligent pursuit. Our great end and scope is, or should be, to be for ever with the Lord; which if men would more steadily fix and propound to themselves, they would sooner understand

their way; for their end would shine to them all along their course, and level and direct all their actions; yea, not only become a measure to them, but a motive to quicken them to seek what they hope for, with industry, vigilance, and self-denial, and so cast off those many impertinences and inconsistencies, with which we usually fill up our conversations; and withal, the labours, sorrows, difficulties of the way, would be better overcome. What have we ministers to do but to convince people of the truth and worth of things unseen? We owe it to the inconsiderate part of the world. The far greatest part of mankind are sensual, and brutish, and blind, and cannot see afar off; therefore they live as if they only came into the world to eat, drink, and sleep, or to cumber themselves with much serving, that they may do well here. We cannot enough awaken those sleepy sensualists, that they may remember home, and make earnest and serious preparation for the world to come. We owe it to the afflicted part of the world, whose true and proper solaces, and supports, are to be drawn from the everlasting estate of the blessed. Comfort one another with these words, saith your apostle: yea, we owe it to the better and more serious part of the world, who need continually to be warned to open the eye of faith, and shut that of sense; to overlook things seen, which are temporal, but to have always in the eye of their faith and hope, things unseen, which are eternal and glorious. How little would temptations make impressions upon us, could we learn to wink out both the terribleness and amiableness of the creature! And how would all present things be lessened in our opinion, estimation, and affection, had we once but the eagle eye of faith, to look beyond the mists and clouds of this lower and vain world, to that blessed estate above?—*Manton.*

POETRY.

BREAST THE WAVE, CHRISTIAN.

Breast the wave, Christian,
 When it is strongest;
 Watch for day, Christian,
 When the night's longest:
 Onward and onward still
 Be thine endeavour;
 The rest that remaineth
 Will be for ever.

Fight the fight, Christian,
 Jesus is o'er thee;
 Run the race, Christian.
 Heav'n is before thee:

He, who hath promised
Faltereth never ;
The love of eternity
Flows on for ever.

Lift the eye, Christian,
Just as it closeth ;
Raise the heart, Christian,
Ere it reposeth :
Thee from the love of Christ
Nothing shall sever :
Mount, when thy work is done ;
Praise Him for ever.

J. S.

HUMAN LIFE.

WHAT is life ?—'tis all a vapour !
Soon it vanishes away ;
Life is like a dying taper ;
Oh, my soul, why wish to stay ?
Why not spread thy wings and fly
Straight to yonder world of joy ?

See that glory, how resplendent !
Brighter far than fancy paints :
There, in majesty transcendant,
Jesus reigns, the king of saints.
Spread thy wings, my soul, and fly
Straight to yonder world of joy.

Joyful crowds his throne surrounding,
Sing with rapture of his love ;
Through the heavens his praises sounding
Filling all the courts above.
Spread thy wings, my soul, and fly
Straight to yonder world of joy.

Go and share his people's glory ;
Midst the ransomed crowd appear ;
Thine a joyful wondrous story,
One that angels love to hear.
Spread thy wings, my soul, and fly
Straight to yonder world of joy.

KELLY.

INDEX.

	<i>Page</i>
A Brahmin become a Minister of the Gospel	30
A Fallen Professor..	195
A Friend Indeed	240
All Nature Preaches to us	420
A Mother in her Loneliness, P.... ..	251
A Negro Scholar	142
An Extract from the Speech of the Rev. Joseph Wolff, &c	285
Anna; or, the Memoir of a School-Girl	384
Ararat	235
A Sabbath Meditation, P.	396
A Sabbath-Scholar	143
A Sketch of the Life of Nancy T——r.	259
A Visit to a Sabbath-School	161
 Behold ! I stand at the Door, and Knock !	 314
Books for the Blind	105
Breast the Wave, Christian, P.	423
 Christ at the Pool of Bethesda	 179
Christian Light	214
Christian Resignation	405
Claims of Six Hundred Millions	343
Conversion of an Infidel	7
Covetousness.....	413
 Death-bed Professions of Peace	 126
Deep and Learned Sounds	358
Disinterestedness of Luther	70
Dreadful Superstition.....	251
Drunkenness	393
 “Earth to earth, and Dust to dust,” P.	 395
Education of Children	270
Edward VI.	166
Effects of Drinking Spirits.....	93
Extract from Cecil	356
Extracts.. ..	102
 Facts for Parents	 391
Faith Explained to a Child	70

	<i>Page.</i>
Faith in Christ	175
General Disregard of Religion	143
Good Advice.....	34
Heathen Cruelty	33
"His Compassions fail not."	54
Human Life, P.....	424
Idleness Cured	31
Incorruptible Seed	214
"In Heaven there's Rest".....	252
Issachar ; or, the Portion between the Borders	351
John Bunyan	142
John's Gospel	212
Josephus the Historian	141
King George III.—On the Improvement of Time.....	395
Legh Richmond's Mother	42
Lines suggested by seeing a little Child in Prison, P.	359
Looking at Things Unseen	422
Love of the World ..	16
Masses and Indulgences..	29
Maternal Faithfulness	392
Meditation on a Streamlet	337
Missionary Recollections	267
Missionary Society for the North of Africa..	173
Mr. Wolff, the Missionary	103
"My Son, give me thine Heart." ..	410
Nature, Reason, and Religion	178
Noah's Ark	354
Notices of Books	106, 323
Novelty ..	141
On Removals ..	377
On Providence	273
On Self-Examination	206, 244, 283, 348, 389, 417
On Trust in God.....	415
Parting Words, P. ..	36
Persecution and Expatriation of the Protestants of Zillerthal	130
Persecution.—Popery and Peter Dens.—An Illustration of both in Mount Mellick	341
Piety in all Classes	132
Popery.—The Chapel—the Priest's Sermon	28
Prayer	21, 322

	<i>Page.</i>
Preparation for Martyrdom	68
"Prison'd in this House of Clay," P.	72
Proportion of British Expenditure for Religious Institutions	105
Remarks on the History of Hagar	333
"Remember Lot's Wife."	101
Rest, P.	360
Russian Superstition	176
Satisfaction	421
Scenes of Missionary Life	201
Sentences.. ..	322
Sermons by the late Rev. J. Buckworth, Vicar of Dews- bury. (No. 9.) 181 (No. 10.) 255 (No. 11.)	397
Shilling Means and Guinea-Heart	358
Sir Matthew Hale's Remarks on Popery	422
Sketch of the Life and Character of the Rev. Thomas T. Biddulph, M. A.	217
Sonnets to the English Martyrs, P. 35, 71, 107, 216, 288,	324
Spiritual Food.. ..	177
Sufferings of the Protestant Poor in the Liberties of Dublin	139
Supposed Advantages of a Quiet Retreat....	211
Temptation	178
The Branch	248
The Christian Servant	289
The Conduct of the Irish Priests in regard to the Bible	104
The Crew of a Man-of-War ..	316
The Day's Sorrow	309
The Deaf and Dumb Man Cured	145
The Death of Eliza Cunningham	394
The Drunkard Reclaimed	212
The Eagle	286
The Experience of a Dying Christian.. ..	325
The Farmer of Alsace ..	59
The First Hospital	177
The Goodness of God....	67
The Happy Influence of Good Example	381
The Heart	250
The Hid Treasure ..	338
The Idiot	32
The late Rev. Thomas Robinson, M.A.	64
The London Society for the Improvement and En- couragement of Female Servants ..	321
The Lord's Supper	65
The Lost Tribes, P.. ..	143
The Martyrdom of Archbishop Cranmer	361
The Mercy-Seat, P.	144
The Missionary	37
The New Year	1
The Pious Family	30

	<i>Page.</i>
The Popish Confessional	171
The Power of the Word	213
The Pride of Humility	214
The Protestant Catechism	169, 209, 242, 279
The Right Use of Abuse	287
The River of Death	409
The Sailor Boy and his Bible	373
The Source of Light	274
The Twenty-Second Annual Address to the Parishioners of St. Mary's, Kilkenny ..	135
Thoughts on Christian Assurance, and Love to God ..	44, 80, 119, 44
Thoughts on 1 Kings, x. 1—9.	88
Time and the Traveller	247
To a Departed Child, P.	179
To Improve your Condition ..	71
To the Readers of the Cottage Magazine....	370
Tracts for the Blind	34
Uncomfortable Condition of Backsliders	66
Value of the Liturgy	419
Visits to a Farm-House	298
War ..	69
What a Little Child can do ..	287
Works and Faith; or, the Story of Alonzo ..	73, 109, 154, 188, 227

END OF VOL. XXVII.

